SPORT IN

BRITISH BURMAH, ASSAM,

AND THE

CASSYAH AND JYNTIAH HILLS.

VOL. I.

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SPORT IN
BRITISH BURMAH, ASSAM,
AND THE
CASSYAH AND JYNTIAH HILLS.

WITH NOTES OF SPORT IN THE HILLY DISTRICTS OF THE NORTHERN DIVISION, MADRAS PRESIDENCY,

INDICATING THE BEST LOCALITIES IN THOSE COUNTRIES FOR SPORT, WITH NATURAL HISTORY NOTES, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PEOPLE, SCENERY, AND GAME, TOGETHER WITH MAPS TO GUIDE THE TRAVELLER OR SPORTSMAN, AND HINTS ON WEAPONS, FISHING-TACKLE, ETC., BEST SUITED FOR KILLING GAME MET WITH IN THOSE PROVINCES.

BY
LIEUT.-COLONEL POLLOK,
MADRAS STAFF CORPS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOLUME I.

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TO

MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. BLAKE.

My Dear General,

Allow me to dedicate to you this crude attempt to describe sport in Burmah and Assam, as a slight token of regard, and in remembrance of the many pleasant days we spent together in those countries, and the sport we enjoyed there.

I hope the perusal of these pages will remind you of old times; and that when your career in India comes to a close you will for many years enjoy the tamer, though still pleasant, field sports of the old country.

Yours sincerely,

F. POLLOK.

PREFACE.

BOOKS on sport in Madras, Bombay and Bengal, and the Himalaya, are numerous enough, but I am not aware that any one has taken the trouble to compile a book to guide the sportsman or traveller in British Burmah, Assam, or the Cassyah or Jyntiah Hills. Noted as India is for its wild sports, these provinces are *par excellence* the paradise of the sportsman in the East. There every variety of game is found, the scenery, climate, and natural productions are unsurpassed, but they are the least known of our possessions in the East.

Owing to the want of reliable information, I found great difficulty in discovering the whereabouts of game in those provinces, so I have strung together the results of thirteen years' wanderings in Burmah, and seven in Assam and the adjacent hills, in the hope that such information may prove useful to those about to visit those countries, or who are already resident there.

Many of the original journals from which this book is compiled have appeared from time to time in the pages of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, published in Calcutta, extending over a number of years, but they are not available to the general reader, and are too scattered to give information to those about to visit the localities treated of, and many

of the older numbers of that excellent publication are out of print.

A work professing to detail sport as a guide to the novice or the shikaree, should contain "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Nothing is more dishonest, and indeed easier, than to concoct fictitious narratives of sport and travel in little-known countries; and there are, or were, several writers of sensational sport in the East, who strung their tales so well and so ably together, that it is almost a hopeless task for one less able than themselves to write a truthful account of sport, which shall meet with the approval of the public. These fictitious works are greedily purchased and devoured by the uninitiated, whilst those accustomed to sport, or perhaps acquainted with the career of the author, marvel at his audacity; and whilst justly dubbing him a liar, include others unjustly who write on sporting subjects in the same category, nor will they give their own experiences to the public for fear of being themselves disbelieved.

I have kept a careful record of all sport in which I took a part, and as I seldom shot alone, I have not hesitated to give the real names of those who shared with me many an adventure by "Field and Flood;" and if thrilling adventure or hairbreadth escapes are scarce, believe me it is because they are the exceptions and not the rule in Indian sport, when it is followed, as it ought to be, with due care. But however experienced a man may be if he follow the "beasts of the field" as I have done for twenty-six consecutive years in India, either he or some of his companions will occasionally meet with some adventures, and have some narrow escapes, for no man is always wise, or even prudent, when his blood has been stirred to an unwonted pitch by a

stubborn resistance on the part of a wild beast—and it is much easier to preach than to practise.

It is wonderful how badly many of the best-written books on sport are illustrated: I allude to those written about the East principally, because my experience has not extended to sport in Africa, and I am therefore unable to judge of the accuracy of the drawings of the different animals depicted in books of sport relating to that country; but with the exception of Colonel Campbell's two works, *The Old Forest Ranger* and *My Indian Journal*, Colonel Markham's *Himalayan Sport*, Forsyth's *Highlands of Central India*, and Captain Kinloch's *Himalayan Game*, I know of no book on Indian sport that depicts the game of that country accurately. The "Bos Gaurus," one of the noblest-looking animals met with anywhere in the world, is drawn like a common zebu or Bhráminee bull; the sambur is confounded with the marsh deer, and the latter with the brow-antlered rusa.

As my own knowledge of natural history is very deficient, I have supplemented my own observations by extracts from Jerdon, Mason, old numbers of the *India Sporting Magazine*, and an excellent little work by Colonel McMaster, of the Madras Army.

The author pretends to no literary skill; indeed, since the age of sixteen, he has lived more or less in the jungles, with a rifle or gun oftener in his hand than a pen; but he has done his best to give information on a subject, which when he wanted it himself he could not obtain; and he submits his work, crude as he knows it to be, to the merciful consideration of the public and the critics of the press—the only merit he claims for it is truth.

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SPORT IN BRITISH BURMAH,
&c.

CHAPTER I.

The Tenasserim, Pegu, and Arrakan provinces.—Description of country.—Its wealth in mineral and other produce.—Its future as a tea-growing country.—Physical similarity of Burmah and Assam.—Difference in the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the plains, and similarity between the hill people of the two countries.—Peculiar social manners and customs of the Burmese.

At the conclusion of the war with Burmah in 1824-26 Arrakan and Tenasserim became ours, Martaban, Pegu and Bassein were annexed in 1853.

No great progress was made in our Eastern provinces until the annexation of Pegu, but under the administration of Colonel (now Sir Arthur) Phayre, they made strides unprecedented in the annals of our rule in India, and they may now fairly claim to be considered amongst the most flourishing of our possessions.

Dr. Mason, quoting the words of a visitor to Burmah, says, "It is a beautiful country; in it are views and patches of scenery, green fields and green lanes, that lead back the mind to one's own land.

"It is a beautiful land when seen on the coast, but it is still more beautiful when seen amid its mountain streams—

of that name, and its several small tributaries, at any time during the months from January to April. Quartz of the right kind is abundant in many places, and at the sources of many of the streams every indication of an auriferous formation is visible. Some day, beds of gold, rivalling those of Australia or California, will surely be discovered along the base of the Poungloung range, which runs north and south, and where formerly gold was worked for by Shans and other hill people, with whom however the secret appears to have died out.

Silver is rather scarce in our provinces, but it is abundant to the north-east of Mandalay, where, with other precious stones and metals, it is carefully guarded and hidden from the eyes of the European intruder.

Copper, combined with antimony, iron, and sulphur, is found in the islands of the Mergui archipelago, and also on the banks of the Attaran. Malachite exists in Arrakan and also in the Attaran. Lead is scarce with us, but plentiful in Upper Burmah. Iron is very common almost every where. Tin is abundant in the Tenasserim province. Manganese and arsenic are obtainable near Mergui. Coal of an inferior description is found near Mergui, but some eighty miles further inland it is very plentiful and of the finest quality. A vein of excellent coal was discovered near Thayetmew, but it was soon exhausted. Limestone is plentiful near Moulmein, and scarce nowhere in our provinces. Forty miles beyond our frontier are the celebrated earth-oil or petroleum wells; a few exist in our provinces. In botany the province is exceedingly rich, and it has long been famous for its teak, whilst many of the orchids, wild flowers, flowering shrubs and trees, are amongst the most beautiful in the world.

Though it possesses many venomous snakes, such as the hamadryad, cobra, bangarus, and others, they are seldom met

with. Its rivers and its coasts abound with the most delicious fish, such as the pomfret, hilsa, mango, and other edibles, such as crabs, crawfish, eels, &c., and its mountain streams afford capital sport to the lovers of the gentle art. Diamond Island has long been famous for its turtle. Its vast forests and extensive plains covered with perpetual vegetation swarm with mammals and birds, sought alike by the sportsman and the naturalist.

The tea-plant has been found growing wild in Karennee, and will one day undoubtedly rival that great industry of Assam. It has as yet only been introduced on a small scale in Arrakan, but with the most favourable results; but the time is not far distant when every available tract will be eagerly applied for for the formation of tea-gardens; for in some respects I consider the climate of Burmah more suitable for the tea-plant than Assam. In Burmah the extremes of heat and cold are not so marked, and there is a total exemption from hot winds, which do so much damage to the tea in Assam, yet that tropical humidity so necessary to the development of leaf is characteristic of Burmah. Tea should therefore thrive, for the soils of the two countries are equally rich. The work would just suit the Burmese and Karens, it is not too severe, and they are famous for farming their own townyas or hill-side clearances. Both the Burmese and Karens are easily led, have no caste, and would readily settle down on an estate where they could get regular work and pay and were kindly treated.

The Burmese are of Tartar origin, have the same high cheek-bones, the broad faces, the flat noses, and the slanting eyes, peculiar to people of that family. Individually, the Burman is a plucky fellow; collectively, he is of very little use as a soldier, as he is impatient of restraint and discipline. Although a strict Budhist, which religion forbids the shedding of blood, no one in the world can be more blood-

thirsty and cruel than he when he has a wrong, either fancied or real, to avenge. He is a daring robber, and fond of raids either by day or night; when his evil passions are not roused he is kind-hearted and as merry as a child, very clean in his person, and delighting in gorgeous apparel; affectionate to his offspring, and seldom possessing more than one or at the most two wives. He is short but stoutly built, fair for an Eastern, and possesses considerable muscular power; but he is by nature indolent and lazy. He learns to smoke and swim before he is weaned from his mother's breast. He is tattooed from the waist to a little below the knee as a sign of manhood. Excelling as a boatman, he is so indolent that he is allowing the boat traffic at the different ports to be monopolized by Madrasses and Chinese. He has no caste, and will eat and drink anything with or after a European. He shows mark of respect by sitting down unbidden, instead of standing up like most Orientals. He will seldom walk if he can ride or go by boat; and on the water, when necessary, he will work like a slave from morn till night poling a heavy boat up stream. They have huge holes in the lobes of their ears, and use them as receptacles for cheroots, &c. He is proud of his hair, which is very long and luxuriant, wears it tied up in a knot at the top of his head, with perhaps a gaudy handkerchief coiled round it to serve as a turban. Unless very poor he condescends to wear nothing but silk putsoos, covering him from the waist down to the knee and tied tight up between his thighs; the upper part of his body is covered with a white jacket.

He excels as a carver of wood, and shows considerable architectural skill in the construction of his monasteries or poonghee houses. He is very charitable; but also a great gambler.

From an early age every boy is taught to read and write his own language. With the exception of the very poor,

who bury their dead, the Burman burns his, and has a grand ceremony over the event.

When a priest of any note dies, he is embalmed and kept for a year, and then burnt with much rejoicing; the whole population of the neighbouring villages turn out, many dummy coffins are made, besides the one containing the defunct, and neatly arranged in a cluster, the one containing the dead in the centre with a funeral pyre arranged underneath, in which also there is generally some gunpowder; to this ropes are attached, and all attempt to set it on fire by propelling rockets along these ropes. They also form two sides and pretend to pull one against the other, and sometimes the coffin is upset and its ghastly occupant thrown out, but generally it is a mere sham, and the coffin is allowed to be dragged towards the place of cremation. The hubbub and noise are deafening and the dust fearful. Every one is dressed out in his best, and after some hours' jollification, in which women and children freely mix and join, the whole of the structures so carefully and tastefully erected are burnt down and the crowd separates, each one going on his way rejoicing; but the scene, though repugnant to our ideas whilst it lasts, is a very gay one. The gorgeous apparel of the men and women, the numerous flags and banners, the different structures gaily painted and resplendent with tinsel, gold and silk, help to light up the otherwise sombre scene.

The Burmese are such inveterate gamblers that they will often risk all they possess on a main of cocks, a pony, or a boat-race, men and women mixing freely and betting one with the other, and many a girl after losing all she possessed will stake herself against what she considers her value, and if she lose, she follows the winner and becomes his wife or concubine, for the two are nearly synonymous in Burmah. They are not given to the pernicious habit of cohabiting with children, their women are maidens or unmarried until fully

developed and capable of bearing healthy children. Marriage with them is a matter of free choice, and is generally attended by a good deal of courtship on the man's part—coquetry on that of the girl; but their marriage tie is exceedingly loose, as nothing is easier than for either party to get a divorce. For Orientals their morals are very good, a woman if well treated generally proving faithful; they live in houses well raised off the ground on machans; they are a hospitable race, and in every village they erect a Zyat, or resting-place for travellers, with chatties of water for the thirsty; they also erect small covered-in sheds along their principal roads a few miles apart, in which they deposit water for the use of the weary. Their priests are forbidden to speak to or even to look at a woman; they cannot possess any property, and are dependent on the charity of the people for their daily food; they act as village schoolmasters, and commence lessons every morning long before daybreak; they can leave the sacerdotal calling whenever they like and become laymen, but they seldom do so. Before our time, roads, in our acceptation of the word, were unknown—the first cart after the rains made the road for the season; through a village of importance, or leading to a group of poonghee houses, they sometimes made a raised pathway either of brick on edge or of planks raised a foot or two off the surface of the ground. They possess a small but remarkably handsome race of cattle; their own ponies are perfect Yahoos when compared to those brought down by the Shans, yet they prefer their own breed, probably because they can buy them for a tenth of what they would have to pay for a Shan pony: they use very peculiar saddles and bridles and stirrups; they ride principally by balance; their knees are well away from the saddle, and when necessary, they stick on by their heels; they insert only the great toe in the stirrup; ungainly and unsafe as appears their seat, they get over the ground wonderfully well, and seldom fall

off. Ambling is their principal pace, and a fast ambler fetches a long price. The so-called Pegu pony is really a Shan pony, being brought down by the Shans from the confines of China, four hundred miles beyond our frontier, where they are bred in thousands; they are the most docile and beautiful creatures in the world; will do any amount of work; go till they drop down dead, if required, and jump like deer, and thrive everywhere.

The Burmese buffalo, seen in a tame state, is a magnificent beast, very unlike his brother in India; they have a large mixture of wild blood in their veins, as the cows are frequently covered by the wild buffalo bulls. They are very savage, and particularly dislike Europeans.

Sheep do not as a rule thrive in Burmah, but both at Thayetmew and Tongho they bred and multiplied exceedingly, but being kept in too large herds, a murrain broke out and the greater part died, since which the experiment has not again been tried, but I am sure with care they would thrive at either place.

The Burmese cattle, though very pretty and game-like to look at, are very poor milkers, probably because they were never used for this purpose by the Burmese, who, as Budhists, do not drink milk.

The Burmese women, without being pretty, are very taking after the first impression their peculiar features make on one has worn off; they are beautifully proportioned though on a smallish scale, with bust, arms, feet, and general contour, which might serve as a model to the most fastidious painter or sculptor, but they rapidly fall off after becoming mothers. They are very cleanly in their persons, bathe always once, generally twice a day; the hair is taken great care of and tastefully got up *à la Chinois,* with a garland of flowers entwined; they wear an under jacket to support the bust and a flowing jacket over for show, a gaudy scarf hangs

down over the shoulders, partially concealing the admirable contour of the bosom; from the waist downwards they wear a gaudy silk "thamine," which exposes the inside of one leg half way up the thigh, or a "loongee," which is more decent, being a sort of petticoat tied round the waist and exposing no part of the person; they wear earrings; many rings on their fingers, and as many ornaments round the arms and neck as they can get together. They all smoke, and generally chew betel-nut, but have nice white even teeth. They can all swim, and delight in dabbling about in water. Formerly you could not confer a greater favour on a girl than by giving her a piece of soap; they had an idea the white lather of the soap made Europeans white! They delight in a white skin when accompanied by dark hair and eyes and a hairless face. They do not admire hairy men, as they say they resemble and remind them of apes.

There is no restriction on the liberty of a Burmese girl or woman, she is free to mix amongst her own race or to visit European families; the men are not unduly jealous of the women; the wife reigns supreme in the house and conducts the purchase or sale of all necessaries. A girl's great ambition is to keep a stall in a bazaar, it is her introduction into society and is equivalent to our own girls being brought out; they are a merry, pleasant race, and so struck were the stalwart Seiks, that when, after the war, they returned to their own country, many took back with them these, comparatively speaking, plain women, preferring them as wives and companions to their own far comelier women. There is no prettier sight anywhere than a crowd of Burmese gathered round a pagoda on a gala day, what with their gay dresses, pretty figures, pleasant faces, banners streaming, flags flying, and beauty of the scenery, they stream along the road to some sacred shrine, all as merry as crickets and all thoroughly enjoying themselves. The Burmese women cannot read or

write as a rule, because their priests cannot teach them, but a few are educated in Missionary schools. I may be peculiar, but I judge from experience, and have arrived at the conclusion that education as imparted by Europeans to natives is of doubtful advantage. It induces them to ape the vices of the European and to quite overlook his better qualities. I do not believe in the educated native, either male or female. If they were taught to read and write their own language it would answer all present purposes; they are not sufficiently civilized to receive a higher education. Although the Burmese overran and occupied Assam for some time, they have left no traces of their blood behind, unless the so-called Cacharies who inhabit the remoter portions of Assam are their descendants, as some resemblance is traceable, but the Assamese of the large towns and along the Brahmapootra generally, show more signs of the Bengal element, and are the most debased, cowardly, fanatical set of mongrels in the East. Even the Cacharies who originally had no caste, and are still a merry drunken set, are fast getting Hindooised and being spoilt. Whilst the people of the plains in the two countries are so dissimilar, I was struck by the resemblance the Cassyahs bore to the Karens; they have no caste, wear clothing almost identical with the Karens, and are very like them in build, manners, and customs.

The physical aspects of the two countries are very similar; both abound in minerals, and their vast jungles are full of game, which has not been much molested by the European shikary, and which afford a splendid field for future sportsmen.

The hill people in both countries are readily converted to Christianity, as they have no religion of their own, but it is a very different thing with the people of the plains. Very few of those indeed, and those the worst characters, join our Church; but the Roman Church succeeds better,

and is better adapted to the understanding of the heathen than our own austere faith, which is far too unbending for the comprehension or belief of the Hindoo or Budhist.

The Missionaries amongst the Karens and Cassyahs thrive, but those of the plains all but starve, as their incomes depend a good deal on the generosity of their flocks. This slight sketch of the manners and customs of the Burmese would be incomplete without a reference to their peculiar social intercourse with Europeans, as it existed some years ago. Judging the Burmese by our own standard of morality, theirs is certainly a loose one. Where the marriage tie is so easily dissolved, ideas of morality cannot be very stringent; yet till lately, prostitution, that curse of the East, was unknown, or very rare amongst them. Concubinage with Europeans, which is identical with marriage amongst themselves, took its place. It was a common custom for our European bachelor, on first arrival in the country, to take to himself a Burmese girl to live with him, and as long as he remained in the country she was to all intents and purposes his wife. When he left they parted with mutual regret, for the Burmese woman, unlike the rest of her sex in the East, is of an affectionate disposition, and if well treated, faithful and careful of the interests of her protector, saves him from being robbed by his Madras servants, and keeps his wardrobe in order. They get very fond of a man who is kind to them, and in return ingratiate themselves. This connection of the woman with the European was no bar to her future marriage with one of her own race, for it was not looked upon as immoral by them. It very often led to an advantageous match, because generally, when the European left, the girl had some property given her, and she had accumulated more or less of jewellery in accordance with the generosity of her protector; and if there was

a child by this connection, it was better taken care of by her Burmese husband than any of his own he might have by her, for they are immoderately fond of fair children, and make great pets of them, and won't part with them on any account.

When Tenasserim was first occupied, after the first Burmese war, it was a pleasant place to be sent to—Moulmein was then a brigade station, and contrasted very favourably with most military stations on the Madras side, inasmuch as the society consisted of civilians, merchants, lawyers, and military—an improvement on the military element alone. Its climate was far better than that of most Madras stations; it was a great deal cheaper, as Moulmein in those days was a free port. Good sport was to be had, and for many years Moulmein flourished, but it has waned before the greater light of its rival—Rangoon, except in the beauty of the scenery, Moulmein being one of the most beautifully situated towns in the East.

When Pegu was occupied, many of the customs in vogue in Moulmein followed, and amongst them the connection between European bachelors and Burmese girls, the more so as European ladies were not allowed to enter the province; and even when that restriction was removed, so bad a name had the province acquired for unhealthiness, that when a regiment was ordered over, most of the ladies were either sent to the hills or went home.

During the time Colonel Phayre was Commissioner, and who was himself a most rigid moralist, and beyond the reach of scandal even, no notice was taken of this peculiar institution, and doubtless as our own countrywomen came over to the province it would gradually have died a natural death, as it has done in other parts of India; but after that very able officer left, regretted by all classes, a silly circular was issued by his successor forbidding these connections,

and threatening pains and penalties on all who indulged in them: the result has been that a far greater depravity has taken the place of the comparatively venial immorality forbidden. Prostitution in its worst form flourishes. Not only has it been adopted by the Burmese, but ship-loads of the vilest of the vile are brought over from the east coast of Madras, disseminating loathsome diseases all over these fair provinces.

Although the province abounds in large game, it is very difficult to discover, because there are no regular shikarees in the Indian acceptation of the word. Every village has its local shikaree, who lives by trapping and killing game. Taking life as he does contrary to the precepts of his religion, he is looked upon as one damned by his neighbours, but that does not prevent their buying from him the spoils of the chase. The shooting is done principally at night by means of lights and bells, which will be described hereafter; but he often digs pits, lays down snares, uses cross-bows fastened in a path where he thinks game will pass; or he sits on the lower branch of a tree and pots his game as it passes underneath. For tigers he uses poisoned arrows, or inserts barbed and poisoned bamboo stakes in paths showing the marks of tigers, and so deadly is the poison, that if only sufficient penetration takes place to obtain but one drop of blood the beast dies in four or five hours.

These shikarees are not keen to accompany Europeans in the chase, because they believe if any accident of a fatal nature were to happen to him, they would be hanged; they also fear ill-treatment, and so few Europeans as a rule understand Burmese that no intercourse can take place except through the medium of an interpreter, and nothing a Burman more dislikes than having a go-between between himself and his employer; they don't like the

jungles in their own vicinity disturbed, because it interferes with their own sport and profit; but once you can induce them to get over their dread—treat them well, giving them an occasional tot of grog and a cheroot, both of which they are immoderately fond of, and all game, except just enough for camp-followers and yourself as a perquisite, and which they can dispose of at a good profit to themselves—they will soon follow you about anywhere. They are very useful as guides, but all the niceties of the sport must be done by yourself. They are not good trackers, nor do they mark down game, but they can take you from one jungle to another and back to camp; but you must trust to your own knowledge of shikar to find your game and to kill it. They have very good eyesight, and can generally spy out an animal before any European. They are very handy in cutting up game and slinging it on to elephants, and very useful in rigging up sheds, &c., if required to do so. Good as these men are generally in finding their way about, once on a cold, wet, misty day, I was eighteen hours on elephant-back, owing to my shikarees losing their land-marks, and having no sun to guide them. All Burmese know enough of the stars to be able to guide themselves by them, and had it not cleared up after dark, and had we had men who did not know one star from another, I don't know what we should have done. We started at 6 A.M. and got back at 12 P.M., having been wet through from 2 P.M.

CHAPTER II.

The author's first experience of sport in the East.—Proceeds to Burmah.—Rangoon.—Irrawaddie river.—Famine.—Prome.—Game in its vicinity.—Difficulties encountered in finding the whereabouts of game.—General opinion prevalent of there being no game in the country.—What the author himself thought.—List of small game in the vicinity of Prome and throughout the province generally.—Big game of the province, and where most prevalent—Anecdotes of small-game shooting.—Objections to snipe and other shooting considered.

I ENTERED the good old John Company's service in 1848, when I had just completed my sixteenth year, the third of my race in their employ, as my father and grandfather had both been soldiers before me. We left in the *Ripon*, and after a pleasant six weeks' voyage overland through Egypt, I found myself at the cadets' quarters at Palaveram. Things have altered much for the worse since those days. Our army then had an individuality of its own, and its ranks were composed of a proportionate number of field-officers, captains, and subalterns, whilst now it is the ruin of an army composed principally of discontented field-officers who cannot get their grievances listened to, and if they venture to remonstrate, are told to be thankful or go.

We had a great number of cadets for the three Presidencies —thirteen for Madras alone. In Egypt we heard of the disastrous battle of Chillianwallah, and at Madras of Goojerat. We were well looked after at the cadets' quarters by a good old sportsman and soldier, Captain Wilder of the cavalry.

I had had no shooting at home, as I left direct from school, but all my forbears had been sportsmen, and the first thing I did was to unpack my gun and sally forth to slay, like most griffs, numerous kites, gulls, woodpeckers, and other inoffensive and useless birds; Fuller of the 4th, a fellow-griff, and I shot generally in company; we were by far the keenest of the griffs for sport, and we kept up a correspondence for many years; unfortunately he died a few years ago. We were not kept long at Palaveram, and on being appointed to do duty with various corps, to learn our drill and duty, we were soon scattered here, there, and everywhere. Fuller and I went to Bangalore, one of the nicest stations in Madras, possessing a most equable climate, in which both the Indian and English fruits and vegetables grow in equal perfection side by side. It is a large place, being the head-quarters of the Mysore Division. There was no railway in those days in India, we marched by road, and as game abounded everywhere, a very pleasant time we had of it. The tanks were black with duck and teal, and we soon learnt to kill most of the game, and to despise the slaughter of useless birds.

I have not been to Bangalore since, but in those days small game was plentiful, and during our stay of nine months there we killed florikan, partridge, sand-grouse, and hares. I then found myself posted to a regiment stationed at Secunderabad, which in those days ranked after Bangalore, and was noted for pig-sticking and big-game shooting. It is much altered for the worse now. On the march I shot my first snipe and missed my first black buck.

I was two years in the Deccan, and as I lost no opportunity of going out shooting, I soon became a tolerable shot and killed fair quantities of snipe and other small game, and also most of the deer tribe met with within a circle of fifty miles. I had a narrow escape at Mulkapore, being chased by three bears, two of whom I had wounded; but as I was young and

active I soon outran them, and, dodging behind rocks, soon lost sight of them, or rather they of me, but two of them were found dead in a cave the next day. So I did not do so badly in my first encounter with the wild beasts of India. At the same place, too, I had a narrow escape from a man-eating tiger, for which a reward of 500 rupees had been offered. My regiment was ordered to Samulcottah, and we were cut up into detachments at Ragapore, Ellore, Condapilly, and Juggiahpett. I had a bad fall owing to my horse coming down with me, and was left behind on sick leave at Secunderabad, and followed the regiment alone, and had plenty of time for shooting along the road. We came across bears and a tiger at Nagapilly, fifty miles from Secunderabad, but I was in bad luck and did not get a shot; but my comrade, Captain Cooper, shot a bear and lost me a tiger by accidentally firing his rifle off in the air just as I was on the point of firing down on the tiger, which came under my tree. I was stationed once nine months and once six months at Condapilly. I got a bad attack of jungle fever there, which I did not shake off for years, but I killed various game.

In the Chursor Islands in the Godavery river, and at other places in the neighbourhood, and at Umsuldavy, eighteen miles from Masulipatam, and again towards Guntoor, we had capital pig-sticking—the very prince of sport. Since those days I have shot almost every beast found in the plains of India, but I still think one boar fairly speared off horseback is worth a dozen animals shot. Only those who have followed the grizzly boar can appreciate the sport. No fox-hunting, no wolf-hunting, no amount of shooting, can it hold a candle to it. Alas! like every other sport in India, it is not now followed with the same zest and zeal as in the days gone by, when every one who possessed a tat or a horse of any kind turned out to chase "the boar, the mighty boar."

Being a light-weight, and pretty well mounted, I had a fair share at various times in the death of twenty-six boars, and took several first spears. Every hot season found me tramping the forests in search of big game; and I have either killed or been present at the death of nearly every kind of wild beast found in India, the elephant excepted.

In April, 1853, I was posted to the Sappers, then on active service in Burmah, and hurried over as fast as I could; but the communications were very defective in those days, and I did not get to Rangoon till the beginning of July. We had a most eventful voyage across from Madras; we encountered a heavy gale off the Andamans, and all the valuable horses on board for the Horse Artillery were so battered about, that they had either to be destroyed or died. We had cholera on board, and lost many hands, and amongst them the chief officer of the vessel, the *Teazer*, one of the most powerful Scotchmen I ever saw, after a few hours' illness. Our detachments consisted of men for various batteries of artillery, most of them very bad characters, who had been purposely chosen to be sent as food for powder, or to fall victims to malaria. I never saw a worse lot. The day we anchored off the mouth of the Rangoon river the men broke into the ship's stores and got very drunk and mutinous. We had to go down with hand-spikes, and to knock the worst down and confine them in irons; whilst this tumult was going on below, a cry was raised of "man overboard!" The night was as dark as pitch, the river, swollen by the periodical freshes, was running like a sluice. Boats were quickly lowered; but the man was swiftly borne out towards sea and no vestige of him could be seen, and his cries became fainter and fainter, and at last ceased. A good quarter of an hour afterwards, and before the lowered boat had returned, there was another cry of "man overboard," and a despairing cry of "Oh, Captain, save me!" was heard, fast

borne past the vessel by the swift tide; every attempt was made to save him, but without avail. The place swarmed with sharks and alligators, and after a weary search till past midnight, we all retired to our berths, to be alert again at daylight. The anchor was being weighed when I went up to the captain and asked him if he did not intend to search for the men before going on. He silently pointed to the current against which our two anchors could hardly hold, and then added, "What is the use?—the men must have been carried out to sea long ago, and either drowned or devoured; but if you choose to take a party of men in a boat and search for them, I will wait two hours." I got hold of four of the best of the artillerymen, and Johnson of the artillery, an old school-fellow of mine, accompanied me, and we set out on our hopeless task in a small dinghy. We had not gone a mile astern when we met a boat manned by Chinamen, and bringing back the man who had first fallen overboard. A Chinese junk was anchored about two miles from our stern, and the Chinamen hearing the man's cries, as he was borne towards them, had nobly put out in their sampan and saved him, for which the ungrateful brute did nothing but curse and swear as he passed us, calling out to the Chinamen to take him on board our vessel. We pulled on inshore and skirted the banks, thinking to find the dead body of the second. We had gone probably three miles, when the second man emerged out of the shallow water in which he had been lying all night to escape from the ravages of the musquitoes. He was quite naked, and as red as a lobster. In his drunken, maudlin state, he had jumped overboard to save his comrade who had preceded him by a quarter of an hour!—he was a pitiable object when we picked him up. I gave him a nip of brandy and something to cover his nakedness, and made him pull an oar to warm him, and got back to our vessel, where they were heartily tired of waiting for us, looking

upon our search as a wild-goose chase. Though both these men then escaped death in a wonderful manner, they never recovered from the shock, but died shortly afterwards in Rangoon. Dance and Johnson of the artillery, Johnson of the 9th, two doctors, I think Porter and Riding, and myself, were the passengers.

Rangoon, when first I saw it, was as filthy a place as can well be conceived; we had occupied it but a short time, and very little had been done to improve it. One night I had been dining on board a vessel in the river, and on returning about 10 P.M. I noticed a Chinaman fishing in one of the main drains which we had dug. It was a bright moonlight night, and curiosity induced me to watch his proceedings. To my surprise, I saw him catch bandicoot after bandicoot (a species of huge rat), knock them on the head, and sling them, as a fisherman would fish, to a rope attached to his waist. Inquiry elicited the information that he intended to make them into pies and sell them the next day, adding: "They very good eating;" but I'll be bound John Chinaman did not eat his own pies, or inform his customers of what they were made.

Now, although the Burmese and Chinese will eat almost anything that dies or is killed, they will not touch these filthy rats, who live in drains and feed on offal and sewage; but in the Cocos, where a bamboo-rat, very like the marmot, swarmed in thousands, they caught them and ate them greedily, saying they were very sweet; these rats never touched meat. Though my servants used to leave fowls, ham, mutton and beef about, I never knew these rats to touch them; but it was impossible to keep any sort of grain from them, unless it was stored in iron tanks, so I daresay they were not bad eating.

Rangoon of the present day is a very different place. It is as flourishing and well laid out a town as any in the East, and

in the excellence of its shops and stores rivalling Calcutta, and far ahead of Madras; and some day, when Upper Burmah will be ours, with its wealth of precious stones, metals, and inexhaustible forests, direct trade with China, and its own tea industry, Rangoon will more than equal Calcutta or Bombay as a centre of profitable trade.

I was not long detained at Rangoon, but went up in the first Government steamer and flat to Prome, where the gallant Madras Sappers and Miners were then stationed.

A trip up the Irrawaddie is always enjoyable, and notwithstanding the number, size, and ferocity of its musquitoes, which in the Panlong Creek beat anything I have seen elsewhere, and the misery we saw along its banks, our voyage was very pleasant. The musquitoes in the Panlong were so bad that one gunner threw himself overboard and was saved with difficulty; the horses kicked, screamed, and bit at one another, and the men swore worse than our army did in Flanders. We who had good musquito curtains and went to bed early escaped pretty well.

There was a famine in Burmah in those days, and I trust I may never see the like again. . Though starving, the Burmese, as rigid Budhists, would not kill their cattle, but we who had no such scruples shot some at each village, besides distributing rice. No sooner was the life out of an animal than it was torn to pieces and greedily devoured. Everything that could be done to alleviate their distress was done. Messes vied with each other; the Government assisted, and all who could afford to do so did their best to feed the old, the young and the decrepit, whilst work was provided for the able-bodied; yet it was a common occurrence to find dead bodies of men, women, and children who had died of starvation in the back slums of Prome.

Prome reminds me in many respects of Gauhatty, in

Assam. It is equally pretty, and *was* equally unhealthy. In those days, at the base of the town, and right through the staff lines, there was a filthy swamp. The troops were some in poonghee-houses and others in temporary barracks on the heights. The officers were scattered about in zyats and monasteries. This swamp was always very offensive, and in the heavy rains dead bodies were brought down into it through the Nawein Creek and allowed to decay there. No wonder, then, that cholera was always raging, and fever and ague the rule. Much the same state of things existed in Gauhatty two years ago. Prome is greatly altered now for the better, as Colonel D. Brown, when Deputy Commissioner there, took down the town walls and filled up the greater part of the swamp complained of.

From what I have already said, it will be apparent that by the time I went to Burmah I had had fair experience of sport in India, and had practically learnt how to search for and kill game fairly; but the conditions of the two countries are so different, that although devoted to sport, and in a great measure my own master, it was years before I could find out the habitat of the big game; I never despaired, however, for I was sure it existed somewhere; but how to find it was the difficulty.

Some amusing correspondence took place in the pages of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* regarding the paucity of game in Burmah—men like Speke, Dr. Wilson, and others, all maintaining that big game did not exist, in which a right good sportsman, Colonel Grant Allan, of the Quartermaster-General's department, and who, as Commissioner for marking out the boundary on our frontier, had seen more of the country in those days than anybody else, coincided. I was the only one who held a contrary opinion, and, writing under the name of "Poonghee," maintained that game existed in abundance, but had yet to be discovered; and I gave my

reasons for its not having been discovered already, viz., ignorance of the language on the part of the officers, the unsettled nature of the country, which made it very unsafe for Europeans to wander into the interior, the dense nature of the jungles, the want of elephants, and the prevalent idea of there being no game. These pages will show who was right.

Being of a wandering disposition, before I had been many weeks in Prome I soon discovered that small game existed in abundance. G. Blair of the Artillery and I generally shot together, and we used to keep our respective messes supplied with game. In a strange country, if you wish to get sport, learn the language. Interpreters are of very little use. If you can go about and mix and talk with the people, they will soon get used to you, acquire confidence, and will tell you personally what they will not communicate through a third party. Being very stupid in picking up languages, I suffered great disadvantages, but in time I began to know enough of the language to make inquiries and to understand the replies. My work consisted principally of road-making, and I had to travel about a good deal to find out the best lines and routes, and within a few years had travelled over the whole of Pegu, from Rangoon to Meaday, and from Tongho to Martaban, and afterwards over the Bassein district. I was employed also a good deal on survey work, and twice went up the river to Mandalay, in days when these trips were not so common as they have since become. I was also employed three years on building the Cocos Lighthouse, in the Bay of Bengal, and frequently visited the Andaman Islands, Moulmein, &c.; and wherever I went I kept my eyes and ears open, and took every opportunity of finding out the whereabouts of game; and though very unlucky at first for some years, at last my luck turned, and I enjoyed sport which I look back upon with a longing

to see the like again. I killed an immense quantity of deer of all sorts, a good many bison and buffaloes, a few tigers, not a single bear, one panther, five elephants, and one wild bull. I was then transferred to Assam, where, in seven years, I bagged forty-four rhinoceros, twenty-eight tigers, innumerable buffaloes and deer, a few bears, panthers, &c.; and as I generally shot in company with others, I was present at the death of a great many more beasts, of which a careful record has been kept.

In 1853 the Sappers were employed in superintending large gangs of Burmese employed in road-making over the Prome district. I was then detached to open out Namyan, five miles south of Prome, where it was proposed to form the principal military station, which has since been removed to Thayetmew. I then accompanied Colonel Cotton's field force into the interior, in command of the Sappers. We had some desultory fighting; and as our wanderings extended over two months, I saw a good deal of the country between Prome and Tapoon, and towards Zeagoung. On our return, I was appointed executive engineer, and laid out and constructed the Prome and Pounday road. Early in 1855 I surveyed a line of road from Prome to Namyan, which is, I fancy, substantially the same as that now adopted for the Prome and Rangoon Railway. In March 1855, I went to Moulmein for a couple of months, and whilst there we killed two tigers which had wandered into the limits of the cantonment. I then again returned to Prome and took up my old road work; thence I was transferred to Tongho, back to Thayetmew, then to Rangoon, and eventually to Tongho as executive engineer, where I remained upwards of five years; then to the Cocos, and finally to Assam. I have thus spent five years in India and twenty-one years in Burmah and Assam without any extended leave.

When I first arrived at Prome we had a large mess,

consisting of the Bengal and Madras Engineers, Sappers and Miners, and the Divisional Staff as honorary members. We were a jolly party, and all pulled well together. Ours was a large force under command of Sir John Cheape, R.E., five European and five native corps, besides irregular cavalry and a large force of artillery. There has always been a good deal of jealousy between the Madras and Bengal troops, because the latter have all the loaves and fishes, and see the greater part of active service. So the Madrasses, having nothing else to say to the detriment of their Bengal brethren, used to run down their discipline, and not altogether unjustly, as after-events proved; but I must say I liked the Bengal officers and men very much. It is true their discipline was slack; but the men had a far finer physique than ours, were better set up and dressed, and looked more like thorough soldiers. On service, too, they did excellently; and the 4th Seiks, and the Rifle Company of the 67th under Captain (now Colonel) Maisey, were particularly distinguished.

Their messes, though far inferior to ours in organization, kit, &c., were pleasanter than ours, more like clubs—free from undue restraint. All met on an equality, and I never saw but once, and that only when the necessity arose, one officer come the senior over another at the mess-table; but, unfortunately, such conduct was common in the Madras army in those days, and if you differed in opinion from a senior it was just as likely as not that you were sent home under arrest, to be released the next day. We played a good deal too much at soldiers in those days, and the want of active service was then, and is even to the present day, severely felt. Even the provinces which were particularly under the control of the Madras Government when hostilities broke out in olden days, are now monopolized by the Bengal and Bombay troops, and none of the Madras troops ever hear a shot fired in anger, except the Sappers and

Miners, and they are only employed because there are no troops to equal them in the three presidencies. But if the Madras troops are to exist as an army, and not merely as a police force or constabulary, they should be sent on active service, and if they cannot hold their own as they did in the old days under Clive, Lawrence, and Wellington, in God's name disband them, and don't go through the farce of having an army that is never allowed to fight.

Some of the happiest days I have spent in my life were passed with these Bengalese. Of course we Madrasses, being few in numbers, had to stand a good deal of chaff, because the manners and customs of the two presidencies were dissimilar in many respects; but as it was done in a good-natured way we were not such fools as to take it amiss, so general harmony reigned supreme.

Our Sappers are small of stature, but they come of the fighting races of Southern India; and though acknowledged to be second to none in India either for fighting or work, their countrymen are not enlisted into the line regiments as a rule. Commanding officers, emulous of the superior-sized men found in the Bengal army, have discarded the southern division element, and have sought for recruits from the long-legged, weedy, northern division—palanqueen or dhooley bearers—who have never had any fighting traditions, possess no pluck, and to whom fighting would come as naturally as wintering at the North Pole to a Hottentot. Is it any wonder, then, that the coast army has lost its ancient renown, and that it is never employed as an army should be, in fighting the battles of its country or employers? All this tends to give dissatisfaction to its officers, and to make them disgusted and discontented.

Of course in a large force like that in Prome, men of similar tastes soon come together, and get more intimate

than with those who have nothing in common with themselves. I have already said Gustavus Blair and I soon became chums; and D'Oyly and I, though very dissimilar in many respects, were great friends, and no one lamented his death in 1859 more than I did. On the 21st of August 1853, whilst superintending gangs of coolies between Prome and Namyan, I noticed a few snipe get up out of some paddy fields left fallow owing to the war. So the next day I took my gun with me, and considering the limited extent of the ground, I was amazed at the quantity of snipe I put up. I got twenty-two couple in a very short time; and hearing jungle-fowl crowing and partridges calling, I went over the same ground the next day, getting seventeen couple snipe, three jungle-fowl, four partridges, and two hares. After this Blair and I often went there, and made good bags whilst the snipe season lasted. In one of my rambles I crossed a wooden bridge over the Nawein Creek, and going a little way inland noticed that the country looked favourable for snipe, so Blair and I went there the next day and got thirty-seven couple between us. The country in that neighbourhood was particularly favourable for the long-bills; none of it scarcely had been cultivated that year, and there is no ground so good as lately-deserted and unworked paddy fields; but one portion was a regular quaking bog, like the worst in Ireland, which, after a few attempts, we religiously avoided.

One night Blair was my guest at mess, and as there was a large party, we sat up very late, and probably drank more than was good for us (we were both generally very abstemious), and when we got up at daybreak next morning to go out after snipe, we were conscious of having heads on our shoulders; but pouring a few chatties of water over us, and feeling greatly relieved, we sallied forth with six or eight Burmese as beaters. As is usual in the early

morning, the birds were very wild, and neither of us could hit a haystack. Our Burmese beaters regularly laughed at us every time we missed, and I have no doubt thought us a couple of madmen for trying to shoot such little birds on the wing. I fancy we were the first Europeans they had ever been out with, and they had never seen birds shot flying. Generally Blair and I killed many more birds than we missed; but this day we were out of sorts, and the more we tried to shoot straight the worse we succeeded. This would not do at all. "Our dander was riz;" so calling a halt we sat down, took a good long rest, breakfasted, and drank a bottle of beer apiece—a thing we seldom did out snipe-shooting till the day's sport was over; but to-day it was a case of "a hair of the dog that bit one," and we felt all the better for it. We resumed our sport about ten, and with greatly improved results, for we kept knocking the birds over right and left. The Burmese soon changed their jeering to notes of admiration. Badly as we had shot before breakfast, I don't think either Blair or I ever shot better in our lives than we did after breakfast that day, and we went home with thirty-four couple between us.

Crossing over the Irrawaddie, and going to a white pagoda a little to the north of Padoung, Horace Brown (then aide-de-camp to Sir J. Cheape) and I used to have capital shooting at partridges, quail, and hares. Big Campbell, Coghill, and others of the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers, and myself, used to go to Shoaynettah and other places in the neighbourhood and make capital bags of snipe, quail, jungle-fowl, and hares. Below Shoaydoung there used to be a big bheel, where I have shot a few duck, teal, and snipe; but we had to go in narrow "dug-out" boats, and that takes away from any pleasure derived from shooting. It is impossible to shoot out of a cranky, narrow boat with any degree of comfort to oneself; but if two of these

dug-outs be joined together, and either a platform, or charpoy, or native bedstead be fastened on them, there is some degree of firmness, and one can shoot with comfort to one's self, and without the fear of toppling over every time one fires a gun.

At Eeingmah, for some time my head-quarters, and twenty-seven miles south-east of Shoaydoung, I got fair mixed shooting, killing lots of partridges, hares, snipe, and a few hog-deer and thamine, or brow-antlered rusa, and three elephants.

On the Sittang side, it may be said that small game, with the exception of snipe, does not exist. I don't mean to say there is nothing to shoot, but it is very rare to come across a hare or partridge; there are jungle-fowl and imperial pigeons and a few pheasants, but on the Irrawaddie above Akoutoung, and inland as far as Zeagoung, small game is plentiful, but snipe predominate; and I don't suppose there is a place in the world where the long-bills can be found more abundant; but the season is a very short one. Birds come in early in August, and the greater part disappear by the 15th of October. A few may here and there be shot later, but no great bags will be made after that date, because after the rains cease the country dries up rapidly, and there are wanting the extensive bheels and tanks so common in India. Though during the monsoon the greater part of Burmah is a huge swamp, yet it soon dries up when the periodical rains cease.

The wild pigeons of Burmah are particularly large and numerous; they are met with from a good-sized fowl to a diminutive dove. Generally they are very good eating, but at certain seasons when the birds feed on certain fruits they are not fit for the table.

The following is the small game found in Burmah, but owing to its extent, varieties which exist in Tenasserim are

not found north of Mergui, and those found further north are not common, or non-existent, to the south.

Near and about Prome, Shoaydoung, Padoung, Eeingmah, Pounday, Zeagoung, Meaday, Thayetmew, Mendoon, and along the base of the Arrakan range, along the foot of the Yomahs, the following are found pretty numerously:—

1, green pigeons; 2, green doves; 3, three varieties of imperial pigeons; 4, three varieties of doves; 5, ground doves; 6, common blue rock pigeon; 7, green-necked peacock; 8, yit or pheasants; 9, jungle-fowl; 10, partridges; 11, five varieties of quails; 12, six varieties of plover; 13, woodcock (rare); 14, two varieties of snipe; 15, jack-snipe (very rare); 16, solitary snipe (very rare); 17, godwit; 18, five varieties of curlew; 19, three varieties of cranes; 20, various ducks (but not at all plentiful); 21, geese (rare); 22, three kinds of teal; 23, comb duck, or perching goose; 24, hares.

Whilst the following are peculiar to the Tenasserim province:—1, Nicobar pigeons; 2, double-spurred peacock-pheasant; 3, argus pheasant; 4, great fire-back pheasant; the following are peculiar to the hilly districts alone:—Ruddy-necked and three other varieties of partridges.

The following are the mammalia of the province:—Elephants, single-horned rhinoceros, single-horned lesser rhinoceros, two-horned rhinoceros, bos gaurus (commonly called bison), wild cattle, buffaloes, sambhur, brow-antlered deer, hog-deer, barking deer, wild pig, serow or wild goat, tigers, panthers, bears, wild dogs, and many kinds of wild cat. There are no hyænas. Jackals are very rare, and only found near our frontier. None of the antelope family. No spotted deer.

In the Tenasserim provinces the tapir and the diminutive mouse-deer are found.

Thus it will be seen Burmah is not deficient in game, and

it exists in numbers far exceeding any part of India I have been to, Assam alone excepted.

Burmah is thinly populated, and is but half explored, whilst the game has been but little disturbed; and it would well repay any one to go from home on a shooting trip through Burmah, then through Assam, and the northern division of the Madras presidency.

The best places for big game in Burmah are the following:—Arrakan range, Mendoon, near the Maee Pass, fifty miles west of Thayetmew, Eeingmah, Zeagoung, Pounday, along the base of the Yomahs on the Tharawaddie side, in the Yomahs north of Pegu, Negrais, Bassein, north-west of Tongho along the Pabay Creek, down the Sittang from Banloung inland towards the Yomahs, Mong on the opposite bank of the same river and inland from Shoayghein, and throughout the Yonzaleen, also along the banks of the Attaran river, and in the districts of Mergui and Tavoy. In most of the places I have mentioned shikarees are to be obtained; the great difficulty is to obtain elephants, and without them it is useless to search for big game in Burmah.

In the rains elephants and buffaloes wander about and are met with generally over the province, especially near cultivated tracts surrounded by tree jungle, or in long elephant grass, in which the animals lie concealed during the day and from which they sally forth to ravage and destroy cultivation during the night; but it is useless going after them during the monsoon. The nature of the country is such that no one can traverse the lower lands, owing to inundation and the innumerable tree and swamp leeches, which everywhere suck the very life-blood out of one.

Green pigeons and imperial ones, though most common throughout the province and the Andaman and Cocos Islands, are very difficult to see when perched on trees, so wonderfully

does their plumage tally with the surrounding leaves. They are anything but easy to kill when flying, as they excel most birds in the rapidity of their flight, but to the pot hunter they are most welcome, as they can be shot two, three, and four at a shot when roosting. As I have said before, they are at times very good eating, and the very reverse at others. Green doves are very rare, and I have only seen a very few. The imperial pigeons are magnificent birds, some green, others of a deep metallic or bronze hue, and others blue. They are found in all the larger forests: the Burmese call them Knit-ga-noa, or bullock birds. Doves, when you are hard up for food, are capital eating, but nobody thinks of shooting them except on an emergency: their general name throughout Burmah is Gnu, but as they have distinct names for each variety, one sometimes gets sold, as I once learnt to my cost. I was with Charlie Hill of the 69th Queen's—now Governor of Winchester jail. I met him at Kyanku after his encounter with a tiger, which is related further on. We were old friends, and both devoted to sport. One day a Burman asked us if we would like to kill a very rare game-bird, which he called paindoo. The name was totally unknown to us.. Being keen to discover new varieties of game, we agreed to go with him next morning. He took us a good five miles, and told us to squat down at the edge of a clearing, and said the birds would come in an hour or two to feed. So down we sat on the damp ground, fully expecting to be repaid by bagging some rare birds. We sat, and sat till we were heartily tired, and as nothing but a few doves came we thought we were not in luck, and were just going away when the man requested us to blaze away at some doves feeding on the ground, and said they were paindoos. It is impossible to describe our disgust, but we did shoot two, to see what they differed in from other doves. I found they were the fox-coloured turtle-dove—not very

common, but by no means rare. I don't think either of us has forgotten that name since, though we have been absent from Burmah many years.

The common blue rock-pigeon is very plentiful near Yay-nan-Choung, or where the earth-oil is extracted. The banks of the river are from 150 ft. to 200 ft. high, and much resemble our chalk cliffs. In these the birds breed in thousands, and are particularly good eating.

The green-necked peacock is a beautiful variety of the pea-fowl. It is very like the Indian bird, but it is green all over, has no bluish-purple neck like the Indian variety, but its tail is exactly the same and grows sometimes six feet long. It is abundant in all forest land having in its vicinity cultivated land. It is very good eating.

For many years our choice of food in Burmah was very limited, and a pea-fowl has done duty for a turkey many a time at Christmas. Hybrids between the Indian and Burmese birds were very common at Port Blair in the Andaman Isles, but they were very tame in plumage when compared with either of their progenitors.

The Burmese pheasant, or yit, is a beautiful bird of silvery grey—very good for the table, especially if caught alive and kept in a coop and fed on grain for some time. They are only too easily tamed, and become perfect nuisances, as their cry is very irritating, and they cannot be kept out of the house. They are common in all hilly parts, but near Zeagoung they were especially plentiful. They were also plentiful along the Pabay Choeng, north-west of Tongho, and I have met a few isolated birds here and there all over the higher lands not subject to inundation. Jungle-fowl in Burmah is identical with the same bird in Assam and the greater part of India. It is perhaps smaller in size, but in plumage, manners, and customs identical. It is a game little fellow, and at times affords excellent sport. I have seen them as plentiful as

pheasants in a "warm corner" at home, but they are difficult to put up, and require dogs to make them take to the wing. Once on the wing, it is a very strong flier, and not so easy to knock over as it looks.

The Burmese partridge is a very handsome bird, between the black and the painter, with a cry much resembling the latter; it is somewhat larger than either, and I believe it is more of a francolin than a perdrix; it perches on trees, and its cry of "Khā-răkăh" may be heard every morning and evening along the river bank north of Akantoung, and inland to Zeagoung, but it is not known on the Sittang side. The Burmese when they cut their paddy leave a good deal of stubble, and about November capital sport may be had in the paddy-fields, provided they are situated in the vicinity of high land and some dry cultivation. I have had capital sport amongst them, getting as many as seventeen couple in a day. When flushed, it rises perpendicularly for a considerable distance, and then flies off horizontally. If fired at too soon after being flushed, even the best shots are liable to miss it by firing beneath it, but if one waits till it commences its horizontal flight, no bird is easier to kill. At Nanyan I had capital mixed shooting, getting partridges, hares, jungle-fowl, snipe, quail, now and then a pheasant, and sometimes a barking deer. The Burmese keep their partridges in cages, why, I don't know, as I never saw them used for fighting. The corn-quail is not very common in our provinces. I have shot a few after the paddy has been cut, and in Upper Burmah, in the islands of the Irrawaddie, I have made very fair bags of this beautiful bird. The button and the rain-quail are very common in the season, and afford good sport. I have killed thirty-five couple in a day, besides snipe, hares, and jungle-fowl. There are two other kinds of quail, but I never came across them.

There are six varieties of plover, of which the golden and the grey are the most esteemed.

Two large kinds of the goggle-eyed and the thick-kneed plover are found on sand-banks and sometimes in grain fields in Upper Burmah; it depends on what they have been eating; they are sometimes very good and at others uneatable. I shot a lot with Batt of our 44th at Paganmew, and they made a capital stew. The spurwing and peewit are very common, but are seldom molested; but occasionally when the latter disturbes a jungle by its cry of "Pity to do it," and puts all game on the alert, as it frequently does, it meets with a most deserved death.

The woodcock is a very rare bird in Burmah, but it has been killed on the spurs of the Arrakan range, and once or twice near Moulmein. In those days I did not know what sort of ground to hunt over for them, but as I killed a good number in Assam, I think when I go back to Burmah I shall be able to account for them, as there is lots of ground very favourable for them in the Yonzaleen and the Arrakan ranges. Solitary snipe also exist in small numbers, but nobody knew where to look for them. I killed, in one day, in the Shillong hills, seven couple of these birds, besides losing three birds killed and three missed, and one woodcock killed, all out of the same patch of high reeds, besides eleven couple of snipe.

Snipe is after all the most exciting of the small-game shooting in Burmah, and though plentiful everywhere in the season, it is not every one who knows where to look for them. There is a great deal of knack in knocking over snipe, but more in finding them; the latter is either a gift, or is only acquired after long practice, and I attribute my invariable good luck in making large bags to a good eye for finding out the feeding-grounds of the long-bills. I have shot thousands and seen thousands killed in Burmah, but I

never came across but one jack-snipe, and that was shot by Melville of the Bengal 67th, when we were shooting together to the east of Prome. Some immense bags have been made in Burmah. In 1853 the birds were very plentiful owing to the Burmese not having cultivated their lands. One officer of either the 80th or 18th Queen's, I forget which, killed and brought home, I believe, eighty couple in one day, but he was a wonderful shot,—so were General Fytche, Peyton of the 9th M.N.I., and also Persse of that corps. There is a great deal of luck in snipe-shooting, as the following will show. Poor D'Oyly of the 67th B.N.I. was an excellent shot, but not very keen after game. One day I persuaded him to accompany me across the Nawein Creek after snipe. We soon reached our ground and formed line, D'Oyly on the left and I on the right, with three men between us and one outside of each of us. As we advanced, the birds kept getting up invariably before me, and I must have fired twenty shots to his one. I wanted him to get the shots, as he seldom ever went out, and I was out more or less three or four times a week; so after a good deal of persuasion, I induced him to change sides; but the birds still kept rising before me, until I was quite annoyed, because it looked like greediness on my part. But he, like the good fellow he was, was much amused at my distress and knew that the fault was not mine; but luck changed at last, and we left off, I with thirty-five couple and he with twenty-four couple; but at one time I must have had my snipe-stick nearly full to his three or four birds.

Near Eeingmah the snipe-shooting was excellent; the soil was very sandy, the birds fairly plentiful, and the walking easy and clean. I generally went about in the dry season looking for likely places for snipe for the next season. I always noted places where land had been formerly cultivated with paddy, but had been left fallow for a season or two, and visited it in August or September, and was seldom

disappointed. Once, riding across the Kabong Creek, amidst a fringe of tree-jungle, I noticed an open spot covered with longish and marshy-looking grass or reeds, but then as dry as a bone. It was easily got at from the cantonment, and I think it was about the best bit of snipe-ground I ever came across. It was only about 300 yards long by about 100 yards wide, but the snipe would not leave it, and whilst I alone knew of it, I have frequently killed twenty-five and twenty-six couple a day, shooting twice or thrice a week; but one day my firing attracted the attention of another sportsman who was out about a mile to my right, and guided by my constant shots he joined me and we made a large bag between us; but alas, it was all up with my pet bit of ground, its fame got bruited about, and it was soon spoilt by the number of guns shooting over it day after day.

Another time I had ridden out to Seeben to see a Poonghee burnt, and it struck me it would be a famous place to come to in the season; so accordingly I went there in September 1860, and before twelve o'clock I had thirty-six couple on my stick. I then went home to a zyat, where I was putting up, to breakfast, and fully thought by the evening I should at least double my bag, but heavy rain came on, and I only got twelve couple more. We used to make up parties of three and four and go out there for three days at a time, and we not only kept the whole station supplied with snipe, but used to feed the Poonghees and Burmese with them and had them cooked in every conceivable way for ourselves. We even made soups of them!

Tongho being a frontier station, a very large stud of Government elephants was kept up—at times there were as many as eighty animals. These having to go considerable distances to fetch their charah, or green fodder, soon reduced the surrounding country, in the rains, to a mass of pitfalls, rendering it impossible for horse or foot to traverse.

Fortunately the commissariat officer, a brother officer of mine, was very obliging, and he always lent us an elephant to go out on, or I don't know what we should have done; but as the force was rather a large one, and the ground confined, very soon adding to the number of guns out daily, snipe-shooting soon after its commencement became more of a toil than a pleasure; and one day, after going a good five miles to the north of Tongho, and beating all available-looking bits, I sat down in rather a desponding mood, for my luck had been very bad; and whilst thus ruminating, a herd of tame buffaloes passed me, crossed a small sheet of water, and entered a tree-jungle by a narrow pathway. Where buffaloes go to graze there is sure to be marshy land, so I brightened up a bit and followed, and in about half an hour came upon a "quen" or opening in the forest, some two miles long by perhaps three-quarters of a mile wide. No sooner had I stepped into this, which was very favourable-looking ground for snipe, than they got up in wisps of a dozen at a time, and pitching again close by—the ground had evidently never been disturbed nor the birds even fired at: in a very short time I had expended all my ammunition, for I had not come provided with sufficient to account for so many birds; but I walked away with thirty-nine and a half couple. Had I fired well I ought to have bagged fifty couple. Within a few days I took Lloyd, the Deputy Commissioner, with me. Poor fellow, since these pages were written he is no more; but he was a capital shot, cricketer and rider, and a good sportsman all round, though a bit jealous. I had just got out a breech-loading gun by Westley Richards, the first I ever possessed, and was delighted with it,—the comfort of using a breech-loader after a muzzle-loader for small-game shooting, at once impressed itself on my mind, and I have never used anything else since. I cannot conceive how it was that we were so backward in adopting breech-loaders in England, for

they had been in use in France long before we took to them. We began to shoot about eleven, and left off about four, with a short interval for rest and breakfast, and on counting our birds Lloyd had thirty-six and a half couple and I thirty-six couple!—very even shooting, considering neither of us kept a tally till after the sport was over. During that season and the next, very many times I have shot, with one other gun, over and over again, fifty couple in the day.

A good retriever is worth his weight in gold for snipe-shooting. I bought in 1860 a likely-looking and well-bred spaniel from an artilleryman, to whose young and rather good-looking wife a pair of pups had been given by a well-known old colonel, a noted dog and woman fancier. This pup very soon attached himself to me, and as he showed a propensity to retrieve, I used to shoot birds and make him bring them to me; but I had never taken him out shooting till he was about one year old. I was going to my pet ground across the Kabong, starting on an elephant, and I thought I'd try the spaniel "Roger;" so putting him on the pad behind me, off I went; but before long the dog was dreadfully sick from the motion of the elephant, and by the time we reached the ground he was very seedy. I left my breakfast-basket a little distance off in a zyat and entered the snipe-ground with the dog at my heels, but anything but lively. I soon shot several birds, and made much of the dog, and did my best to induce him to retrieve; but he showed no aptitude for it at all, and seemed all abroad, and would not leave heel. I was very fond of the dog, but was very much disgusted, as I had expected great things of him; and presently I missed him altogether, and though I screamed myself hoarse calling him, I could not find him anywhere; so I thought I had lost him, gave him up, and went on shooting till about twelve, when I went to the zyat to breakfast, and there I found Roger curled up close to the basket. I don't know whether I was more pleased at finding

the dog, or disgusted at his behaviour, but I made much of him, fed him, and took him out again,—but no, retrieve he would not; so I thought I had been mistaken in him, and meant never to take him out again. But whether he got used to the elephant's motion going home again, and began, from his contact with the snipe, which were lying close to him on the pad, to comprehend what was required of him, the very next time I mounted an elephant to go out snipe-shooting of his own accord he sprang up behind me, and though rather wild at first, commenced retrieving as if he had been used to it all his life. In time he became the most perfect retriever, and I never lost a bird if I had him out with me. My elephant got so used to him, that he never objected to Roger jumping off and on his back, though he would not allow another dog near him. One day I hit a snipe, it flew some way, towered and fell into the midst of a dense sugar-cane field, and I never thought for a moment that I should recover it; but "faint heart ne'er won fair ladie," so I bid Roger hie in and bring. He took the fence at a fly, was not in five minutes when he returned with the bird in his mouth.

Another time I was shooting imperial pigeons at Wuddie, five miles south of Tongho, on the opposite side of the river. As the undergrowth was very dense, I was shooting off an elephant, with my usual companion Roger behind me. I fired at a bird, which fell, but as the mahout could not find it, I told Roger to look; he kept going round and round one spot, but he could not find the bird, so I got down, wondering what could have become of it. In pushing my way through the long tangled grass, I found the bird lying stone dead, and resting on some creepers, &c. some five feet off the ground. I threw it down, and for the first time in his life Roger worried that bird. I was as fond of that dog as of a child; he was a most affectionate creature, and never would leave my side, and I

took him about in all my wanderings for three years, but having to go a good long trip in a narrow boat, at the height of the monsoon, when there was usually not an inch of dry land anywhere for the dog to land, I left him at home. All the time I was away he sat under my office chair moping; he would not go near my wife or children, and when I returned he was frantic with joy and dropped down dead! Poor Roger, I missed him greatly, and have never had his equal since.

Always avoid shooting snipe in the paddy-fields if you can; the walking is very heavy, the birds are never very numerous, and you are apt to lose a good many of those shot. Also look out for uncultivated fields near paddy-fields and beat over them down wind.

There has been a great outcry against snipe-shooting in India. It is deemed unhealthy, forsooth! by the stay-at-homes and those devoid of energy, but some of the best worn and healthiest men in India, even after forty years' service, are those who have been devoted not only to big game shooting, but have been ardent and constant followers of the long-bills. I have myself for twenty-eight years hunted them incessantly and can't say I feel the worse for it. Of course if people whilst out snipe-shooting drink brandy, smoke incessantly, wear linen, sit in their wet clothes when they get home, probably in a draught or under a punkah, or do other foolish things, they must expect to get ill, as they deserve to do; but for a healthy man, who is ordinarily prudent, not only no harm, but positive benefit, will be derived from following such sport. Many men are physically unfit to undergo the hard work necessary for slaying the long-bills—let them eschew the sport by all means; but for the robust man with an unimpaired constitution, it is far more conducive to health to be wading in mud and water even, than sitting at home smoking and drinking and sleeping the greater part of the

day. It is not men of an active disposition who suffer from an Indian climate, it is those of a sedentary habit. With a proper covering to his head, which he can buy for a few rupees, a man can defy the fiercest sun; and whilst moving about he need not fear being wet, especially if he wear flannel and changes his clothes directly he leaves off shooting, which is the best, or directly he gets home. As soon as the day's work is over and he reaches either his home or camp, let him bathe, have a good rub down, put on clean clothes, and he will not only feel no ill effects, but he will be positively better for the exercise he has taken. But avoid stimulants during the heat of the day and whilst toiling through mud and water in the sun; for snipe can only be shot with advantage during the heat of the day—they are too wild in the early morning and evening. The less stimulants a man drinks in India the better. There is no harm in his taking a fair modicum of the liquor which best pleases him with his dinner, or after his day's fatigue is over; nor indeed a moderate allowance of claret-cup or shandygaff (beer and gingerbeer mixed), or even pure beer, with his late breakfast or tiffin, but it is best as a rule to avoid drinking anything, water not excepted, whilst actually shooting. Men who wish to lead a healthy life in India must not be mollycoddles, but be given to out-door sport, be it shooting, riding, fishing, cricket, rackets, and the like; but they must at the same time lead a sober life. Drink used to be the curse of India, but since the habit has gradually died out, Indian lives are considered to be as good as those of others who live in more favoured climes. Now that European troops are being gradually concentrated on hill stations, single stations for native troops are getting more numerous, and I think in choosing a place where some six or eight officers are to be bottled up together for several years, thought ought to be had for their amusement and recreation. If a lot of men get

together in a locality devoid of sport, idle, and with nothing to distract them except their daily routine of drill, it is placing them at a great disadvantage, and the chances are, however efficient and good they were when they first arrived at such a station, they will soon deteriorate. I know this has happened once or twice,—I won't mention names or corps, for fear of hurting the feelings of the few left. But if men are in a station where shooting or fishing or riding can be had, or, in their absence, if they be provided with a racket-court and swimming-bath to fall back upon, depend on it they will remain far more efficient, for "all work and no play" never answers anywhere, least of all in India.

Godwits are scarce in Burmah: only one of the curlews is fit for the table, in my opinion, but some people like the black or raj-curlew. Of the cranes, the coolin or curruck is very rare; the sárus very plentiful; the bittern is frequently met with, but is seldom shot; and as for waders, storks, &c., their name is legion.

Of all the shooting in Burmah, duck-shooting is the poorest. Notwithstanding that the greater part of Burmah in the monsoon is a huge swamp, it dries up about the time the annual migration of the duck tribe takes place to the east and south, so there is really no abiding-place for them, and the birds pass on to the continent of India, where there are vast ponds and bheels; consequently whilst India is swarming with this wild-fowl, they are very rare in Pegu. There are of course a few bheels about the country where a few duck and teal can be shot, but this is very poor sport. In the delta, too, birds of this tribe are to be met with, but can seldom be shot, as they cannot be approached. It is a curious habit of the duck tribe in Burmah that no less than four of them perch on trees. The water-fowl as distinguished from the regular duck and teal tribe are very numerous, but none of them are worth mentioning except

the water-pheasant and water-cock, both of which are rare.

The hares on the Irrawaddie side are fine large beasts, many of them as large as English hares, and are pretty plentiful, whilst those on the Sittang are very rare, much whiter, and not much larger than an English rabbit. If properly cooked, an Indian hare is not bad eating, but though in their own way Indian cooks are unrivalled, they are not adepts at cooking game.

CHAPTER III.

LARGE GAME OF BURMAH.

Elephants—distinctions between the tuskers and those not possessing tusks, called Mucknahs.—Their wonderful instinct.—Difficulty in following them up.—A famous elephant killed by Captain D'Oyly.—His adventure and narrow escape from Dacoits—Author's experience of elephant-shooting.—Habits of elephants.—Damage done to crops by them during the monsoon.—Remarks on elephants by Colonel Macmaster and Hawkeye.—How to ascertain the height of an elephant.—Elephants subject to torture by jungle flies and musquitoes.—Difficulty of getting staunch elephants.—Immense herds of elephants met with in Burmah.—Shooting them from howdahs.—Subject to sore backs.—Necessity of having plucky mahouts.—Running away by elephants; the why and the wherefore.—Mahouts in general.—Treatment of sick elephants.—Epidemics amongst elephants.—Peculiar sounds emitted by elephants.—Restlessness.—Catching elephants.—Breeding. — Fastening on howdahs. — Elephant antipathies. — Extraordinary encounter between two wild elephants and a field force.—Death of Wedderburn.—Elephant furniture.

WHILST naturalists acknowledge but two species of elephants, the Asiatic and the African, I think the former might be subdivided into two varieties, one the goondas, those that have large tusks, and the mucknahs, or those having none, or only rudimentary ones.

The two kinds seldom herd together, and have peculiarities of formation which on close inspection are apparent enough; but which have not been noticed, as far as I am aware, by any writer.

The tuskers, male and female (not that I mean the latter have regular tusks, though most females have small rudimentary ones), have a broader expanse across the forehead, the bump between the eyes and at the root of the trunk is

more prominent, but the hollow between the eye and ear, commonly called the temple, is less marked. Its countenance is more pleasing, its eye brighter and kinder-looking; it seldom reaches the height or bulk of the other.

The mucnah, called by the Burmese "hine," has the head much longer and narrower, the temple very much depressed. The trunk is longer and very ponderous, possessing immense strength, as if to compensate the animal for the want of the formidable tusks possessed by its rival. Although the mucnah is styled tuskless, it is true only of a very few, for the majority have sharp though short tusks, like those of a female elephant, or like those of a walrus, growing downwards, with which it can inflict very severe wounds; its eyes are small and sleepy-looking, and its general appearance morose, and even when quite young it has an old look. In size it is generally taller and more bulky than the tusker. These peculiarities are not confined to the males, but extend to the females, and any good mahout will at once distinguish a female of the one kind from one of the other. The two varieties generally keep in herds apart, but sometimes the males of the tuskers and mucnahs meet and fight for the possession of the females. I am inclined to think the victory oftener remains with the latter, because it is much heavier, taller, and has its ponderous trunk and scimitar-like tusks, with which it jobs and inflicts fearful wounds, to assist it in its battle with its formidable foe. The two varieties inter-breed, I have no doubt,—may this not account for the difference perceptible even amongst the tuskers? Some animals of huge size and fully developed have very poor tusks; these are a cross, I should say, between the real tusker and the mucnah; others, though not half the size of the former, have magnificent long straight tusks. The former I believe to be a mixed breed, the latter the pure tuskers, whilst of course the pure mucnahs are again unique and distinguishable, as

before remarked. If nature has not given intellect to these animals, it has given them an instinct next thing to it. One has only to hunt them in their wilds to learn how wonderfully Providence has taught them to choose the most favourable ground, whether for feeding or encamping, and to resort to jungles, where their ponderous bodies so resemble rocks or the dark foliage that it is difficult for the sportsman to distinguish them from surrounding objects, whilst their feet are so made, that not only can they tramp over any kind of ground, whether hard or soft, thorny or smooth, but without emitting a sound. Some of their encamping-grounds are models of ingenuity, surrounded on three sides by a tortuous river impassable for ordinary mortals by reason either of the depth of water, its precipitate banks, quicksands, or entangling weeds in its beds, whilst the fourth side would be protected by a tangled thicket or a quagmire. In such a place, the elephants are in perfect safety, as it is impossible for them to be attacked without the attacking party making a sufficient noise to put them on the alert. Their mode of getting within this inclosure is also most ingenious. They will scramble down the bank where the water is the deepest, and then, either wading or swimming up or down stream, ascend the opposite bank a good half mile or more from where they descended, thereby doubly increasing the difficulty of following them. I have been an hour or more trying to penetrate into one of their fastnesses, when twenty or thirty elephants were congregated within a space nowhere more than 400 yards square, but so well were all the approaches protected, that at last when I did succeed in crossing over at the risk of either being swept away by the force of the current, or drowned in its deep bed, or bogged in the quagmires, the noise we made was sufficient to awaken the seven sleepers, to say nothing of disturbing a herd of elephants, and I had the pleasure of seeing them make their

exit one way as I entered on that opposite, and once the animals were on the move, such was the intricate nature of the country, it was useless, indeed impossible, to follow them.

They prefer forests by day and open ground at night, and feed on bamboos, wild cardamoms, plantains, null, branches of trees, or long grass, which is abundant in all the plains.

They are very fond of hiding in a forest in the vicinity of cultivation during the day, and of sallying forth to ravage at night; they do a great deal of damage, not only in what they eat, but more in what they trample down and destroy.

To hunt these animals successfully on foot is very hard work and requires a man to be not only in good training, sound of wind and limb, but also to be possessed of determination, undaunted pluck, a quick eye and very sharp ears. It is no child's play to slay these leviathans in their forest homes. To shoot them off other elephants is disgustingly cruel, as it is impossible to kill them outright when firing at them either from a level or slightly above. Huge as are these beasts, none are easier to kill if the hunter comes across one whilst on foot, and if he knows the right spot to aim at and the angle to fire—a knowledge of the two must be combined, one without the other is useless; moreover the distance should not exceed twenty yards, better if it be but ten or twelve yards, as the chances then are greater. Steel-tipped conicals do great damage, but I have known one of the largest elephants killed with a spherical ball fired from an old Joe Manton smooth-bore gun No. 17, loaded with but two and a quarter drachms of powder.

In 1855, when we were chasing Moung Goung Gee, one of the few Burmese chiefs who held out against us, Captain D'Oyly, Assistant Commissioner, for the second time succeeded in surprising his camp. On the first occasion D'Oyly was civil officer with a force that surprised Goung Gee's camp, and though he begged and prayed to be left with merely a

nominal force to follow up the day's success, the officer commanding the force would not consent, as darkness was setting in, but left all the booty and Goung Gee's camp and made what the Yankees call a retrograde movement, but which before the American Civil War used to be called a bolt or retreat, without any sufficient excuse for so doing. All the petty chiefs and a huge elephant much prized by the chief escaped; but had D'Oyly had his own way that day, Goung Gee's power would have come to a close there and then—that was in January, 1854—but he gave us trouble for nearly two years afterwards. In 1855, however, D'Oyly commanded his own field force, with Twynam of the Bengal 25th to assist him, and between them they broke up the whole gang, caught the chief's eldest son, who was hanged, and restored that part of the province to peace and quietness.

But the huge tusker-elephant again escaped. He was a magnificent brute with splendid tusks, but very vicious, and had not only killed several mahouts, but after his escape, when his master's camp was surprised in January, 1854, before he was recaptured, he had killed several men; but D'Oyly determined to capture him if possible, if not, to destroy him. He took the best Hindoostani and a plucky Burmese mahout with him, and, thinking to find it in the neighbourhood, he started with only a biscuit or two in his pocket, and armed with his light Manton fowling-piece, but they found the elephant had wandered a long way off, and for two days and nights they followed him, subsisting on what they could obtain in the jungles, consisting of a dove or two and roots, before they came across him, and when they tried to catch him, their endeavours were futile, for he charged them all round, and they had many very narrow escapes. He used to lie in wait for them, and when least expected charged down on them. At last, being utterly worn out, and despairing of catching him, D'Oyly determined to shoot him; and he had

not long to wait, for the animal charged down on him across a nullah. D'Oyly had never fired at an elephant in his life, but he was one of the few men I have met who did not know what danger or fear was. He waited until the elephant got to within a few yards, then, wisely kneeling down, fired for the bump between the eyes. The first bullet struck a little too high and did not check the animal's career for a moment, but the second, fired a little lower and at only a few feet distant, penetrated the brain, and the monster fell dead at his feet. For the first and last time D'Oyly made a meal off elephant's flesh. The Burman of course joined, because to him elephant flesh is a *bonne-bouche*, and even the Hindoostani mahout forgot about *ha-lal-ing*, and was glad to partake of the forbidden meat, as they were in the last stage of destitution, and all but dead of hunger and thirst.

Talking of D'Oyly, I must here narrate a narrow escape he had of his life, through carrying his fearlessness almost too far. It was in 1855 or 1856, I forget which, when he and I were encamped at Pounday; he employed on his civil duties and I on survey work. Information was brought to him that some of Goung Gee's lieutenants and two or three other noted dacoit leaders were in a deserted poonghee-house a few miles off; he asked me to go with him; but I declined, for I had had enough of such "will o' the wisp" chases some time before when out with Colonel Cotton's force,—indeed it was not uncommon for false information to be brought in with a view of misleading the military and then carrying out a raid elsewhere, so no reliance could be placed on the information, and indeed D'Oyly himself was not very sanguine, but he determined to canter out the next morning accompanied by a few Sowars. He was going totally unarmed, but with some difficulty I persuaded him to take my shikar-knife, which had a blade about one foot long; they started about five in the morning, and though the place was reported

to be distant only a few miles, it turned out to be a good eighteen miles over paddy-fields, which in Burmah are particularly dangerous to ride over, owing to the slippery nature of the surface and the deep cracks in the soil. D'Oyly led the way on one of his Burmese ponies, of which he had several, the fastest amblers in Burmah, and he soon distanced his followers. On arrival at the poonghee-house, he jumped off his pony and rushed into the house, to find himself confronted by four Burmese fully armed with their formidable dalwels, or fighting swords—nasty two-handed weapons with a blade about two feet long and as sharp as razors. Nothing daunted, D'Oyly stood in the narrow doorway, with the shikar-knife for his only weapon. His resolute bearing had its effect on the dacoits, and they hesitated a second before rushing in upon him, and that second proved his salvation and the destruction of two of them, for a shot was fired—a Burman fell dead; a sound of rapid footsteps, the flashing of a sword, and another Burman fell headless! and the other two threw themselves out of the window into the long grass below and escaped. So prompt was the succour, that the danger was past before D'Oyly had time to realize it. A gallant young Sowar of the 8th Irregular Cavalry, little more than a lad, outstripping the rest, had ridden up just in time to see his leader's jeopardy, to unsling his carbine, shoot one man down, to bound into the house sword in hand and to account for another, which was with him the work of a second; and lucky it was for D'Oyly that he had such a gallant and prompt follower, or his career might then and there have ended. This Sowar, I think a Pathan, one of the most warlike races of India, did not think he had done anything out of the common, though it was probably the first time he had taken life or drawn his sword in earnest. The report D'Oyly made of his conduct insured his immediate promotion, but whether he remained

faithful to his salt, or whether he was led astray and joined the mutineers in 1857, I know not; I have even forgotten his name, but a finer fellow never graced the ranks of the Irregular Cavalry, rich as that branch is in gallant soldiers. I trust he still follows our standard, but whatever his subsequent conduct or career may have been, surely that one gallant deed will be recorded in his favour at the last day. Poor D'Oyly, than whom a finer fellow never lived, died at Tongho in 1859, a victim to a doctor's incapacity. He, like the rest of his family, was a beautiful draughtsman, and particularly excelled as a horseman.

Although the trumpeting of elephants at night might lead one to suppose that they were close at hand, they wander deep into the forests and are very difficult to approach, as the following anecdote will show. I had bought, or rather had given me, for the price I paid was nominal, two excellent rifles, a double-barrelled two-groove rifle by Lang, and a single-barrelled by Blanch, from that excellent sportsman Col. Grant Allan, who, disgusted at the apparent want of game in Burmah, parted with his battery, I was at Eeingmah, my then head-quarters, twenty-seven miles from Prome. One day a Burman came to me and said he had seen an immense tusker on the banks of the nullah about five miles away. Wishing to try my new weapons and encourage Burmese in bringing in reports of game, I got into his boat, taking nothing with me but my rifles and ammunition, and expecting to be back by night. Instead of taking me five, he took me at least ten miles; we then landed, and had to walk through a nasty swampy tangled jungle for a couple of miles; the tree-leeches were very troublesome, and we suffered a good deal from them. We then entered a forest of Eein, or bastard sâl-trees; these trees have huge leaves that fall off twice a year, decompose, and form a rich vegetable mould, and so deep is this in places, that I have known an elephant sink into it so as to be

unable to go along; and generally in these forests there is little if any undergrowth; through this we trudged for an hour, and I was getting heartily sick of it, when the guide pointed out some fresh elephant droppings and footmarks; this cheered us up a bit, and on we went. Though I had shot or been present at the death of almost all kinds of beasts found in India, I had never been after wild elephants, and had no idea how tedious it is to follow up a herd. From the footmarks it was evident the herd consisted of some four or five full-grown animals and two young ones. As one track seemed much larger than any of the others, we presumed one was a bull and the rest his wives and children. On we went, following the track, which was plain enough, but it seemed as if we should never overtake the herd. We had started at 8 a.m., it was then 2 p.m. The heat was dreadful and the musquitoes and leeches anything but pleasant. I was pretty well dead-beat, and was cogitating whether I should not give in, when a trumpet put us on the *qui vive* and instilled new life into us: so on we pushed again. It is extraordinary how far sound travels in a forest, for we walked a good hour and a half and did not come up to the herd; they were probably feeding away from us; I was tired, so I suppose I did not pick my footsteps with due care, for all of a sudden right in front of us we heard a shrill trumpet, a terrific rush, and the herd had disappeared just as we were upon them! We did not even see one, but from the noise they made it was evident they were thoroughly alarmed, and that we should not see them again; for elephants when not frightened go through jungle so quietly that they cannot be heard; what to do I did not know. It was getting dark, and we must then have been at least twenty miles from home; the buzzing of musquitoes became louder and louder, and our position was anything but a pleasant one. I knew no Burmese, or next to none, and after vain efforts to come

to some understanding with my Burmese guide, I silently followed him and in time came to a village, where it was apparent I must spend the night, which I was glad enough to do, for I had had nothing to eat or drink, with the exception of a cup of coffee, that morning, and had been tramping for many hours. As I have before said, the Burmese are a hospitable race,—they gave me a clean house to go into and soon rigged up a bed for me, but a glance at the greasy pillow was enough; I preferred lying down on the clean bamboo floor with a log of wood for a pillow. The village, a small one, was called Subaguay, and was situated on the Waygeechoung, or rather on a small branch of it; in this I was soon dabbling, for it was too shallow for swimming,—nothing refreshes one so much as a plunge into cold water after a hard day's fag. An old woman soon cooked me some rice, and seeing some fish hanging up, I showed them how to broil a couple for me, which they did. They offered me heaps of messes of their own in which ngapee predominated, but I declined them all with thanks. They consider ngapee a great relish: it is made of rotten fish pounded and salted and kept either in a jar or large hollow bamboo; the smell is most offensive, and the very thought of it nearly makes me sick. I had neither knife, spoon, nor fork, so fingers had to do duty for all three, aided by a knife lent me by a Burman; these knives of theirs have a blade about six inches long, are very sharp, and are used alike for domestic purposes or for stabbing each other in a row. I made a fair enough meal, but how I did long for a bottle of beer! Sleep was out of the question, for, tired as I was, the musquitoes were in myriads and I had to do battle with them all night, and very thankful I was to see daylight; I rushed into the stream, and though I got a couple of leeches on me and the Ngabodeen fish took a nip or two out of me, I felt

greatly refreshed for the immersion. The Burmese are very fond of tea, and drink it without milk or sugar, but I got an egg beaten up and put that into my tea,—it is not a bad substitute when milk is not to be had; some molasses served for sugar, so I made my cup of tea palatable enough. I wanted to go home, and thought I knew enough of Burmese to make them understand that much, but my guide could not or would not understand what I wanted. As I always had a Government interpreter with me on my works, I had depended too much on him and had neglected to learn the language as I should have done, so after several futile attempts to come to an understanding, I followed the man, carrying myself the double rifle and giving him the single. He at once led me back through the jungle to the spot where we had lost the elephants yesterday, so I saw I was in for another day's fag; and anxious as I was to return, I did not like to show any disinclination for fear of never getting them to bring me in news of big game again, for this was the first time any Burman had volunteered to show sport, and I was very anxious myself to kill an elephant. I never court discomfort, but can put up with it when absolutely necessary. I did not know at that time that the Burmese prefer the flesh of the elephant to all other, and thought the man's anxiety that I should slay an elephant was due to his love of sport, whereas he was hungering and thirsting after the flesh-pots.

There being nothing for it, I girded up my loins, and followed the tracks. We started at 7 a.m. and toiled through the interminable jungles till past 12, when I called a halt. The Burman had brought food with him, in the shape of boiled rice compressed in a bamboo, and offered me some, but I can't eat messes, so whilst he ate his breakfast, I wandered off a little way to a stream and had a good drink and bathe. We then resumed our tracking, and I was glad to see the elephants had taken a backward turn and were going towards

the village where I had put up the previous day, and though we pushed on at our best, tormented by leeches, gadflies and musquitoes, we did not seem to get an inch nearer to our game. So at 4 p.m. I pulled up, and this time made the man understand he must take me back to the village, which he did most reluctantly, and where I arrived at dusk, more dead than alive, and dreading another night of torture from the musquitoes, with no beer and no bed.

Fancy my delight at seeing my Madras servant with my bed and curtains nicely rigged up, a small table and chair, a lot of grub, and several bottles of beer hung up to cool with wet rags tied round them! That night I was as happy as a prince. I had a good bathe, put on clean clothes, and after a hearty meal turned in and slept like a top.

My people at Eeingmah, alarmed at my not returning by the evening, made inquiries the next day and ascertained I was at Subaguay, as there was constant communication between the two places; so they put my traps into my boat and came down with everything I required, and had only arrived a few hours before myself; I had not given them credit for so much sense, and had a better opinion of my servant ever after; but he was an exceptional native and about the best servant I ever had, but he would not remain on in Burmah, and left me about a year afterwards to return to his native place. As he spoke Burmese fluently, I ascertained through him that not far off some Burmese, watching in their paddy-fields, had seen the elephants, and that they were in a tree-forest close to their paddy-land. So carefully reloading the double rifle, I started after them again. Now that I had my creature-comforts with me I did not care how long I hunted them, provided I killed one at last. Not knowing how long we might be out I took an extra hand, and made him carry some breakfast for me. On reaching the paddy-fields it was evident the watchers had spoken the

truth, for a great deal of the corn had been eaten and more trampled under foot; and as the forest, consisting of trees and bamboo, was close by, and they had not been molested, I felt sure the elephants could not be far off, so took double precautions, and advanced with the greatest care. About 10 a.m. we first heard them, and finding which way the wind blew, advanced up it, as if our very lives depended on our caution. The coolie with the grub was left behind at a safe distance, and the guide and I crept on from tree to tree and bush to bush in the direction they were feeding, for we could hear them tearing down the young bamboo shoots. Even now, the elephants were not nearly as close to us as we thought. Crawling along, with every sense stretched to the utmost, momentarily expecting to come upon them, we were doomed to disappointment for fully half an hour, when the quarry appeared in sight. We could distinguish several females browsing on the young bamboos, but the male was not visible anywhere. They were somewhat scattered, and the Burman kept urging me to shoot the nearest. I was loath to shoot a female, but, never having killed an elephant, I was very eager, and did not require much persuasion to make up my mind to fire at one. As for the Burman, all he wanted was meat, and the carcass of a female would be as good to him as that of a male. It is far easier to approach elephants when they are browsing in a bamboo-forest than anywhere else, for if the wind be favourable, they themselves make such a noise in tearing down the young shoots, which snap with reports resembling the firing of pistols, that they are not nearly so likely to hear a footfall as in other jungles, where they make less noise. Having made up my mind to murder the nearest, a plump young female, I crawled up to within twenty yards of her, and squatted down under a bamboo clump, till she should afford me a shot at the right angle and in the right place; for though I had never fired at

an elephant in my life, I had read, I think, every book written on sport, had examined their skulls, and knew pretty well where and how the ball should strike to kill. Whilst thus waiting patiently, I heard a slight noise, so slight that at first I paid no attention to it, but hearing it repeated I looked round, and there, gradually approaching me, with his ears cocked and trunk raised, was a huge tusker. It is one thing to stalk an animal and quite another being stalked I suppose the animal had got but a very slight taint of me, and could not make it out, so was carefully approaching to find out who it was who had dared to come between the wind and his nobility! He would stop every second or two, throwing his trunk about in every direction scenting the air, but refraining from giving the warning cry. Perhaps the very fact of my being behind the clump of bamboos lying flat on the ground, and his raising his trunk so high, prevented his scenting me thoroughly. From his eagerness, I presumed the Burman with the single-barrel, which was like a small cannon, was close by me, and wishing to give the tusker a taste of my quality, I held out my hand for the rifle, but both rifle and man had disappeared! I suppose he thought discretion the better part of valour, so had left me in the lurch; not that it mattered much, for I was perfectly safe, and had a weapon that I could thoroughly depend upon, for it had killed many a monster in the Wynaad when the property of its former master. Moreover, the clump was dense enough to resist a cannon-ball, and much too low to allow of an elephant charging underneath it, so I waited for the brute to come close enough with the utmost coolness. The elephant kept gradually advancing, halting, intently listening, using its extraordinary olfactory powers to the utmost, but yet it was puzzled; perhaps the wind just then shifted and so baulked him, I cannot tell, but at last he halted not more than six or eight paces from me; he seemed

disgusted and dissatisfied, and put down his trunk to strike the warning-note on the ground; this was my opportunity; the temple was exposed, not quite at the right angle, but at such close quarters it did not much signify. I felt sure the bullet would penetrate the brain, so taking a quick but steady aim I fired: the monster rushed forward and fell dead, head foremost, in a clump of bamboos in his immediate front. I was so delighted at my luck that I quite forgot to use the left barrel at the cow, and although the Burman sprang up as if by magic and thrust the cannon into my hand, I never dreamed of firing at any of the others, though so dumbfoundered were the rest with the report of the rifle and the fall of the bull, they clustered together, and I might perhaps have bagged one or two more had I used the weapons at my command. The Burman was disgusted at my not exterminating the herd. I did not understand it then; but the more I had slain the more he would have got from the villagers for the flesh. I called up the coolie with the grub and breakfasted, whilst the guide went back to the village for men to cut out the tusks. The elephant I had killed had very thick but not very long tusks. I sent them, with other valuable trophies, to a friend, who never claimed them, and they were sold for a song to meet the expenses, whereas, if I had known what their fate was to be, I would not have parted with them for a thousand rupees. The whole village turned out with dhās and various other knives; they had a long palaver and dispute with the guide and finally rushed upon the carcass, knife in hand, apparently bent on fighting for the tit-bits, and trying each to get more meat than his neighbour. This was a sight I could not stand, so I walked back to the village, took it easy that evening, and returned to Eeingmah next day. It was not till some time afterwards I discovered that the guide had sold my elephant to the villagers by auction, getting some fifty rupees by the transaction. That

was the palaver which preceded the rush for the meat, and I have seen the same scene reacted on several occasions afterwards. This was my first essay in elephant-shooting, and gave me great encouragement, and whenever there were elephants in the vicinity I was sure to be warned. I had various luck, at times getting not a shot, at others only wounding; but I killed three at Eeingmah, and two at the base of the Arrakan range, and several off a howdah,—but of the latter transaction I am thoroughly ashamed, and it will be described hereafter. I had one more adventure with a tusker, though it turned out the very reverse of my first attempt.

I was at Lepangon, near the Pabay Creek, north-west of Tongho. Starting early one morning we got on the fresh trail of a solitary elephant, and as he fed as he went along and showed no signs of hurry, we were in hopes we should soon overtake him, but we walked a good sixteen miles before we came upon him, standing in the bed of a small hill rivulet, browsing on the wild plantains; the wind being favourable, I crawled close up, but the brute's quarter was towards me, and I could get no shot at any vulnerable spot; as I was loaded with a hardened belted ball I made sure of killing whenever the favourable spot should be exposed. I sat down, intently watching every movement of my adversary, but suddenly, without the least warning, he spun round. I threw up the rifle, but an overhanging bamboo caught the barrel, the rifle exploded in mid-air, and the elephant was clean missed and gone before the left barrel could be brought to bear. Oh, the weary walk back to camp, with leeches and musquitoes fastening on one every moment, and nothing to console one for the day's trudge! The memory of that wretched miss rankled for many a day in my bosom. The elephant had such splendid tusks that my mouth even now waters when I think of them and how I lost them.

Elephants are at all times a wandering race; they consume so much, and waste so much more, that no single forest could long support them, hence their roving propensities. During the rains, when they cannot be molested, they are especially destructive to the paddy crops. When these have been gathered, they retire to their hill fastnesses, which is the best place to go to after them; but people now-a-days are so afraid of fever that they will seldom venture into such localities, and thus the herds of elephants increase rapidly in Burmah. A good deal of the Tharawaddie district is infested by elephants. These take up their abode in the forest at the foot of the Yomahs, and commit great depredations in the grain-fields. Whilst surveying in that district, the people, thinking I was a revenue officer, followed me about, complaining of the damage done to their crops, and asking for remission of taxes.

Whilst the European sportsman in India fires only for the brain of an elephant, both the Burmese and Assamese fire at the point of the shoulder, and with considerable success; for I have seen the bodies of several killed by this shot, two or three of them perfect monsters. If rhinoceros can be killed by this shot, I do not see why the elephant should not be. Burmese laugh at us for firing at the head only. Elephants have a very keen sense of smell and of hearing, and they must be approached up wind; and in the dry season, owing to the number of fallen twigs and leaves, it is almost impossible to come close enough to a herd to be able to kill one. The slightest noise, and off they go. But after the jungles have been burnt and rain has fallen, and particularly when they are feeding on bamboos, they are easier got at; and I believe once Blake got so close to a huge tusker's hind-quarters that he had to give him a slight pat to make him move, which he did with a

vengeance by spinning round, but fell dead to the crack of the rifle of that unerring shot.

There are five vulnerable places in an elephant, but as a rule only two are fired at. 1. The bump between the eyes, which should be fired at from the front, low down in the bump and upwards. 2. The so-called temple-shot, between the corner of the eye and top of ear. This shot should be fired either from the right or left half-face, as the case may be, from the front, slightly upwards and backwards, and in the centre of the hollow. Of all the shots, this is the easiest to kill, and the safest to the hunter; because, as he is slightly on one side, if the shot does not prove fatal, and the elephant involuntarily rushes forward, as an animal is apt to do when he suddenly receives a shot, he will not be in the line of flight, and be less liable to be trampled upon than when firing the front shot. 3. Just behind the ear is also fatal, but it is a shot one seldom gets. 4. If a shot be fired from a moderate height downwards in a forward direction, and hits the junction of the spine and the head, it will be instantaneously fatal. 5. Behind the shoulder, at the point of the elbow. Most of the African elephants are killed by this last shot, and occasionally Indian elephants, by natives.

But there are no rules without exceptions. A friend of mine, Gilman, a tea-planter in Assam, once killed a tusker by firing at it from the branch of a tree: the shot hit in front of the head high up, and it fell dead! What made the shot more remarkable was that the gun used was a light fowling-piece by Lang, with an ordinary spherical ball driven by three drachms of powder; but the penetration was such that the ball was driven right through the thickest part of the skull into the brain. Once I was charged by a vicious cow, and as I fired, a young bull rushed past, got the shot,

a steel-tipped conical, in the hip-joint, and fell paralysed, unable again to rise.

To shoot elephants in Burmah in the rains is nearly impossible. The nullahs are impassable, and the country generally too inundated; but the leeches alone would cool the ardour of the most enthusiastic sportsman. I went once with D'Oyly after a herd in the rains; we took every precaution to keep out leeches by wearing close-fitting clothes, long stockings, gaiters, &c.; but in an hour or two there was not a part of our bodies free from these pests, and we were nearly driven mad. As the bites of these tree-leeches frequently fester, it is no joke being covered over by them.

Some remarks on elephant-shooting by that excellent sportsman and naturalist, Col. MacMaster, are so *à propos* that I take the liberty of inserting them here:—"Those who only think of elephants as they have seen these domestic giants working at any of the innumerable tasks on which these almost reasoning slaves may be employed, can hardly imagine how puzzling a matter it is to distinguish them amongst the dark shadows and irregular outlines that fill up any portion of a landscape in their forest haunts. . . . . I was for some moments, it seemed to me hours, waiting in long grass and reeds within a *few feet*, not yards, of the head of a fine elephant, without being able to get a satisfactory shot at him, or even to see more than an indistinct dusky outline of form, or a dark shadow as his trunk was raised aloft, when the mighty beast, a magnificent tusker, suspected that he scented mischief. Having at length made sure that there was something uncanny near him, he uttered a shrill cry and wheeled right round on the very spot on which he stood, without exposing any more vulnerable target than his enormous hind-quarters, at which it would have been wicked and wanton cruelty to fire, rushed down the hill, followed by his family (eight or ten unwieldy wives and

sturdy children) whose progress, as they crashed through the dense underwood and undergrowth of long grass, caused a noise sufficient to startle any one whose nerves were not tightly braced, and which my pen is certainly too weak to describe."

The following is an extract from the *South of India Observer*, by "Hawkeye," who I believe to be General Hamilton:—"On another occasion I was *blown* at by a wild elephant, who threw her trunk out from behind the jungle lining the narrow path along which we were running to intercept the hero, and blew her nose so suddenly in the chest and face of the leading man, that he fell back right upon me. We had cut this elephant off from its companions, and having a young calf to take care of, she had loitered behind the herd. In this case we noticed what I have alluded to, the wonderful and extraordinarily quiet manner in which these gigantic animals noiselessly move through the forest when trying to avoid observation or danger."

The height of an elephant can generally be ascertained by doubling the circumference of one of the front feet. It is not quite exact, but near enough for all purposes. Elephants vary much in size; but I do not believe in animals of twelve, thirteen, or fourteen feet, as mentioned by some writers. An elephant ten feet high is very rare, one of eleven feet all but unknown.

Thick as is the skin of an elephant, no beast is more tormented by musquitoes, gadflies, and leeches, than he. Hence his habit of covering his body over with mud, and throwing earth all day over his body, and squirting saliva about, to drive off these pests.

I have never known an elephant that could be invariably depended upon for dangerous shooting. I believe there are such, but it has not been my lot to come across them.

Elephants that would one trip be as stanch as possible, would, the very next time they were taken out, run from a hare or small deer; whilst if a peafowl or partridge got up with a whirr under their trunks they would quake with fear, and would hesitate to advance if they heard the least noise in front, and all this without apparent cause, and without having been in a scrimmage or mauled; but the very next trip, perhaps, those very elephants would again be perfectly stanch and face a charging tiger without flinching.

I once got amongst a herd of over three hundred elephants, all mucknahs, not a tusker among them. I had five splendid tuskers with me, any one of them capable of flooring any two of the wild elephants we saw, for none of them were very large; and yet my beasts, though generally perfectly stanch, got so demoralized that they kept bolting from their own shadows!

Always avoid giving an elephant a sore back, if you can, not only for your own sake, for you can't use him then, but because once an elephant has had his back cut and scored he is never so stanch after as he was before. At least such has been my own experience; and for twenty-one years I always had a lot of elephants—some of my own, and others the property of Government—under me, and I invariably found that after an elephant had felt the knife his nerves were gone, and he was not to be depended upon. But there are exceptions, of course, and I speak of my own knowledge only. Once we had a grand scrimmage with a tigress, and my own elephant was punished far more than any of the rest. Yet when we wanted the others to go up to the dead animal the scene was most ludicrous. At first not an elephant would go near the carcass, but trumpeted and bolted, with the exception of mine, which at once walked up and, when told, struck the body with its trunk, and stood over it. The

others, after being well thrashed, were got together, well jammed. They were all tuskers; and to see them advance with heads depressed, ploughing up the ground with their tusks, till within a few feet of the tigress, then jerking their heads up suddenly, throwing the dirt over the carcass, and then bolting for dear life with discordant shrieks, was certainly the most absurd sight I have ever seen. The next day, although the place where we encamped was as bare of vegetation as a billiard-table, not an elephant would go to be watered alone, though that water was not one hundred yards off, in a perfectly open plain. As none would go alone, the lot, ten in number, were assembled, and the mahouts, holding them by the ears, led them down to drink and to be bathed. Suddenly a young tusker, Jerry, who had been born in captivity, and who was of a most uncertain temper, without the least cause trumpeted and bolted, followed by every beast in camp, and we had the greatest difficulty in recovering them. Some went so far, I had to send for other elephants from Tongho to catch them; and one was not recovered for a week, and he had wandered away upwards of fifty miles. This interfered with our sport considerably that trip; yet, when this panic ceased, they all behaved exceedingly well again, and we killed buffaloes, bison, and other animals off their backs without any further *contretemps*. A good mahout will instil pluck into a cowardly elephant, whilst a coward will cause the pluckiest animal to run away.

I was out with Colonel J. Macdonald of the Survey, a capital sportsman, who had seen a good deal of shooting on foot in Central India, but who had had very little experience in shooting out of a howdah. The Luckeepore Zemindar lent him for the trip one of the largest and stanchest elephants in Assam, and off whose back tigers, rhinoceros, buffaloes, &c., had been killed by the dozen, and once single-

handed he had captured a mucknah larger than himself. He had but one tusk, but that was a beauty; his mahout had been with him about twenty years, and had ridden him in all his shooting trips, which were not a few. Nothing would have induced his owner to sell him, because the elephant had been born on the same day as his master, and the Brahmins had foretold that the prosperity of the family depended on the life of the elephant, and of its remaining in their possession; but when the elephant reached puberty he walked off into the jungles, bent on seeing elephant life in its indigenous home, the forest. There was great grief in the Zemindaree, but all efforts to find him proved vain, and for two years he was not heard of; but one day he returned to his shed as quietly as he had left it, and perfectly docile, and he has shown no inclination to revert to a wild life since; no wonder therefore, that to a superstitious native he was a pearl of great price, so Macdonald was in luck getting him. The elephant's name was "Mainah." I could not go direct to the shooting-ground, as I had some inspections to make; so we started on the 29th April, and were incessantly marching till 6th May, shooting at nothing but a few partridges. The day we left Burpittah we came across some buffaloes and pigs, and my comrade tried the range of his rifle; but he might have spared himself the trouble, for we never got within many hundred yards of them, and they got off untouched. On the 6th May we arrived at Soonapilly, where in general rhinos were plentiful; we started very early on the 7th, came across fresh marks at once, but the beasts themselves had retired into the long elephant grass, where it was not worth our while to follow them, as seeing them in that was out of the question. Whilst looking for these pachyderms we came upon a herd of marsh-deer, with some fine bucks amongst them; I felled one, and left it to be picked up afterwards, and wounded another, and whilst following him up, Macdonald,

who had been a little way off, joined me, and we formed a half moon, we on the outside, and the beating elephants in the centre. We were advancing quietly through the grass in search of the deer, when suddenly, and without the least provocation, five buffaloes charged down *en masse* on our line. Mainah rolled over the big bull who charged him, and before he could recover himself Macdonald cleverly killed it; the others, after sending the beating elephants flying, came down on me, and though I emptied my battery of four heavy rifles, my elephant only escaped being cut by her superior speed, for "Lutchmee" was one of the fastest elephants I ever sat upon. Of these buffaloes, besides the bull killed by Macdonald, we picked up two dead the next day, but they all escaped for the time. I never till then, or since, have seen a herd of buffaloes charge. They frequently do so individually when badly wounded, but I can't conceive what could have induced this herd to charge in the way they did. There is not a more formidable enemy than a wounded bull buffalo, or a cow with young; they are very difficult to kill, and will fight to the death. After laughing over this adventure, and wondering at it, we re-formed line, came on my deer, and padded it and the bull-buff's head, but on searching for the first buck I had shot it was gone! but the villagers found it dead about two hundred yards off. Although the marks of rhinos, and even of wild elephants and other game, were numerous, yet the game itself was scarce, as it had been disturbed by a party of elephant-catchers who were out in the neighbouring jungles. So we determined to move our camp, and on the 8th started for Basbaree, going across country ourselves, and sending our traps by the village pathways. Soon after passing the scene of our memorable encounter yesterday, and finding the dead bodies of two of our foes, we struck off the fresh tracks of a rhinoceros. Now Macdonald had never seen, far less shot, a rhinoceros, and

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... going along the banks of a stream, and soon hit off a trail, Macdonald leading and I slightly on one side, ready to pour in a volley if required. We came on the beast, a male, in about an hour; Macdonald fired and hit; the beast bolted into grass about twenty feet high and into this we followed, but the tracks were so numerous, we soon lost our quarry; beating our way through the grass, however, we came to an unusually heavy bit, and into this Mainah refused to enter, and mine hung back too. So we knew there was something ahead of us. As the mahout would not drive Mainah in, Sookur called out—"Get out of the way; it is you who are afraid, and not the elephant!" and giving Lutchmee a few vigorous prods he drove her headlong into the entangled grass. I looked about every-

where, and had perhaps gone through half the patch without seeing anything, when something induced me to look back, and there, within ten yards of me, was a full-grown rhinoceros, craning its neck and staring up at me in a peculiarly idiotic manner: a lucky shot dropped her dead, and I then saw she had a young one by her side. So leaving the carcass and the young one undisturbed, we sent an elephant back to the village for nets and men to catch the little one, and went on ourselves. It was a nasty damp drizzly day, with a high wind blowing, so after a while we determined to return to camp; but coming on two quite fresh marks we could not resist the temptation and took up the trail, Macdonald leading. We had to go further than we expected, and soon came to very heavy grass, when Mainah turned off suddenly to the left and went off full score. I called out, "Where are you going to?—that is not the way the rhinos have gone," but I got no reply, and the elephant and his rider vanished. Sookur after abusing Mainah's mahout went straight on, and within one hundred yards I came upon two full-grown rhinos standing together, with their heads towards me, but the grass was so high, that all I could see was their huge ears and a dusky form, but guessing for the chest of the larger, I fired—a shriek and a headlong charge was the result, Lutchmee spun round like a teetotum and went off at her best pace; I had just time to turn round and let drive, as rhino's nose was within a few inches of my elephant's posterior—I was using a two-groove No. 10 rifle by Lang, the bullets hardened with a mixture of quicksilver—the ball entered the back, and passing out at the belly, floored my antagonist; but the row she made frightened Lutchmee to such an extent, it was some time before I could get her back. The rhino had picked itself up and stood at bay in some very heavy grass. Every time I went towards it, it made its peculiar cry and charged, and off would go my elephant; so

Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.

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seeing that the animal could not escape, and not wishing to get my elephant cut for nothing, I left it, and went back to our huts. I picked the rhino up two days afterwards, dead, where our encounter had taken place. I bathed and breakfasted, and still Macdonald did not appear, but as he had our breakfast-basket behind his howdah, containing all that was requisite to refresh the inner man, even to a bottle of champagne, I knew he was all right as far as food went, but wondered at his absence. He returned about six in the evening. It appears Mainah had turned off as soon as he smelt the rhinos, and going at his best pace straight across country had returned to our yesterday's camp, some twelve miles off! crossing in his course several nasty nullahs without slackening his speed and shaking Macdonald into a jelly. The mahout appeared to have lost all control over him, but on reaching the place where we had encamped at Soonapilly he pulled up, but nothing would induce him to return the way he had come. So Macdonald got off, bathed and breakfasted, and after resting his weary limbs a while, returned by a long circuitous route—even then Mainah would not move without some men in front of him! Now what had upset this really stanch animal? I can only account for it in this way: Macdonald had a theory (knowing how fond of opium the Assamese are, and what quantities they are in the habit of eating daily) that if he took some of this drug with him, and kept doling it out, the mahout's zeal and pluck would be increased. I fancy he gave no thought to the man's private supply, and so every now and then gave the mahout a bit; this, together with what the man had had previously, I believe proved too much for him, he lost his nerve and communicated his funk to the animal he bestrode. I have seen Mainah frequently since, in several scrimmages with tigers, buffaloes, and rhinos, and he never showed the least fear again, and that too with the same mahout on his back. During the night

the villagers brought in the young rhino, and when I saw him the next morning he was the impersonification of all that is savage,—he was securely tethered, but he tried to get at everybody who went near him. A tiger could not have been more savage, yet in the course of a couple of days he quieted down, ate plantains out of the hand, and in a week would follow Sookur about everywhere. I sold him afterwards to Jamrach's agent for 60*l*., and I believe I ought to have got double that: so apart from the sport of shooting the large animals the catching of the young ones would prove a profitable speculation.

Every horseman knows how differently a horse behaves at different times, and that his behaviour is but a reflex of that of the rider on his back. So with the elephant, but he is more timid naturally and more impressionable, and therefore less to be depended upon than the horse.

Mahouts are the best-abused servants in India, not altogether undeservedly, but I do not think a due allowance is made for all they have to go through. They are very apt, unless well looked after, to allow an elephant to forage for himself, rather than be at the trouble of bringing in his *charah*, and, after bathing the elephant, securely tethering him. But this must be insisted on, or the elephant will either get no food or destroy property for which you will have to pay fourfold, and he will also probably stray and not be caught till late next morning.

But mahouts have their good points. They are, as a rule, a plucky race. It must be remembered the sportsman in the howdah runs or incurs little risk, whilst the mahout, sitting on the elephant's neck with his legs dangling down, is in very great danger from a charging tiger. He is unarmed, save with his driving-hook, and the frequency of accidents proves that his berth is not a sinecure. The friction caused by sitting on the animal's neck, perhaps for the whole day, is

excessive. He also gets bitten by numerous gadflies and musquitoes, and is exposed to the sun all day, and he has moreover, perhaps, to take off and readjust your howdah several times during the day, if it gets out of the perpendicular, as is too often the case. After reaching camp he has perhaps to go miles to get the *charah*, which has already been cut and collected by his assistant; he has to stack this carefully on the elephant's back and bring it home; to bathe and well scrub his animal, to anoint his head with oil, and then to feed him—the latter, if properly done, takes a long time, as the rice should be tied up in small bundles of grass or in plantain pulp and then given, because, if allowed to feed himself, an elephant blows the rice through his trunk down his throat without masticating it, and it does him no good; the elephant then has to be securely tied up for the night, and only after this is the mahout at liberty to cook and prepare his own food. All these duties combined constitute a hard day's work, and this perhaps continuous for a month or more whilst in camp. Is it a wonder, then, that a mahout sometimes shirks some part of his work? In the management of his elephant a mahout should not be interfered with too much. Do not keep a mahout you cannot trust, he will only ruin your animal. I think more can be done by judicious kindness than by bullying or nagging, but, when necessary, don't hesitate to make a severe example of a man who wilfully disobeys your orders or takes advantage of your kindness. Treat natives as you would children, by a mixture of kindness and firmness, and they will do anything for you, but avoid extremes—one is as bad as the other.

Many of the mahouts enter into the spirit of the chase, and like a successful sportsman for a master. I always at the end of a trip divided all Government rewards amongst my mahouts; this usually more than doubled their pay for the time they were out and added to their zeal, for the more

dangerous animals I killed the more they got, and without the hearty co-operation of your mahout you will get little or no game.

Whilst on survey near Tikri-killah I met a party of men out catching elephants by running them down—this is alluded to at page 80, and the following is their *modus operandi.* The best female elephants are chosen and regularly trained. They are generally faster than males and less liable to injury from wild elephants. When employed hunting they have no pad on; a rope is passed twice or thrice round the body and once over the tail, like a crupper, and fastened at the side for the sling to be tied to. The mahout who throws the noose must be a plucky fellow, specially trained to the work and at home on an elephant's bare back, and with an assistant on whom he can depend, and who moreover assists to drive the koonkie by perpetually striking it on a sore kept raw for that purpose near the root of the tail, and it is his business also to give help after the noose has been thrown and an elephant snared. On falling in with a herd the mahout singles out one, generally a good-looking one three parts grown; but sometimes a magnificent tusker, or a huge mucknah, is selected—but not often, as they are apt to die in the training—and endeavours to separate it from its companions, chases it as fast as the koonkies can put legs to the ground, and these being in good training and fed on grain are in better wind, and overtake the wild one after a mile or two's chase. As soon as the wild elephant stops the koonkie is driven up to it, and the mahout, standing up, throws the noose over its head, and the wild one feeling the rope dangling about its face, curls up its trunk in the hope of getting rid of it, but in reality assists in the operation, as the noose then slips under the neck. The koonkie now plants herself as firm as possible, leaning her whole weight on the side opposite the wild one, with one foot advanced to

meet the struggles of the captured animal, who no sooner finds itself entangled than it rushes off with great violence, dragging the koonkie after it; but it soon gets suffocated and is brought up: another koonkie then approaches it and a second noose is thrown over, and they have the wild one safe between them. (But very many of the captives get strangled and die; out of eight caught near Tikri-killah two were strangled outright, and two so severely cut that mortification set in, and they too died.) The mahouts have now the difficult and dangerous task of loosening the slip-knots, and of fastening other ropes round the necks and legs of their victims, but the koonkies are generally so well trained that but few accidents happen. The tame elephants close up and use all sorts of insinuating dodges to attract the attention of the half-strangled captive from the man who is securing the noose with a small rope he carries for that purpose; this is done on the other side, the noose loosened and replaced by a thicker rope, and the captive elephant is led away between the other two to some place convenient for forage and water, and there securely fastened either to a tree or stakes driven into the ground. After a few days they become sufficiently subdued to be removed to a permanent camp, where they are broken in and fitted for work in six months. When a wild elephant is very obstreperous, and proves too strong, the noose is cut and he is allowed to escape, but this seldom happens; but where the resistance has been desperate the noose cuts into the flesh very deeply and causes dreadful wounds, always difficult to cure, and sometimes fatal. Very rarely a koonkie and her riders are overthrown and killed in these encounters. Always choose koonkies for shikar purposes; they never forget their training, and the mark near the tail which is struck to make the animal go full speed is always visible. They do not fear wild animals so much as others, and a blow on the mark will make them go their best.

Mahouts worthy of the name understand the treatment of the lesser ills elephants are heirs to, but an excellent treatise was published by Dr. Gilchrist, who had charge of Government cattle for many years (*vide* page 230). The only thing I shall add is, that if your elephant shows signs of zurlead, dropsical swellings under the neck and along the belly, treat him as advised by Dr. Gilchrist, and if he recover, sell at any sacrifice, as the disease is sure to return, as I learnt to my cost once or twice. There is a very foolish though well-meant custom in our service, by which a committee of officers report on the cause of death of an animal, be it elephant, camel, or bullock; elephants and camels particularly die far away from a station, and by the time the committee assemble and get to the spot, the animal is so putrid there is no getting near it, nor generally speaking is any attempt made to do so; so they accept the cause of death as told them, enter it in their report, and return home not much wiser and very much more disgusted than when they went. Even if an elephant be quite fresh, not an officer knows anything of the beast's interior economy, or what the appearance of its inside should be in health or disease, yet they have to go through the farce of seeing it cut open, and then to report learnedly on the cause of death; veterinary surgeons ought to be made to do the work, and not combatant officers, who have not been brought up to a butcher's trade, and know as much of the subject as the man in the moon.

Elephants are very subject to epidemics; if one breaks out, separate the animals as far apart as you can and let them live for a while entirely in the jungles. At Tongho, in 1862, I think, a murrain broke out, brought by some animals lately sent from Rangoon; and though the eighty we then had were scattered, it was not done soon enough, and forty died.

Some elephants are vicious by nature; those born in captivity more so than those caught; the former, whilst losing their dread of man, fear all wild beasts and are useless for sport.

There is as much rascality in selling an elephant as there is in selling a horse. A vicious elephant is drugged and then sold as docile; ginger, and even brandy, is given to make a sleepy beast look bright; every trick is resorted to. A useless brute that never carries flesh when worked is fed up with *massalahs* and sugar-cane, on which he speedily gets fat, and is then sold, and falls off again as rapidly when worked.

When D'Oyly and I lived together at Tongho, for his district trips he used to hire elephants from the natives in preference to using Government animals, which could not always be spared. There was one beast that was particularly vicious—he killed several mahouts, and at last ran away into the jungles, became quite wild and did a great deal of damage to the crops, so a reward was offered for his death; as he haunted the jungles in the vicinity of Tongho, many officers tried to kill him, but though frequently wounded no one succeeded in producing his tail; he however disappeared, and it was thought had either died in the remoter jungles or had wandered away elsewhere. After the epidemic, Mackillar, the commissariat officer, and an old brother officer of mine, was ordered to purchase elephants to make up his complement; notices were issued and a day fixed for purchase; a great number were brought in, amongst them, one I could not help thinking was the one D'Oyly had condemned to death; but as some time had elapsed—nearly two years—I could not be sure, and the animal I am alluding to seemed quiet enough, almost too much so, but he had suspicious marks or lumps over his body and head which struck me as looking uncommonly like healed bullet-marks. I

communicated my thoughts to Mackillar, and he spoke to his native head-man, about the best specimen of his class I ever met; but he laughed at the idea, said he had made all inquiries and was sure it was not the same; so as the price was not exorbitant he was purchased and taken off to the Pheel Khanah. In a few days he began to show signs of vice, and one day, when being taken for his *charah*, he suddenly threw his mahout, and prodded at him with his long sharp tusks; the mahout by wriggling on one side narrowly escaped, and the elephant impaled his own trunk right through, driving the tusk a long way beyond into the ground; the alarm was quickly given and he was soon recaptured by the other elephants, and securely fastened and his trunk released; but mortification set in and he died, and on examination numerous bullets were found in him, and the truth came out. It appears a Burman, rather knowing in elephant manners and customs, watched this beast, and noticed he generally went and came back by one pathway from the neighbouring paddy-fields, so he threw down a quantity of *goor*, well impregnated with opium, in his path; the brute became stupefied, was caught, and taken here and there for sale, always kept quiet by means of opium; but as nobody would buy him, the man was about to turn him loose, when he heard the Government wanted to purchase; so first well-drugging the beast, he succeeded in selling him and got off with the money.

I had once a splendid mucknah elephant (female), not very high, but of immense bulk; she did not care two pins for a tiger, but at the sight of a pony or horse she got unmanageable, and would run for miles. As a rule, elephants are timid, quiet, inoffensive animals, but when wounded or *must*, their fury knows no bounds.

Everywhere I went in Burmah the people always asserted as a positive fact that in the neighbourhood there was

to be found an elephant with such enormously long and straight tusks, that he could only go up-hill backwards. I need scarcely say I never succeeded in finding such a monster. Elephant-shooting in Southern India is attended with considerable risk from jungle fever, but I don't think it is so in Burmah. In Southern India it is not safe to go into the jungles till a deal of rain has fallen, and the decayed vegetable matter been more or less scattered. The malaria rises at the commencement of the hot season. In Burmah you must either hunt elephants in the dry season or leave them alone.

Elephants utter peculiar sounds to denote peculiar meanings; a whistling noise produced by the trunk indicates satisfaction; when they trumpet or utter a hoarse sharp scream, it is a sign of rage; a noise made by the mouth like "pr-rut-pr-rut" is a sign of alarm, so is the striking of the trunk on the ground accompanied by a pitiful cry, whilst a noise like "urmp-urmp" denotes impatience or dissatisfaction. Elephants are always swaying to and fro, the ears and tail are constantly on the move brushing off the flies, the trunk is in incessant use, the legs are constantly rubbed one against another, but if the animal becomes suspicious, it is as rigid as if cut out of a rock, with its trunk raised and ears well cocked forward. The best way to stop a runaway elephant, if all other means fail, is to blindfold him, when he will generally pull up.

Elephants differ greatly in make and size; and a really good mahout will tell you from what district of country an animal comes by merely looking at it. I think those from the Shan states are very handsome and generally tuskers; they have good girth too. The Burmese elephant is not so fine, being more weedy and smaller. The Assamese elephants are very large and handsome, and, as shikarees, second to none.

There are many ways of catching them:—

First, in pitfalls, now forbidden in our territories, but still practised in independent states.

Second, catching in stockades by driving herds into them; this is the best, but most expensive way.

Third, running them down on other elephants and snaring them by a noose thrown over the head; this is also now forbidden in our parts of India; the chase is very exciting, and has already been described at page 74.

When employed in regular kheddah work the European officer ought to be very vigilant, but he should interfere as little as possible, for the mahouts employed for this purpose have been at it all their lives, and know far more than any officer what ought to be done. I remember, when kheddahs were started in Burmah, nearly a hundred elephants had been driven into an inclosure, and all would have gone well, if well had been let alone; but by injudicious interference and a few untimely blows, the officer in charge of the party so exasperated the men, that they let every elephant go again, and I don't think he ever caught one, and yet he was one of the best fellows going, a great favourite with everybody, and possessed great (too much) energy. He failed where a less able and better-tempered man with natives would have succeeded; so the kheddah was broken up, and elephant-catching in Burmah pronounced impossible.

There are two kinds of stockades or kheddahs used for catching herds of wild elephants,—one is merely a deep ditch dug all round, and the other a combination of stockade and ditch; the latter is the commonest where wood can be procured, and the former where it is difficult to get; a narrow entrance is left to be closed either by a portcullis or abattis and ditch after the herd has been driven in. From this narrow entrance two deep ditches are excavated and diverge and open out in Λ or V shape, and go for a considerable

distance; once within this angle, if the beaters are together, it is not difficult to drive the herd inside the inclosure. Every means to frighten the herd and drive it forward are resorted to; guns are fired, huge bonfires lighted, tomtoms beaten, cholera-horns blown, and amidst the yelling of the beaters, the trumpeting of the bulls, the bellowing of the cows repeated by the tame elephants used as beaters, an uproar is created enough to awaken the dead. Amid this overwhelming din of conflicting tumults, a final exertion is made and the whole herd impelled headlong into the stockade; the entrance is closed, and the wild elephants, seeking in vain for an outlet and finding themselves entrapped, set to work on their own account and create a din to which that previous was a mere nothing. Every exertion is made by the wild herd to pull down the sides of the stockade or to trample down the ditch, but everywhere they are repulsed, either with sharp spears or by fire being thrust into their faces; the scene is then grand and animating, and continues without intermission for hours, when the wild animals, finding escape impossible, abandon hope and resign themselves to their fate. For several days they are carefully watched before any attempt is made to remove them. When their spirit has been sufficiently broken by hunger and thirst, a party of picked koonkies and their most skilful and expert attendants, usually as naked as the day they were born, to attract less attention, are introduced; they mingle with the herd and inveigle one or two into a corner, where, whilst apparently fear-stricken, their legs are securely bound together, ropes thrown over their necks, and they are removed between two powerful elephants. When I visited Amrapoorah, the then capital of Upper Burmah, in 1856, they had two inclosures near the city wall in which they used to catch elephants by a very ingenious mode; they had well-trained females that were let loose into the jungles,

and these respective Delilahs of their race induced a male to return with them into the inclosure, where he was entrapped, caught, and tamed. I was assured they at times caught as many as twenty in the year in this way. It cost nothing and was very profitable, for not only were the males caught, but the female generally proved with young and brought forth in due time.

Although with us elephants will not breed in captivity, they do so freely enough in Siam. Not long since an officer was deputed to learn the secret, with what result I know not; but I believe the plan they adopt is to let well-trained females loose, as they do at Amrapoorah, into the jungles, and these, after being covered, return to their homes. A few are doubtless lost and become semi-wild, but elephants are not scarce with the Siamese government, and a few more or less are of no consequence.

As I have shown, elephants generally choose very secure places in which to repose, yet my old friend and chum, Blair, whilst looking about everywhere for a huge tusker on the Neilgherry Hills, which he had heard of, came upon it fast asleep and killed it as it lay.

Elephants when asleep snore a good deal, and I have often seen them use a foot for a pillow on which to rest their head. They are very human-like in many of their ways. They get a piece of wood and use it as a toothpick, they will plug a wound with clay, they scratch themselves with the tip of their trunk, or if that cannot reach the part, they take up a small branch and use that; they can pick up a pin with the tip of their trunk. As a rule, they are frightened at fire; but an elephant of the Battery in Assam used to help to put out fires, and she would do what I never saw any other animal of her kind do, and that was, after a fallen buffalo's throat had been cut through all but the vertebræ, when told to do so, she would put her foot on the neck, twist her trunk round

the horns and wrench the head off, and hand it up to the mahout. Some few of them will hand up birds after being shot, but not as a rule; they don't like touching dead bodies. Unless viciously inclined, or by the merest accident, no elephant would tread upon a fallen man. Never allow your elephant to make a pitch-ball of a dead beast between his legs,—he will do it with reluctance at first, and only when forced, and it teaches him bad habits. I would rather any day be on an elephant that runs away than on one given to charging. I have been run away with dozens of times, and have had narrow escapes—a judicious "bob!" saving my head on more than one occasion from an overhanging branch—my guns have been thrown out, and I was once pitched over an elephant's head on which a wounded tiger had sprung, but I never came to grief. Before starting for a day's shooting, see that your howdah is correctly and straightly put on, and well tied down; if it is at all crooked, have it taken off and replaced. It is better to have it done correctly in camp where you have men to assist, than in the jungle, where you have none.

It is impossible to shoot out of a crooked howdah. Here is a determined case of a bolt, straight on end, told in one of the old Indian sporting magazines—where a sportsman incautiously made his elephant advance up to a dead bear, as he thought, but "in putting her hind foot on bruin, from whom no more sport was expected, she began to jump and trumpet, and set off at a fearful pace; and, on looking round, I saw that the bear had hold with his teeth of the right side of the elephant's buttocks, close to the tail, and his claws planted a little higher. I instantly fired, and bruin this time fell really dead—but my elephant, Raj Killa, had seen enough of bear-shooting. She trumpeted her valedictory blessing, and commenced making cannons with my howdah amongst the saul trees. The howdahwas broken all to bits,

the grezbuz broke in the mahout's hand, and Raj Killa, putting her face due south, and lashing her tail amidships, continued at a racing pace her course homewards (N.B.—Home was fifty miles *south*—my camp one mile due *north*). Stopping her was out of the question, and away she went in a direct line for nine miles, till she reached the banks of the Damoodah, where another elephant was tied under a tree. There I persuaded her to stop, jumped off, and had her secured. Whether this elephant will ever look a bear in the face again I know not, but she will not even look north!"

To show what extraordinary antipathies elephants take at times, I quote the following from the *India Sporting Magazine* for 1833:—

"A female elephant which I had lately bought had, partly from not having been long caught, and partly from bad management by the mahout, so great a dislike to Europeans, that she was with difficulty approached by them even to mount her; and when feeding she would start off if any European came near her. It was supposed it was their dress which alarmed her, and the plan proposed was to dress her attendants like Europeans. To test this, a Portuguese lad of fourteen, whose colour was dark, was sent towards her. To the surprise of everybody, she allowed him to approach and caress her without any signs of dislike, though he was dressed in European clothes. It was evident then that it was the white face which alarmed her. A friend and myself now approached her slowly, with black silk handkerchiefs tied over our faces, and no signs of dislike were shown! While patting and talking to her, I slowly drew back the handkerchief, so as to uncover my face. The first effect of this was the quick wrinkling of the muscles of the face, the foot half raised, and the body swung back as if for a start; but she came back slowly to the 'stand at ease' with the peculiar grumbling which

they make when satisfied with anything. This singular experiment was made several times, and always with the same result, and in one instance a red handkerchief was used. Nothing was given to her that evening by us, but the next day she came without any trouble to the verandah, and when called came forward and took fruit from our hands into her mouth, as all well-trained elephants do. There is something very much resembling reason in this change in the animal's behaviour; it got over its fright as soon as it discovered that white and black faces could be made to appear at pleasure."

I have already recorded my own experience of shooting elephants off elephants, and this is a case in point. It is only an extract from a long account which appeared in one of the old Indian sporting magazines, of the death of a rogue elephant, which had been doing a great deal of damage. Four sportsmen on elephants went after him, came upon him and fired into him, on which he charged and scattered them to the winds. They reassembled, renewed the attack; and this went on for an hour or more. At last it was brought to a standstill, "both its eyes shot out, and it was covered with blood and scarcely able to stand." "It is painful to describe the hideous spectacle which now presented itself. The noble creature, covered with wounds, his forehead, trunk, and large tusks crimsoned with blood; and, though blind, still fearlessly presenting his battered front to his implacable foes—at one time supporting his tottering frame, at another staggering forward with the hopeless endeavour to drive them off." So the fight was continued till the monster bled to death! Was there not one amongst these foes humane enough to dismount and administer a quietus to this poor blind, tottering, helpless creature?—or was it ignorance of how easy it is to kill this leviathan with one ball on foot, which led to its continued torture? He deserved

death, as it is recorded he had at different times killed upwards of fifty men and destroyed an immense quantity of grain, &c.; but he might have met his fate in a more merciful manner. Here is an abridged account, said to be taken from the records of the Adjutant-General's Office, of an extraordinary encounter between two wild elephants and the whole force stationed at Hazareebaugh in 1809:—

"To C. Sealy, Esq., *Magistrate.*

"Zillah Ramghur.

"Sir,

"I have the honour to state that on the 24th inst. at midnight I received information that two elephants of very uncommon size had made their appearance within a few hundred yards of the Cantonment, and close to a village, the inhabitants of which were in the greatest alarm. I lost no time in despatching to the place all the public and private elephants we had in pursuit of them, and at daybreak on the 25th was informed that their very superior size and apparent fierceness had rendered all attempts for their seizure unavailing; that the most experienced mahout I had was dangerously hurt, the elephant he rode having been struck to the ground by one of the wild ones, which, with its companion, had adjourned to a large sugar-cane field adjoining the village. I immediately ordered the guns to this place, but being desirous in the first instance to try every means of catching the elephants, I assembled the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, with the assistance of a resident Rajah, and caused two deep pits to be prepared at the edge of the sugar-cane, in which our elephants and people with the utmost dexterity contrived to retain the wild elephants during the day. When the pits were reported ready, we repaired to the spot, and they were cleverly driven into them; but, unfortunately, one of the two pits did not

prove sufficiently deep, and the one which escaped from it in the presence of many witnesses assisted his companion out of the other pit with his trunk. Both were, however, with much exertion brought back into the sugar-cane, and as no particular symptoms of vice or fierceness had appeared in the course of the day, I was anxious to make another attempt to capture them. The beldars, therefore, were set to work to deepen the old and prepare new pits against daybreak, when I proposed to make the final attempt. At four A.M. yesterday, however, they burst through all my guards, and, making for a village about three miles distant, entered it with so much rapidity, that the horsemen who galloped in front of them had not time to apprise the inhabitants of their danger, and I regret to say one poor man was torn limb from limb, a child trodden to death, and two females hurt. Their destruction now became absolutely necessary; and as they showed no inclination to quit the large village in which the mischief had been done, we gained time to bring up the 4 lb. pieces, from which they soon received several rounds—both ball and abundance of grape—and the larger of the two was soon brought to the ground by a round shot in the head; but after remaining there a quarter of an hour, apparently lifeless, he got up again as vigorous as ever, and the desperation of both at this period exceeds all description. They made repeated charges at the guns, and if it had not been for the uncommon steadiness and bravery of the artillerymen, who more than once turned them off by shots in the head and body when within very few paces of them, many dreadful casualties must have occurred. We were now obliged to desist for want of ammunition, and before a fresh supply could be obtained the animals quitted the village; and, though streaming with blood from a hundred wounds, proceeded with a rapidity I had no idea of, towards Hazareebaugh. They were at length brought up by the horsemen and our

elephants, when within a short distance of a crowded bazaar; and ultimately, after many renewals of most formidable and ferocious attacks upon the guns, gave up the contest with their lives. Nineteen 4lb. shots have already been taken out of their bodies, and I imagine eight or ten more will yet be found."

The height of one was eleven feet, and the other ten feet. It behoves sportsmen to have common prudence when in chase of the wild denizens of the forest. If a man possess coolness and good nerve, with a quick eye, and has been in the habit of handling his gun and rifle, he need fear nothing that roams the jungles of any country. But if men lose their heads and do foolhardy things, even after being warned, is it a wonder that they come to grief?

Many years ago one of our best and coolest sportsmen was Wedderburn, of the 37th M.N.I. We were quartered together for some time, so I knew him well. He was a very powerful man, and one of the best shots I ever saw, though he was short-sighted. He had had wonderful luck in his first essays at elephant-shooting, and had killed many an animal right and left. Yet, on one occasion, because he failed to kill as easily as had been his wont, he lost his head and his temper, and met with his death. The following is the account Oocha, the famous elephant shikaree, gives of the event. Oocha had killed many elephants himself, and had been with officers at the death of many others. He was *the* elephant shikaree of the hills, to be relied on thoroughly, a man who never shrank from ordinary danger, and his opinion was as good as law where elephant-shooting was concerned. Wedderburn was at breakfast, at Tippacadoo I think, when news was brought to him by the Curumbero, or jungle people of the Wynaad, that there was a huge solitary elephant in the neighbourhood. He at once started, followed by Oocha and a dogboy noted for his pluck as a gun carrier, and accustomed to elephant-shooting. He soon

got a shot and floored the elephant—a huge mucknah. It got up again, and was again floored, but it would not die, and a running fight ensued, which was kept up till all Wedderburn's ammunition was expended, with the exception of one barrel of his Purdey, which alone remained loaded. The dogboy had been sent back for more, but had not returned, and the elephant, though weak, was very much exasperated, and made up his mind to run no further, but to die fighting or beat off his foe. He retired to a spot about forty yards square, quite open, and stood at bay. Wedderburn proposed to Oocha to acoompany him into this open, but that experienced shikaree said, "Sahib, I have never known any elephant take so many shots. He is a Spartan. We are in bad luck to-day—leave him alone. He is sure to die; and, besides, I have not a loaded gun, and you have but one barrel left, and there is not a tree near." Wedderburn, who ought to have known better, for the old man's pluck was proverbial, called him "a coward," and said, "Well, stay here, and see how I will kill him," and rushed on to his fate. The elephant never moved, but allowed Wedderburn to get close up to him and then spun round. Wedderburn fired, and the mucknah charged. Wedderburn turned to run, and, though the sward was as smooth as a lawn, he tripped and fell, and before the smoke cleared away he was a shapeless mass of flesh. Thus died one of the best sportsmen who ever came to India. The beast had twenty-two bullets in him, any one of which Oocha declared would have killed any ordinary animal. It was nothing but chagrin at not meeting with his usual luck which made Wedderburn lose his temper, his head, and his life. I have very little more to say about elephants, but as their furniture is of great importance, it is necessary to give hints for the guidance of the uninitiated.

Get a howdah made as light as possible, consistent with

strength; it should not rest on the pad across the back—that part should be hollowed out. The whole weight should be distributed equally on each side of the spine longitudinally, with the bars resting on the pad, which should be made to fit the elephant exactly, and be stuffed with pith, which can be got in almost every marsh; under the pad there should be a well-stuffed gaddelah, and another above the pad, to prevent the howdah shifting. The bars have eyelets through which a rope with a piece of soft leather attached to it is passed under the throat, and a similar one under the tail, securely fastened. This prevents the howdah moving either to the front or rear, and is very requisite in going down or up places. The body of the howdah should be raised at least four inches off these longitudinal bars, and be quite clear of the pad. I think it is better to plank the floor of a howdah, for then the motion is not so much felt, but you can dispense with it if you wish. Do not have canework round the sides of your howdah, it lets in the rain on your guns and ammunition. Use stout *chársootie* cloth, which can be bought in any bazaar, and is pretty strong, and give it two coats of green paint, which makes it less conspicuous, and renders it waterproof. On the top longitudinal iron bars sew two strips of stout waterproof cloth to serve as flaps to put over the guns in case rain comes on. They are not the least in the way, as they hang down outside when not wanted. Have something heavy sewn on their inner surface to keep them over the guns, and to prevent the wind blowing them off. By taking this simple precaution I have kept my guns perfectly dry in the wettest weather, and found the flaps a great comfort. The front of the howdah should not be too high, and should suit the height of the sportsman. A howdah made for a man 6 ft. 2 inches would be very inconvenient and uncomfortable for a man 5 ft. 8, and *vice versâ*. When standing up, the

elbows should be clear of the front, which is the highest part. It slopes down each side from the front to the back, which is about a foot less in height. I prefer a single howdah, and detest anyone behind me. Those who have been frequently charged soon find out what a nuisance a man behind is, for he is sure to be in the way when you have to spin round and fire rapidly to repel a charging foe, and now that breechloaders are universal I cannot see the use of a man behind. The howdah has to be larger and heavier, and the lighter you are on the back of an elephant the better he will be able to carry you, and with less danger of getting a sore back. For comfort, a good deal depends on the height the seat is from the floor of the howdah: it should be the exact height to fit in inside the bend of the knee of the rider. If less, and the elephant jolts suddenly forward, he is apt to go backwards out of the howdah; and if higher, the constant friction against the back of the thigh is very annoying, and apt to throw one forward, whereas if the front of the seat catch you exactly in the bend of the knee your body sways to and fro, and no inconvenience is felt. Four guns in a howdah are ample—two on each side; racks are fitted in on each side of the seat to rest the stocks in, and the closer they fit the better, and the portion in front where the barrels rest, and which should be lined with felt (otherwise the polish will soon be taken off that portion of the gun), should just receive the barrels. There should be no room for rattling. In front of you there should be a long box with compartments for your cartridges, lined with felt; each compartment to be of a size just sufficient to receive the cartridges. The less noise you have in a howdah the better your prospect of sport. This box should have a wooden cover, which can be tilted up when the cartridges are required to be taken out for use. Under the seat you can have a compartment for carrying your breakfast, &c., if you have not

pad elephants for that purpose; but, remember, the less you carry yourself the better. Most beasts do not mind so much the noise an elephant makes in forcing his way along, because they are accustomed to it; but when they hear besides rattling, &c., they know there is something uncanny, and make tracks. I have tried hoods for howdahs, but have given them up, and also a light waterproof coat to put on if it rains, and if you have to go over large tracts of land where there is no shooting and a fierce sun overhead, the best way is to buy one of the large native umbrellas with a long handle; on either side of your seat bore holes into which this handle can be thrust, and a similar hole in the floor. Put the stick into these holes and you will have a comfortable shade overhead, and when you want to shoot you have only to take the umbrella down, fold it up, and put it back sloping into the howdah, and it will not be the least in the way. Nothing shifts a howdah so much as constantly making an elephant kneel down and get up. To avoid this take a howdah ladder—they are very ingeniously made to fold up, and are about six inches round and ten feet long, and can be opened out and used as a ladder. Generally ropes are used for fastening on a howdah, but it takes a long time to fix on a howdah, and in this way requires several men to do it. The following is the best. The girth is made of plain twisted cotton thread, like the common bed-tape, but as thick as a man's finger; a piece of leather is sewn on at each extremity to prevent chafing on the oblong piece of iron, and the rope that laces the girth to the howdah chain is not required to be thicker than the usual charbund rope. The end of this rope may be drawn through the charbund ring and tied there. It should be observed that the oblong irons are notched at one end, in order to prevent the lacing rope drawing up into the corner, and should be carefully filed.

I have only one piece of advice more to give the sportsman about elephants, and that is, never to picket them in the same place long: standing on their own dung and soil impregnated with their urine, will very soon soften or rot the soles of their feet, which, though very spongy, ought to be at the same time as hard as ivory.

CHAPTER V.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES CONTINUED.

Rhinoceros.—Tapir.—Bos Gaurus.—Buffalo.—Wild Cattle.—Gayal.—Bears. —Tigers.—Leopards, or Panthers.—The Deer Tribe :—The Sambur.—Hog-Deer.—Barking Deer.—Mouse Deer.—The Serow.—The Wild Boar.—Wild Dogs.—Jackals.—The Spotted Deer.—Antelope.—Hispid Hare.—Pigmy Hog.—Takin.

ALTHOUGH rhinoceros of three kinds are abundant in Burmah, yet they are not often met with. In Assam there are but two kinds—the large single-horned rhinoceros, and the lesser one; but they are very plentiful in certain localities. Those in Burmah inhabit swamps between hills; but these swamps are almost quagmires, and are impassable for a laden elephant, though a rhinoceros will half swim, half wade, through them. In Assam they inhabit the churs or islands in the bed of the Brahmapootra, and the Terai at the foot of the Bhootan range, and also the swamps along the base of the Cossyah and Garrow hills. The larger rhinoceros has only one horn, seldom eighteen inches long, generally a good deal less; this horn is liable to get detached through injury or disease, when another one grows in its place. The skin is exceedingly thick, with a deep fold at the setting-on of the head, another behind the shoulder, and another in front of the thighs; two large incisors in each jaw, with two smaller intermediate ones

below, and two still smaller outside the upper incisors, not always present. General colour dusky black. The largest rhinoceros I killed measured as follows: extreme length 12½ feet, tail 2 feet, height 6 feet 2 inches, horn 14 inches. All rhinoceros delight in swamps and mud-holes, in which they lie embedded during the greater part of the day. This rhinoceros is very plentiful along the Terai and in the Durrung, Nawgong and Goalpara districts in Assam, and in the Yonzaleen and Arrakan range, and perhaps the Yomahs in Burmah. I never shot the lesser rhinoceros on the north bank of the Brahmapootra, but it is plentiful with its larger congener on the south bank. In appearance it very much resembles the larger rhinoceros, and often it has a larger horn. Elephants are very much afraid, as a rule, of a rhinoceros, when it makes its peculiar noise, which is impossible to describe; but generally a moderately stanch elephant will walk up to a rhinoceros as long as it is silent. They do not use their horn for offensive measures—it is used for grubbing up roots, &c., alone. The incisors or tusks are used to rip, like a pig's tusks, when they charge and fight among themselves, and they can inflict a fearful clean and deep cut, and an elephant once ripped by one will never go near a rhinoceros again. I bought one from Mr. Tye, which had been cut whilst out with his assistant, and if it smelt a rhinoceros, it ran for its life, and would never enter that jungle again. As a rule, rhinoceros are inoffensive; they certainly do a good deal of damage to the grain, if there is any cultivation near their haunts, but as a rule they inhabit such remote localities that they can do no harm. It is naturally a timid animal, more anxious to escape than fight, and it is very easily killed. Of course when a rhinoceros has been severely wounded, and is closely followed up, it will charge, and so will a rat, but its principal anxiety is to get away into some mud-hole, where it wallows, and where

it probably dies. I know that it is a recognised idea that the skin of the rhinoceros will resist an ordinary ball, and that very large bores, with immense charges of powder, are requisite when hunting this pachyderm. Jerdon says either steel-tipped bullets or shells are deadly, and ought to be used. It is all sheer nonsense. A spherical ball out of a smooth-bore, if rightly placed, will kill a rhinoceros far easier than it will a buffalo; and as for shells, although I used the best I could get, viz. Forsyth's, I never bagged a rhinoceros with one, and I have lost probably thirty by using them and following Jerdon's advice. I certainly killed a lot with steel-tipped conicals; but I killed just as many with my two-groove No. 10 Lang, using only a belted ball. As previously mentioned, once firing down at a charging rhinoceros, I put one of these belted balls right through him. I have at times found rhinoceros very difficult to kill, but the fault was my own. If the ball was rightly placed in the centre of the shield over the shoulder, rather low down, the ball penetrated the heart, and the beast subsided at once; if behind the shoulder, the lungs were perforated, and the beast dropped in a few minutes; and it is easy to recover a wounded and dying brute, because in its dying moments it makes such a noise it can be heard a long way off. The noise once heard can never be forgotten. Although the horns of a rhinoceros are useless as trophies to a sportsman, the natives prize them greatly; they use them in their temples to drink water out of, and they will give from thirty to forty-five rupees a seer (2 lbs.) for them. I used to give all mine away, but in our last trip getting only small ones, we sold them, and realized enough to pay all our shooting expenses and to leave a little over.

I have already mentioned how valuable the little rhinoceros are. They are easily caught after the mother has been killed, and, although very savage at first, are easily tamed in a few

days, and are pretty hardy and cost but little to keep. The foot-marks of a rhinoceros much resemble those of an elephant, but they are smaller, a little longer, and not so round, and have but three toes, whilst the elephant has five. They herd with buffaloes and elephants, and when stagnant pools are scarce, and a running stream anywhere near, they will go and lie in it. I have shot several under the above circumstances. Although many castes of Brahmans and Hindoos, and Marwarees, will never touch anything but grain to eat, none of them object to the flesh of the rhinoceros; they will greedily devour every bit of it. They like to dry the tongue and pulverise it, and keep it bottled up to use when they are ill. Even the skin they roast over a fire and eat, as we eat crackling of a pig. They fight like so many vultures over the carcass, and we used to be followed about by gangs of men at a respectful distance till shots were fired, when it was a race amongst them as to who should reach the carcass first. Considering the value put on the flesh and horns of this animal by the natives, I am surprised there is one left alive. I think I have said before that it deposits its ordure at one spot till a mound is formed, sometimes several feet in height, and it will not dung anywhere else as long as it remains in that locality. They might be soon extirpated if native shikarees only dug holes near these mounds, and waited for and shot the animal on its nightly visit. Whenever we were out shooting we were pressed for time, for shooting had to be combined with work; so we could not look up or search long for the wounded ones, and we were followed about secretly by a few native shikarees who retrieved our wounded game, appropriating to themselves spoils that ought by right to have belonged to us. They thus stole a magnificent horn eighteen inches long, off a beast I had wounded and lost, but which they found dead the next day; they were beyond our frontier before I could recover

my prize. To show how easily rhinoceros are killed at times, and at other times how they escape, General Sir Charles Reid, of Delhi fame, in 1867, when shooting with me at Loqua Ghat, killed two in one day with one ball each, and that ball twenty to the pound, yet the next day he lost a very large rhinoceros, though he got pretty close to it, after repeated discharges! But there is great luck in shooting. One day a man will kill everything he fires at, and gets so conceited that he imagines he will never lose an animal again; but perhaps the very next day he can kill nothing, and the conceit is soon taken out of him. One day I killed three large buffaloes, one after the other, with one ball each, and thought I had found out the right spot, for I have always found buffaloes far harder to kill than any other game; but the next day, under exactly similar circumstances, I lost at least six buffaloes after firing some eight or ten shots at each!

The lesser rhinos are distinguished by their size, and by their shields being less prominent, and their skins covered with square angular tubercles. Jerdon says their height is only three to three and a half feet, but I am sure I have killed them at least a foot higher. Jerdon, though a very clever naturalist, was about the most obstinate man I ever met—very self-opinionated, and now and then quite wrong as to facts, as I proved to him after infinite trouble once or twice. These rhinos extend throughout Assam down through Sylhet, the Garrow hills, Tipperah, Chittagong into Arrakan, Burmah, and probably into the Western Provinces of China. The Burmese say they devour fire!

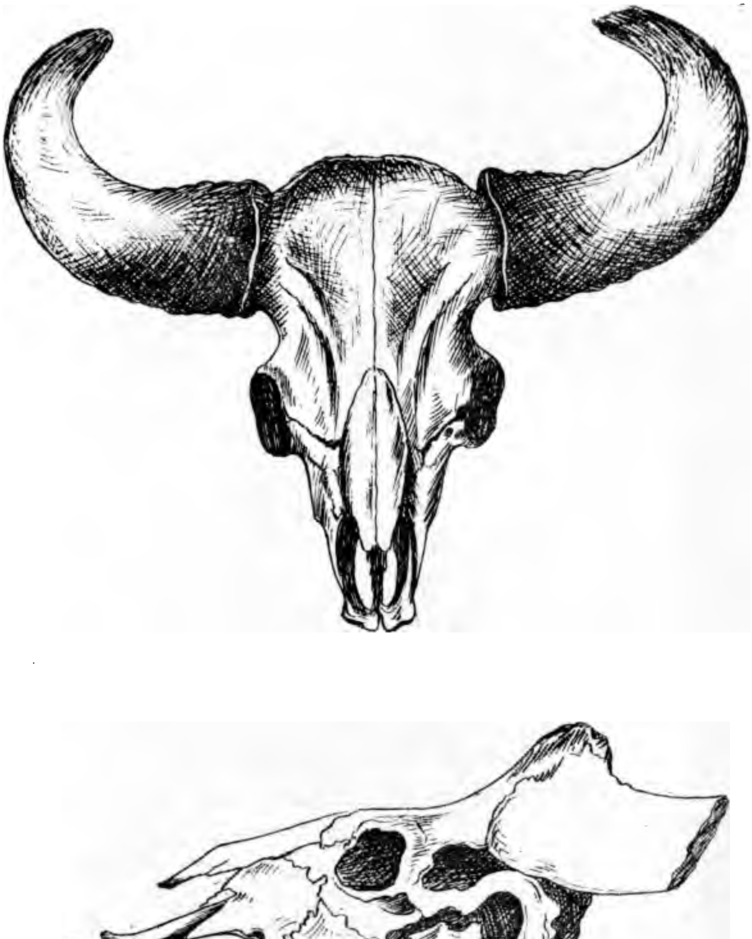
The two-horned rhinoceros extends from Chittagong downwards. It is not known in Assam or the adjacent countries. Its skin is as smooth as a buffalo's, but in other respects it much resembles the *R. Sondaicus*—it has similar incisors, and its habits are similar. I was at the death of one near

Negrais, at the foot of the Arrakan range, as described hereafter. The anterior horn is long, the posterior generally a mere stump. In height it is equal to the lesser one-horned rhinoceros.

The tapir is found to the south of the Tenasserim Provinces. Dr. Hook, whom I knew, shot one I believe either at Mergui or Tavoy. Though seldom met with in the plains, it is not uncommon in the highlands in those provinces.

Bos Gaurus, OR *Jauxus Gaurus*, OR BISON.—In my estimation this is the noblest beast met with in the forests of India, Assam, and Burmah. Mr. Blyth, the late Curator of the Calcutta Museum, was undoubtedly the first naturalist in India, and for a long while he was under the impression that the true gaur did not extend to Burmah, but that its place was supplied by the gayal; but he quite changed his opinion after his visit to Burmah, and he came to the conclusion that the "pyoung" was not only a veritable gaur, but one far excelling in size its congener in India. And my own experience points to the same conclusion. I have killed bison in Assam, and lately eighteen in a few months in the northern division of the Madras Presidency; and, on careful examination and comparison, I think there must be two varieties of the gaur. I have seen enormous heads brought from the Mishmi Hills in Assam; but those I killed in Assam were small, and much resembled those in the Guddam, Gallicondah, Golcondah, and Godavery districts—and the animals of these last four districts all inhabited hills varying from 1,500 ft. to 4,000, whilst those killed in Burmah were found in the plains at the foot of the hills, and were of immense size, far exceeding any I have killed elsewhere. The following is Jerdon's description of this beast as found in India:—"Length nine-and-a-half to ten feet; height at the shoulder six feet; tail thirty-four inches. The skull is massive, the frontals large, deeply concave, surmounted by a large semi-cylindric

crest rising above the base of the horns. There are thirteen pairs of ribs. The head is square, proportionally shorter than in the ox; and the bony frontal ridge is five inches above the frontal plane. The muzzle is large and full, and the eyes small, with a full pupil of a pale blue colour. The whole of the head in front of the eyes is covered with a coat of close short hair of a light greyish-brown colour, which below the eyes is darker, approaching almost to black. The muzzle is greyish, and the hair thick and short. The ears are broad and fan-shaped, and the neck, which is sunk between the head and back, is short, thick, and heavy. Behind the neck, and immediately above the shoulder, rises a fleshy gibbosity, or hump, of the same height as the dorsal ridge. This ridge rises gradually as it goes backwards, and terminates suddenly about the middle of the back. The chest is broad, the shoulder deep and muscular, and the forelegs short, with the joints very short and strong, and the arm exceedingly large and muscular. The hair on the neck and breast and beneath is longer than on the body; and the skin of the throat is somewhat loose, giving the appearance of a slight dewlap. The forelegs have a rufous tint behind and laterally above the white. The hind-quarters are lighter and lower than the fore—falling suddenly from the termination of the dorsal ridge. The skin on the neck, shoulders, and thighs is very thick—about two inches; the horns pale greenish, with black tips curving outwards, upwards, and slightly backwards, and finally inwards. General colour dark chestnut, brown, or coffee-brown; legs from the knee downwards white." This description tallies exactly with the animals I have killed in the northern division of the Madras Presidency; but the Burmese differ somewhat. There the head is longer, and the nose arched like a ram's (I find Campbell says the same of the bison shot on the west coast); the dorsal ridge more prominent and extending back to



Bos Gaurus

within a span of the hip-joint, the animal growing to twenty-one hands high—cows having been killed nineteen hands high, and bulls twenty hands and two-and-a-half inches high. The animal has no dewlap, and the hair is so short that it looks as if it had been shaven. Altogether the gaur of Burmah and the Tenasserim provinces, whether identical with that of India or slightly different, is a far finer animal to look at. The cows differ from the bulls in having slighter and more graceful heads (not the Burmese ones, who, on the contrary, have longer heads, and noses more arched than the bulls), slender necks, no humps, and the points of the horns do not turn towards each other at the tips, but bend slightly backwards, and are much smaller. The legs, too, are of a purer white, the bony frontal ridge scarcely perceptible (not so in the Burmese cows, where it is very prominent), and the horns, too, turn more upwards. In the old individuals the hair on the upper part is often worn off. The skin of the under parts when uncovered is deep ochrey-yellow. The horns are smooth and polished in young animals, but in old ones they are generally broken or worn at the tips. They are slightly flattened at the base.

This noble animal inhabits all the hilly ranges of Burmah, Tenasserim, and Arrakan, where it meets with the gayal and t'sine, or wild bull. It is found also in the tree forests at the foot of the hills, and it has been seen up to an elevation of 5,000 feet. It prefers hills ranging from 500 feet to 2,500 feet, with forest-land and clumps of bamboos at their base and table-land at the top. When the hills are burnt it descends into the plains; but on the setting-in of the heavy monsoon it retires again to its mountain fastnesses, where it lives in peace. Whilst the road from Prome to Tongoop in the Arrakan range was under construction, bison were frequently seen. At Mendoon they are very plentiful, in fact, at the bases of all the hill ranges, bison wander about

early in May, and remain there till driven back to their fastnesses by the periodical rains. They browse on young bamboo shoots, and are sure to be found grazing on the young grass which springs up after the annual fires. They lie either under the shade of some forest-trees, or retire into dense heavy clumps of grass, in which they remain concealed all day, and where they are free from their tormentors the gad-flies. As a rule, they are wary beasts; but if a sportsman approaches them up wind, and does not make too much noise or render himself too conspicuous in the howdah, they can generally be got at sufficiently near to kill. They only hear and see the elephant, and as they generally herd together, a bison is not afraid of an elephant. Yet I never saw one charge an elephant, though I have shot a good many out of the howdah, and have closely followed up a wounded bull. Such has been my experience—I have heard of other sportsmen being charged, but I fancy it is a rare thing for a bison to do. It is well known that when the bison is hunted on foot and driven into a corner, he will charge viciously; and many sportsmen have been killed by them, and I have seen Burmese and Assamese smashed to bits by them. I saw one man in the Goalparah Civil Dispensary who had scarcely a whole bone in his body. A bison ran amuck through his village, and killed some two or three people without any provocation. They wander a good deal, and an officer of police shot a fine bull bison that had wandered away miles and miles from its habitat, in the Goalparah hills, which was surrounded by villages and had no cover to speak of. They are not difficult to kill, and a shot placed either behind the shoulder, in the shoulder, or a raking shot forward, will generally account for them. When alarmed their enormous strength enables them to crash through bamboo and the jungle as if they were composed of reeds only; and very often after galloping off for about fifty yards they will turn round and stare at the

intruder. There is not a nobler sight anywhere than to watch a herd of these beautiful animals, composed of stupendous bulls, graceful cows, and pretty calves, wending their way through a forest. When alarmed they generally snort, and sometimes stamp with their fore-feet, before retreating.

I believe the beef of the bison is very fair eating, but I never tried it; the tongue and marrow-bones are very good. The mahouts always choose a piece of meat out of the so-called hump, just above the shoulder, on either side of the dorsal ridge; the flesh there is in three longitudinal layers, the centre one being considered the tid-bit; the tail makes very good soup; the hide is valuable—when cured it makes capital soles for shoes or boots, and Cambridge, of my corps, better known as "Old Pike," took a lot of skins home when he retired from the service; I hope he is alive and flourishing, though it is, alas! many years since we parted.

The Chittagong mahouts used always to assert that in the interior of their hills a bison similar to the gaur, but covered with long hair, and more dreaded than the tiger or the buffalo, was to be met with, and I have never been able to satisfy myself what animal they referred to, as the yak, which is the only animal that resembles the one they mention, is not found in the Chittagong hills at all; but there is generally some foundation, however slight, for their assertions, and I am inclined to think some of the mahouts had gone with the field-force to Panakin, in the Bhootan country, and had seen the true yak and confounded the localities and the animals.

I would sooner kill a boar off horseback with a spear than any animal found in India; after him the tiger, and then the bison; of course a tusker elephant is a noble prize, they are however few and far between, and it is simply murder shooting females and mucknahs, unless the latter have taken to killing people. The very old bulls are seldom met with

the herds, except for a month during the rutting season; as a rule they live alone and are very difficult to get at. All the bison, buffalo, and deer tribe are very fond of a species of white clay containing soda which is found in certain localities, and wherever that exists these animals are sure to be found in the vicinity; a herd generally consists of half a dozen cows and their young, a few three-part-grown bulls, and one full-grown but still young bull; the old bulls have the base of the horn much truncated with rough ridges, and the shikarees say each ridge represents a year of life after six years, before which these ridges do not appear. Bison, I believe, live to twenty years or more, and a really old bull is a prize not often got; bison for their size have very small feet—not much larger than a stag's. The skin of the old bulls exudes an oily substance, slightly offensive, and apt to stain anything which comes in contact with it, and it is ineradicable.

THE GAYAL (*Bos Frontalis*).—The gayal is not found so low down as Burmah, though it is very plentiful in the Chittagong hills, and extends into the interior to Munnipore. I do not agree altogether with Jerdon's description of it; he says it is only to be found to the east of the Brahmapootra and at the head of the valley of Assam, the Mishmee hills and their vicinity, and probably extending north and east to the borders of China; it is however very plentiful along the spurs of the Bhootan hills, amongst the Dufflas, Looshais, and along the hilly tract well into Chittagong. It is domesticated extensively and easily, and has interbred with the common Indian cattle (the zebu); these hybrids are brought down by the Bhooteahs to the annual fair in the Durrung district, but though they thrive in Shillong, they soon die if kept in the plains. I have had some dozen hybrids, but lost them all; I have also had two pure gayals,—these were very handsome, in colour exactly like a bison. Jerdon says,

"It is a heavy, clumsy-looking animal compared with the gaur," but I cannot agree with him there, those I had were exceedingly handsome, and very agile; the cow met with an untimely death. Some of my stupid servants tied her up with a noose round her neck near a declivity, down which she sprang and was strangled, whilst her young one, a fine bull, died of the cattle-plague a few months after—both bison and buffaloes are subject to this disease; I remember one year the whole plain at Kookooriah being covered with buffaloes and bison who had died of this fatal disease. The forehead of the gayal is not concave like a bison's, but quite straight, destitute of the semi-cylindrical crest; the horns grow straight out and then very slightly curve upwards, and they are not truncated; the forehead is broad, and, like the bison's, covered with lightish-coloured hair. It browses more than the gaur, and, unlike it, has a small but distinct dewlap; the dorsal ridge is not so prominent, and it never exceeds sixteen hands; the domesticated race which interbreeds with the wild bulls extends into Tipperah and Chittagong, and northwards has been seen grazing in company with the yak close to the snows (hence the origin of the fabulous gaur of the Chittagong mahouts). "It is better adapted for rocky and precipitous ground than the gaur." I do not agree with this either, for notwithstanding its bulk, the *Bos gaurus* is very fond of precipitous and rocky ground, and gets over it at a marvellous rate, as I have learnt to my cost many a time when following them up in the hilly tracts in the northern division of the Madras Presidency.

THE WILD BULL (*Bos Sondaicus*).—This animal is not found in Assam. Father Back says he found it together with the gaur and the gayal in the hill tracts in Chittagong; but it is plentiful in Burmah, and extends from the Tenasserim provinces into Malayala and the islands adjacent, such as Java, Sumatra, and Borneo, and I believe the Celebes.

It grazes in the open plains, and is a very wary animal—difficult to approach. It is not found in the lower delta of the Irrawaddie, or in lands subject to inundation. These are true cattle, very handsome, of a deep red, with white rings round the eyes, white under the belly and under the tail, along the rump, a lighter red about the legs below the knee; they have a very slight dorsal ridge, and a very slight hump which is lost in the ridge, together with a slight dewlap, which is not always apparent. The head is altogether wanting in the prominence so conspicuous in the frontal bone and cavity of the forehead of the bison; their whole form, and particularly their heads, are very game-like, and the facial angle quite straight; the horns rounded at the base and somewhat like a cow-bison's in shape. I have come across them now and then, but only succeeded in killing one, a fine handsome beast sixteen hands high. Horsfall and, I think, St. John, say that in the islands to the south the bull when mature gets a dark brown, nearly black; not so those in Burmah, which answer to the description given above; the one we killed was very savage and charged us fiercely, but our battery was too much for him.

Buffalo (*Bubalus Arni*).—The buffaloes of Burmah, Dr. Mason thinks, are descended from the tame ones run wild. In this I do not agree, as it is altogether a far finer animal. The Todah buffaloes are noted for their size, and I have seen some from Benares also very large, but these dwarf altogether when brought alongside a true *Bubalus arni*, either of Burmah or Assam, or of Central India or Jeypore. It is a fierce, savage animal, often charging without provocation, and very difficult to kill. The Burmese buffaloes have huge heavy horns, much curved, as a rule, but the other variety with long straight horns is also found, but less plentifully; they inhabit remote swampy districts, and at times do a good deal of damage to the crops, as they are fearless, and often

will not be driven off; they herd with elephants and rhinoceros, and occasionally with bison, but as a rule the bison inhabits different ground. I have seen buffaloes lying down in the same mud-hole with a rhinoceros, whilst elephants have been grazing not far off; as a rule, whatever else he may be frightened at, a Burmese elephant cares little for a buffalo, he is so used to them both in the wild and domesticated state. The buffalo's forehead is narrow and convex, horns large and black, general colour blackish slaty, hair scanty and black. The length of the largest I ever killed was twelve feet to the root of the tail and the tail two and a half feet long, the height six feet two inches, size of horns round the outer circumference ten feet four inches, and five feet between the tips. I killed a cow with horns ten feet eight inches, and I have seen them killed up to twelve feet, but these are getting very scarce now. I had in my possession a head of a cow-buffalo that measured thirteen feet eight inches in circumference and six feet six inches between the tips, the largest buffalo's head in the world. I believe, I gave them to the late Lord Mayor; they belonged to a cow potted by a policeman from a tree! The thickest horns I ever had were from a bull I killed in Burmah; they were not long, being of the curved kind, but the girth of one horn was twenty-seven inches and the other twenty-six and a half inches. Buffaloes are not only very savage, but very treacherous; when one has been driven from a herd, he will lie in wait and attack anything that comes in his way. He is then worse than a rogue elephant. Early in 1866, Lieut. Baldwin of the Bengal 39th was attacked by a wild bull buffalo, whilst out after deer near Loqua-ghat in Assam, and all but killed, without the least provocation, and about a year afterwards I was attacked in the same place by another solitary bull; Sir Charles Reid was with me, and we easily killed him between us. His horns were nine feet seven

inches. He looked a perfect fiend incarnate as he charged out at me as I was passing by a clump of high grass in which he was lying *perdu.* In both countries the tame breeds are constantly improved by intermixture with the wild, to a less degree in Burmah than in Assam, as in the latter the people keep no bulls, but trust entirely to the wild bulls to propagate the species. The cows are driven into the neighbouring jungle and soon a bull takes possession of them, feeding with them during the day and retiring with them to the neighbourhood where they are picketed during the night, but keeping some fifty yards or so away; after he has done the needful the villagers try to get rid of him, either by hamstringing him, by dropping a heavily-weighted dart from a height on to his back, by trapping him into a pitfall, or getting some one to shoot him, for he becomes a nuisance after a time, loses his fear of man, and often attacks people and won't let them go near the tame herds, and now and then takes some of the tame cows off with him, so he is doomed to death in some shape; I have frequently shot them at the request of the villagers. Even the tame herds are not to be trusted, they dislike Europeans in particular, and if they have young, they frequently charge. I have frequently had to bolt from them, and one day as a cow charged D'Oyly, thinking to intimidate it, he rode at it, but the animal never swerved, and before D'Oyly could get out of the way he was thrown to the ground and his pony killed: he himself escaped with various bruises. They are used for draught and are good milk-givers, but I neither like their milk nor the butter made from it.

Bears (*Ursus*).—There are two, if not three, distinct species of bear in Burmah, and two in Assam. In Burmah we have the *Ursus malayanus* and the *Ursus euryspilus,* or the Sun-bear of Borneo and the adjacent islands, which is a small beast, with a smooth coat, and with the horse-shoe

inclined to a rufous, rather than to a white tint, as in the former. There is another bear found in the higher hills which greatly exceeds either of these in size, and its description tallies more with that of the grizzly than any other bear that I am acquainted with in the East. I have seen two skins only, one at Mendoon, which had been killed in the Arrakan range, and one at Shoay Ghine, which had been brought from the Yonzaleen. They were nearly double the size of an ordinary bear, the claws exceedingly long, and the Burmese professed to dread it more than a tiger. They said it was very rare and very savage. They called it the "Loo-won," or Man-bear. I never killed or saw a bear in all my trips in Burmah, but I have frequently had both the *Ursus malayanus* and the *Ursus euryspilus* in captivity at the same time. In Assam we have the *Ursus labiatus* and the *Ursus malayanus*, or the *Ursus tibetanus;* I am not sure which. Whilst Dr. Jerdon was staying with me in Assam, I asserted I had shot a bear which I believed to be *Ursus labiatus,* but he would have it that it did not exist in Assam; but as I had the skin and skull of an animal killed but a short time before, I handed them over to him for examination, and he was forced to admit I was right, as there were only four incisors in the upper gum, whilst the *Ursus malayanus* has six. Jerdon says the *Ursus tibetanus* is found in the hill ranges of Assam; but that it seldom descends lower than 5,000 feet. I wonder whether it is the one found in the Cossyah and Jyntiah hills, which struck me as being somewhat dissimilar to the bears of the plains. The Cossyahs say there is a brown bear found in their hills, but I never could get it substantiated. Bears in the plains of Assam are far more destructive to life than tigers. Woodcutters are the principal sufferers. When a bear attacks a man he invariably attacks the face and head, often completely scalping the unfortunate wretch. I have seen men

so mutilated that it would have been a mercy had they died. Both in Burmah and Assam bears are very numerous, yet they are very difficult to find. As I have before said, I never came across one in Burmah, and shot only seven in the plains of Assam, and fewer in the Shillong hills. Wherever we went shooting in Burmah, the marks of bears were abundant, but only once did a shooting party come across any, and that was in 1862, when Lloyd, Clarke, and Vincent, of the 69th, came across several up trees and succeeded in killing a small one.

The strength of bears is something extraordinary. By means of their claws alone they will go up the trunk of a tree some twenty to thirty feet in circumference, and without a branch, for one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet. They dig their claws into the soft bark and go straight up a tree, after the immense honeycombs pendant on the lateral branches. Now, considering how blind a bear is, it is extraordinary how they find out that there is honey so high up. The Karens, taking a lesson from the bears, climb up similar trees in a similar manner. They fill a haversack with bamboo pegs, and, armed with a mallet, drive in a peg about five feet from the ground; on this they mount and drive in two more pegs about one-and-a-half feet apart; on one they stand and hold on to the other and drive another peg higher up, and so on till they ascend to where the trunk branches. I once gave a man a rupee to show me how it was done, but after he had ascended some thirty feet I was glad to promise him another to descend. The Karens think nothing of such a mode of ascension, but to a looker-on it appears very dangerous; if one peg broke or slipped when the man was up any height, he must fall to the ground and be killed. The Sun-bear, or *Ursus euryspilus*, excels in climbing. I had a bear of this species once that was quite blind and quite tame; I used generally to tie him up, but occasionally he used to get loose and run up the first

tree against which he cannoned; but as he did a good deal of damage at times, I was glad to give him away. The doctors frequently tried to operate upon him for cataract, from which he was suffering, and though they gave him enough chloroform to kill a horse, they never succeeded in making him insensible. In Assam the Government trunk road used to suffer greatly from bears; wherever new earthwork was thrown up, white ants used to throw up their nests, and bears to dig them up. I am not sure whether they were beneficial or otherwise. There is just sufficient danger in bear-shooting to make it a very attractive sport. The pitiful howls a wounded bear makes are sufficient to shake the nerves of even an experienced sportsman, to say nothing of the novice, but they are far worse than his attack. If a man only keeps cool and waits patiently, before closing the bear almost always exposes the horseshoe on his breast, and a shot there at once proves fatal. If you use shells, the bears have very little chance against you. Elephants dislike them more than they fear tigers. Col. McMaster says, "The Burmah bear has a glossy skin with short and smooth hair, muzzle blackish, but face, mouth, and lower jaw a dirty white, throat black, dividing the white part just mentioned from a large heart-shaped white mark covering nearly the whole breast, with a large black spot in the centre and a few minute black dots over the remaining portion; the lower part of this heart is continued by a white line between the fore-legs, and widened out again on the belly into a large irregularly-shaped spot. The head is flattened and very short, with far more of a canine than a ursine expression. Ears very small, smooth, and round. The animal is somewhat smaller than the *U. labiatus*, but very powerful, and certainly far more intelligent and lively than any specimen of the *U. labiatus* I have seen." This is undoubtedly a very correct description of the *U. malayanus*. Jerdon's description refers to the *U. tibetanus;* he does not attempt

to describe the *U. malayanus*, as he had never seen one, but says it is a closely allied species. The *U. euryspilus* is again smaller, has a very smooth skin, a horse-chestnut colour mark on the chest, and immense claws for its size.

TIGERS.—The Burmese say there are two varieties of the tiger, those of the plains being much larger than the others that generally roam about over the hills; the latter have a shorter tail and are more active and savage. Tigers are plentiful everywhere, and where cattle and game abound they do not cause much destruction to human life. But in the remoter districts, especially in the Yonzaleen, man-eating tigers are very prevalent; and Captain Watson of the Artillery, whilst Assistant Commissioner of Yonzaleen, assured me he seldom marched over the hills between his head-quarters on the Yonzaleen and Keyoukee in the plains, without losing one or more men. In Assam they are not very destructive to life. Wherever cattle abound and game is very plentiful tigers are numerous, those that remain round villages and feed on the cattle being by far the largest; these are the ones best worth shooting, but no sooner is one killed than another takes its place, a tiger not allowing another to interfere with its preserve. When two tigers contend for the right of slaughtering the cattle of any one particular locality, one is almost sure to be killed, and perhaps eaten by the other, and I have known instances of this happening. Some years ago General Blake was with me in Assam; as I could not go with him, having work to attend to, he and my old comrade Barry went together to Rungiah, twenty-three miles north of Gowhutty, and in a week they killed five tigers and lost two, and picked up one that had been killed and partially eaten by another. The two were heard fighting all night by the villagers, and on information being given the General and Barry went out in search of them, and found the remains of one whose skull had been crunched in. They

did not succeed in getting his slayer. I have seen a good many tigers killed, but the largest I ever killed or assisted to kill myself measured ten feet one inch as he lay, yet when his skin had stretched, not unduly so, it measured thirteen feet four inches. Mr. A. Campbell, Assistant-Commissioner of Dhoobree in Assam, who has killed a great many tigers, assures me the largest he ever measured was ten feet four inches, and I am sure the tigers of Assam are not inferior in size to their royal brethren of Bengal. The Burmese tigers are perhaps somewhat less in size, but in this I may be mistaken. The size of a tiger depends a good deal on the locality, and the quantity of food available. It is a mistaken idea that only mangy and old and worn-out tigers take to man-eating, for a tiger that A. Campbell and H. Vitch of the 11th Hussars killed, and which was undoubtedly a man-eater, as a portion of the cloth of his victim was taken from its inside, was a young animal in the best condition. It gave them a great deal of trouble to kill, and was as active as a cat. It had no excuse for its homicidal propensities, as game and village cattle were plentiful, but it deliberately took a man out of a field he was ploughing, killed and eat him then and there. Although it is well known there are black panthers I never heard of a black tiger, though I have seen the skins of three white ones. Two had been procured by Mr. Shadwell, Assistant-Commissioner of the Jynteah hills, the third I saw at E. Ward's, in Wimpole Street: the two obtained in the Jynteah hills were *quite white*, but when turned about in a strong light just a faint mark or two could be seen to indicate that they belonged to a tiger at all. The one at E. Ward's was a splendid skin, very large, but with faint reddish stripes on a white ground. Tigresses have as many as four young at a time, though two is the usual number. I once came upon three tigers standing with their heads close together over a fallen deer. The group consisted of the mother, her eldest son, nearly full

grown, and a young cub perhaps six months old; the latter had evidently received his first lesson in stalking and capturing its prey, as the deer, a small one, though floored, was uninjured. Colonel Innes, of the 47th N. I., assured me that whilst shooting in the Belgaum or Dharwar districts, he had been unusually lucky in bagging tigers; but, having to make a long march, he had sent on all his goods and chattels, and worst still his guns, and followed some time afterwards on horseback. Passing some low grassy hills he heard a most peculiar sort of mewing, so got off his horse and ran up the hill only to come upon a tiger and tigress in coitu; fortunately he was not observed, and ran down again much faster than he had ascended. Although I have lived as much as most men in jungles and jungly districts, I never saw a tiger strike down an animal, though I have frequently come upon a beast but recently killed, as the carcase was still warm and quivering. Two valuable ponies of mine were killed by tigers, but, unfortunately, I was absent both times. The first was killed in the stable at the lime kilns, seventeen miles from Tongho: I at once went out. My house there was built seventeen feet off the ground, and about 200 yards from the most lovely mountain stream I have ever seen, the Thouk-yay-ghyat, or drinking water-stream: we had small hills all round us, and the place was a perfect jungle, miles away from any habitation. I made loop holes through the walls of my cook house, which adjoined the stable, so as to command the hill and its approaches. It was just dark, and I had sat down to dinner, when I heard a tug given, and the carcase was carried out; and munching at once commenced. I ran down immediately and peered into the darkness, but owing to the dense foliage of the trees, absence of moon, and heavy clouds, I could see nothing, but I could hear the animal tearing at the flesh, and could now and then just catch a glimpse of a white skin, that of the dead pony, so, losing patience, I took my

chance and fired at what I could see, and was saluted with "whoof, whoof," and a pattering of feet, so I got a lantern and examined the pony, though it was so offensive that the doing so nearly made me sick. The ball had entered the belly and gone out of the rump, tearing away some flesh within an inch or two of the last mouthful taken by the tiger; so he very narrowly escaped being either killed or wounded. I thought there was not a chance of my getting a shot again that night, so rigged up a bed, and with a lantern burning, read and slept. Before two hours had elapsed the tiger came back, and again was fired at, and again went away after muttering "whoof, whoof." Again I composed myself, and again he came back after the lapse of another two hours, and this continued throughout the night. I fired at the beast five times that night. As the animal seemed so ravenous, although I had work to attend to elsewhere, I remained another day; but as seeing was out of the question, owing to the dark nights, I got five sappers with their carbines to sit up with me, and had loop holes, commanding the dead pony, made for them in the cook house. It was only just dark when the tiger came back, and at a given signal we all fired, the result was the sound of an animal falling over and growling and roaring and spinning round and round; but presently, with a deep sigh or two, the tiger recovered sufficiently to crawl away into the adjacent bushes, and as bad luck would have it, it rained heavily that night; and in the morning we saw pools of blood half washed away, but the footmarks were not distinguishable. I had to ride back to Tongho to see my old friend General Campbell off, so I told the sappers to hunt the tiger up; but such was the nature of the ground that I don't believe they looked for him—at all events I never got him; and as he never turned up again, though he had been in the habit of coming there every year, I presume he died. The Karens did not like my shooting at him, as they said he

came there yearly and killed neither men nor cattle—why, therefore, interfere with him ?—quite forgetting he had killed my pony.

Tigers have a wonderful knack of hiding themselves. Once at Luckeepore with Col. Comber, a first-rate shikaree, and the best of companions, we heard of a kill in the open, and went after it. We soon found the remains of the cow, near the edge of a tank round whose sides there was but a fringe of longish grass, and as the carcass was quite fresh, there was little doubt of the tiger being somewhere near. We beat carefully all round, but did not see the ghost of a tiger, so at last, at the end of the beat, I fired at a deer which ran past; my first shot went through its ear, and my second killed it, and whilst we clustered round it preparatory to padding it, Comber's mahout—the same who rode Mainah the day it bolted with Macdonald—called out, "The tiger! the tiger!" and on looking up we saw a tiger bounding across the open; it had been lying under a small bush, not big enough to hide a hare, quite out in the open, and watching a herd of cattle grazing; yet though we passed it within fifty yards it neither moved nor did we see it until my shots disturbed it, and although we followed it for some hours we never saw it again. My regiment relieved the 36th both at Secunderabad and at Samalcottah; and when the latter left the last mentioned station *en route* to Berhampore, in the Northern Sircars, an officer's servant, who with the mess kit had, as is often the case, preceded the corps to the next encamping ground, was—just at dusk, and close to the mess guard—carried off the high road by a tiger. An infant he had in his arms when he was seized was quite unhurt in the awful rush that took place.

The account is so graphically told by Col. McMaster, who was then adjutant of the regiment, that I cannot refrain from continuing it. As far as I can remember, this child was about eighteen months old: it would be interesting to know what

effect the recollection of the scene may have on it in after life. "On hearing of the tragedy next day, when we reached our encamping ground, Toonee, three of us went back to the spot, about three miles, to try and recover the body. Except that we had to make our way in Indian file through thick thorny bushes, under which sometimes we had to creep on hands and knees, the trail—marked with fragments of clothes, the cap, keys, purse, blood and hair, of the victim—was an easy one. The body was very little mangled, so it was determined to wait for the return of the tiger, and in the meantime to put up a small platform in the only tree near. I had work in camp, and therefore left my two comrades, who took breakfast and shelter from the sun (it was then near mid-day) under a bush close to, but not within sight of the body, which was not a pleasant spectacle during their meal. Their gun-carriers were about the spot collecting the rough materials at hand for the platform. While all were thus employed, the tiger carried off the body from their midst in open day, and through not very thick brushwood, without being observed by any one. I returned to them soon after, as they were trying to follow after the trail, this time without success, for the body had now neither blood nor rags to mark the path, and the ground was hard. It is difficult to conceive how the beast could thus have outwitted them, but so it was. I still think from the trail, as we had first had it, that this was a very small tiger, or more probably tigress."

The peculiar cry of the jackal, which is generally called the "pheale," so unlike the unearthly nightly howl of that animal, has often been a disputed point. I have myself heard a jackal, suddenly disturbed at his meal, and in momentary expectation of the return of the tiger, whose spoil he was appropriating, set up this cry; and General Blake and Barry, whilst at Rungiah, as before mentioned, heard of a "kill," and both went out on the same pad elephant; the carcass of the bullock

was lying in the open about one hundred yards from the edge of a low jungle, and *en route*, and whilst some distance off, they saw the tiger, an immense one, sitting on his haunches at the edge of the jungle, watching the "kill." To get at it unperceived was impossible, as there was open ground all round, so they chose the best place they could find to conceal themselves behind, and as near the body as possible; this was a sort of hedge about seventy yards off; they had been there but a short while, when a jackal trotted up, and after nervously looking all round, took a nibble at the carcass, this was more than the tiger could stand, so he jumped up, and trotted forward. No sooner did the jackal perceive him than, putting his tail between his legs, he bolted, uttering the peculiar cry of the "pheale," so I think there can be but little doubt what that cry is. Col. McMaster says he has known doubt thrown on Col. W. Campbell's statement, made in the "Old Forest Ranger," of tigers being driven into nets and speared. Had he served in Assam, he would have had no doubt whatever on the subject, because, though the Assamese are perhaps the greatest cowards on the earth, they think nothing of netting and spearing tigers; it is of daily occurrence, though the net is set seldom more than six feet high. The tiger never attempts to jump over it; but rushes into it, and directly it is entangled, the Assamese run without hesitation and spear it. Sometimes, when they want to have a grand tamasha, the nets are kept up for two or three days, machans are built, and their rajahs and swells come out and witness the dying struggles of that noble but treacherous beast. This is a common mode of sport in Assam; whole villages turn out and kill tigers, bears, panthers, and innumerable deer in this way, and I never heard of any one meeting with injury. Both the gaur and buffalo are generally more than a match for a tiger, and frequently I have known tigers' cubs captured and brought in by the

gwallahs after the herd has driven off the tigress. I once shot a cow buffalo that bore the marks of a tiger's claws all along her back, whilst her withers or hump, or top of dorsal ridge, just over the blade of the shoulder, had been nearly wrenched off. I dare say the herd came to the rescue and drove the intruder off. Douglas Scott of my corps, whilst with Peyton on the Bison Hill before mentioned saw a curious sight whilst stalking a herd of bison—a large boar trotted up the hillside champing his tusks, and looking round every moment, so Scott stepped behind a tree to watch; and presently when the boar had reached the crest, which was quite level, he pulled up and turned round towards the path he had come up, and in a second or two up came a tiger; but the boar would not retreat, and the tiger kept walking round and round, the pig still presenting a bold front. Scott was so immersed in the spectacle, wishing to see its *denoûment*, that he never thought of firing; but whether the tiger twigged him, or whatever the cause, he suddenly sprang down the hill-side, and before Scott could raise the gun both antagonists had disappeared—one one way, and the other the other—so he lost both. A tiger will steal away with a footstep so noiseless, and with such a crouching gait, that he will pass a sportsman who is fully on the *qui vive*, but whose attention may for that one moment have been diverted from that particular spot. It is the greatest fallacy to suppose that a tiger will not eat carrion. In Assam, where the cattle disease is so prevalent, the villagers throw the dead animals some little distance off, and tigers as often as not drag away the carcases and devour them. I once shot a tiger by following up the trail of a bullock so dragged away. In my very last trip in Assam, I had killed a rhino some three days previous, and had only taken off one shield. In searching for game three days afterwards we had occasion to pass this putrid mass, and I kept well to windward, but at some ten or fifteen paces

distance. I did not examine it, beyond just casting a glance at the body as I passed, and turned away my face, when my comrade Barry called out, "Look out!—a tiger!" I spun round, rifle in hand, and had just time to fire at a large tiger as he bounded off the putrid corpse, and to shoot him through the hip joint, which led to our bagging him; often a tiger will kill an animal and not touch it for two or three days, until it is quite rotten, but it keeps close to it, and will not allow any one to go near it. Strychnine, I am sorry to say, is extensively used for the destruction of these animals in Assam, and a case is on record of one poisoned carcase leading to the death of five full-grown tigers.

A. Campbell, the Assistant-Commissioner of Dhoobree, whom I have before mentioned, a capital sportsman, was marching along when some villagers reported that a tiger had just struck down a cow. As his elephant was loaded with his traps, and had passed on, he could not go after it, but remembering he had a small packet of strychnine, he instructed the people how to use it; they went off in a body, applied it, and next day they took to Campbell no less than five tigers; but it is a barbarous way of killing this feline, and how the Governor of Madras ever succeeded in getting an officer to fulfil this butcher's task I know not; he would have got hundreds of volunteers to slay the foe honestly, but not another, I will venture to add, who would have consented to poison them. The friend I have mentioned, Charlie Hill, an ardent sportsman, and as good a fellow as ever lived, had an encounter with a tiger which is worth relating. I may mention that Charlie Hill stands 6ft. 2in. in his stockings, and is a very powerful man. He passed in the Burmese language, and was appointed to the Police, and when our Shan levies had mutinied, deserted, and carried off their arms, Hill was sent after them with a body of police. I may as well tell the tale in his own words.

"You know that on the dispersion of our Shan levies I was sent after them with a force: we had no adventures, nor did I meet with any sport till we reached the Yonzaleen, where everybody was talking of a man-eating tiger which had killed some fifteen men in one month. It was said to haunt a neighbouring water-course, so in the evening I took my rifle, and accompanied by my pointer-bitch, Nora, I strolled out, in the hopes of seeing the tiger go past, along a path which was pointed out to me as the one he frequented: the whole country was a mass of rocks, dense patches of jungle and water-courses. I went up the ravine a good long way and sat down on a rock, well sheltered from view, and remained there till dark; I saw nothing, but Norah—who never leaves me day or night—suddenly put her tail between her legs, and with a yelp, ran home: I peered about everywhere but could see nothing, and at last walked home. In the morning we continued our march, and I had forgotten all about the tiger, we were going along a mountain pathway fringed with the bamboo-like grass; I was leading the way, perhaps thirty paces in front of the party, followed at a distance by my *lugelay* or Burmese boy carrying my loaded gun. I had nothing in my hand but my oak stick, but you know what a shillelah it is, and what a thundering blow can be given with it. It was still early, and as I was trudging along carelessly, the men behind me jabbering and talking away, I heard a rustling noise in the grass on the edge of the pathway to my right; for a second I paid no attention to it, but thinking it might be a jungle-fowl or a pheasant, I beckoned my boy to give me the gun; he had loitered behind, and before he could reach me, by slow degrees out came the head and face of an enormous tiger close to me, almost within hitting distance. Unfortunately, my lad and the Burmese escort saw it too and halted, calling out, "The tiger, the tiger! he will be killed, he will be killed!" meaning me.

I did not like to take my eyes off the tiger, but put my hand behind my back, saying in Burmese to the boy, "Give me my gun;" but he and the others only kept jabbering, "He will be killed, he will be killed!" not a man stirred, though they were all armed and loaded—so there we were, the tiger and I face to face; at last, thinking to frighten it away, I lifted the stick and pretended to hit at it a back-handed blow making a sort of yelling noise at the same time. The stick was over my left shoulder, but so far from intimidating him, the tiger rushed at me, and I caught him a back-handed blow with all my might on the side of the head and floored him. Seeing him pick himself up with his back towards me, I thought he was going to bolt, and for the first time turned round and said, "Now give me the gun." Before the words were well out of my mouth, my stick was sent flying by the tiger, my right hand pinned to my side by one of his hind claws, and one of his fore paws on my shoulder and back, and he stood over me growling in a most diabolical manner. I bent my back, stuck out my legs, and with my left arm struck over my right shoulder at the brute's face, which was towering over my head snarling and growling like the very devil. Suddenly, with an infernal roar, he struck me on the neck, and down I went as if shot, the tiger turning a complete somersault over me, falling on his back; in a second, in my endeavours to get up, I was on my hand and knees, the blood pouring over my face, beard, and chest, and giving me, I have no doubt, a most satanic appearance. As the tiger recovered we met face to face; he looked at me, seemed to think that by some strange metamorphosis, from a two-legged man, whom he despised, I had become some four-footed and uncommonly uncanny-looking monster like himself, put his tail between his legs, and bolted for his life. I jumped up, seized the gun, and thinking I was done for, ran after him as hard as I could, but fell fainting before I had gone fifty yards. I was taken

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up, a litter made, and I was carried to the nearest station some fifty miles off. I fortunately had a bottle of brandy with me, and a good swig from it kept me up till I could get medical assistance, and, thanks to the kind attentions and skill of Mr. Alcock, the honorary surgeon, I recovered in time. Luckily for me, when the tiger struck only the upper fangs penetrated my neck, just grazing the artery. You can see the holes they have left, though it is now a year since the encounter, and with the exception of a stiff neck, I am, thank goodness, none the worse, and hope to kill a tiger yet before I go home."

This man-eater was the terror of the hills, and destroyed a great many people before he was killed himself. One day two Karens were travelling together, and, as is their custom, when they sat down to their meal they sat opposite each other, so as to see over each other's backs, and to give notice if they saw anything approaching; but so stealthy was this brute that it was not till he was within springing distance of one of the men that the other one observed him, and at once called out, "Don't move for your life—there is a tiger close behind you." The man stood it as long as he could, but he could not bear the tension on his nerves long, and jumped up and was at once pinned by the tiger. The other man sprang up a tree; the tiger, after he had killed the man he had seized, attempted to climb up the tree after the other man, but, after leaving the marks of his claws as high as he could reach on the trunk of the tree, he retreated, taking his victim with him to devour. When he thought the tiger had gone far away, the man quickly descended from the tree, and ran to the nearest village and told the news, upon which every man turned out, and with tom-toms and dismal noises they traced the tiger up, and came upon the dead body. Instead of removing it, they wisely got two old muskets and tied them to stakes crossways, with strings attached to their triggers and

fastened to a stake in front of the muzzle, so that any animal of the size of the tiger approaching the dead body must come in contact with the string, pull the trigger, and get shot—and so it turned out. The tiger came back, and was shot dead; and so infuriated were the people that they cut him up into little bits; and although Hill offered a handsome sum for a souvenir of his antagonist, all he could obtain was one tusk, which I have no doubt is still in his possession. If a tiger kill a beast, he never goes far off, so when it is intended to shoot him by sitting over the carcase great circumspection should be used in approaching the spot, and in erecting a machan. To avoid noise it is best to take a charpoy or native couch, which is very light but strong, and either sling it or fasten it to the branches of some adjacent tree. Care should be taken, if the carcase has to be moved, that it be done quietly, and by ropes if possible, to avoid contact of human hands: not that a tiger cares two pins, if he be hungry, but if he be at all dainty he will not touch the "kill" perhaps for days, if he suspects anything: and sitting over an animal is always unpleasant, even when that animal is lately killed; but to sit over a putrid corpse day after day is disgusting, and more than most men can stand. Yet when the jungle is dense, and no elephants procurable, it is the only way to rid a locality of an unpleasant neighbour, and has therefore to be done occasionally. In my younger days I had a great deal of experience sitting up, and I strongly advise no man to sit up after dark unless the moon be very bright, and the carcase in the open, and only a few feet from the machan. The annoyances one is subjected to whilst thus sitting up at night are awful, and the sport does not, I think, compensate one for the misery endured, even if you be successful enough to kill your tiger, but the chances are—so difficult is it to shoot at night, that the animal is either missed or slightly wounded, and all your labour and trouble lost.

It was reported to me once that a tiger had broken the back of a cow, but had been driven off. I had a machan built at once, and when ready I went to mount it. We were under high hills, and on a rock some 600 feet up, but overlooking the place we were going to, we perceived some object. On bringing my glass to bear upon it, I at once perceived it was a tiger, who thus watched all our movements, and though I sat up from 4 P.M. to 8 A.M. next day, I need scarcely say, no tiger made its appearance. In fact, machan shooting is the most unsatisfactory sport I know, only fit for the stolid patience of a native, who will sit up twenty-nine nights in a month, and think himself well rewarded if he kill one tiger —and get the reward.

The destruction of tigers by means of poisoned arrows is common in Assam. How many tigers exist I do not know. In March and April, when the season of love approaches, the male tigers have their beats, and their roaring can be heard miles off. Professional hunters, who devote their time to this work, find out during the day their tracks, and place bows with arrows so as to command these paths. The slightest touch suffices to propel the arrow, and so deadly is the poison used that if but one drop of blood be drawn the animal is dead in a few hours.

Government, instead of equalizing rewards all over Assam, gave double in one district to what they did in another: the consequence was, that no tigers would be brought into one cutcherry, whilst to the other shikarees from Bengal and elsewhere would travel hundreds of miles and flock for the higher reward; and so ingenious were they that A. Campbell, the Assistant-Commissioner of Burpettah in those days, one of the most able men in the province, discovered that skulls of tigers were being manufactured and palmed off on the treasury as *bonâ-fide* heads. This led to a general order forbidding the reward unless both head and skin were produced

and given up, and though necessary in the case of natives, it operated very unfavourably on the European sportsman, who did not care to give up his trophies for the sake of the rewards, and indirectly his mahouts and shikarees suffered, as the custom is usually to divide, at the end of a trip, amongst the men through whose instrumentality you obtained sport all rewards obtained. This makes them keen, and leads to the death of many tigers which otherwise would not have been found, and of course if the money were withheld the mahout's zeal proportionally decreases, and fewer animals are killed.

I have already mentioned that tigers are constantly killed in nets in Assam; but there is another far more dangerous way of hunting them, and that is when the country is inundated, the villagers collect their boats, and go in them and spear tigers and buffaloes. Very few accidents happen, for the tiger invariably attacks the prow of the boat, and not the men, when he charges, if the men are unable to push the boat back into deep water. There was a fine old man at Burpettah who in this way had, I believe, speared upwards of 100 tigers, and had never come to grief. Buffaloes often charge and upset the boats, but they too seem to look upon the vessel as their enemy, and not the men who propel it. Hundreds of deer, and many tigers, buffaloes and rhinoceroses are killed yearly in this way, and in one very heavy inundation we had, the country round Burpettah was nearly depopulated of wild animals. However careful a man may be, however cool and good a shot, the chances are not equal when he meets the tiger on foot. Many tigers, notably in the Madras and Bombay side, are killed yearly in this way, but scarcely a year passes without some fatal accident. Enough has been said of the stealthy nature of the animal to prove that he can hide in an inconceivably small space; and once within springing distance, in at all heavy jungle, one pat of a tiger's paw, or one grip of his tremendous jaws are sufficient to kill an

ox—then what chance has a puny man? Such is the vitality of a tiger that, though shot through the heart, he is still capable of killing half-a-dozen men before giving up the ghost. At times tigers, like every other animal, seem ridiculously easy to kill; but at others the more balls he gets into him the more lively a tiger seems to get. Nothing equals the shell for tiger-shooting, though I utterly disapprove of it for bison or buffalo or rhino. shooting. I would not use Forsyth's for this purpose. A common conical with a deep hollow, into which the detonating powder is put, and the orifice closed either with wax, or, which is better, with a piece of sheet lead so cut as exactly to fit the orifice, is the best. As a rule, the shock paralyses the tiger wherever he may be hit, but with all rules one occasionally meets with exceptions; even if this projectile be used, at times it does not explode, but of all I know it is the best. No animal can long resist the tremendous shock he receives when the shell bursts inside him. They seldom fail, though they do at times, and then they act like any ordinary bullet, neither better nor worse. Tiger-shooting off elephants out of howdahs, is, after pig-sticking, the sport of India: nothing approaches to it in excitement. Stalking a bull-bison, or a buck sambur are very exciting; and, certainly, the pleasure of killing a brute on foot is far greater than shooting a dozen off elephants, but tiger-shooting is exceptional. Tigers were at one time very plentiful at Pegu, so plentiful that they were a nuisance, as no one could keep dogs for them. An officer of the commission had a large powerful bulldog, which was chained to the bed in which he was sleeping, killed under his bed; and Dr. Le Presle, assistant-surgeon of H.M. 84th Regiment, baited a trap with a *duck*, and caught a big tiger!

During the rains tigers used to ascend the hills, and were very plentiful at Cherrapongee, and we killed several at Shillong. We had to shoot them on foot, and took sepoys

(Ghoorkas of the gallant 44th), armed, as beaters. One day we put up three, and after a running fight, and three men *hors de combat,* they took their stand where we could not drive them out of, and we lost them for the time, but I believe two out of the three were picked up dead by the Cossyahs. On another occasion the Cossyahs surrounded a tiger, and three of us went out. We had no difficulty in coming upon it, and killed it at the first volley, and then found it was one that two of our party had wounded a few days before. The poor brute was in the last struggle, as the wounds had begun to mortify, and it could not have lived many hours.

The following is from the pen of that admirable sportsman, "Hawkeye," now Lieut.-General Hamilton:—

"Some years back, at Pykara, not far from the bungalow, a tiger took a fancy to a Todah in preference to the buffaloes he was tending. Two of the Todah's people were witnesses of the affair, and they described how the tiger behaved like a cat with a mouse—having caught the man, amused himself for some time by letting him go, and then dodging him as the poor victim tried to escape, before killing him outright, notwithstanding the shouts and railings of the two spectators. It is a moot question concerning man-eating tigers, as to what induces them to take to preying on human beings; some affirm that it is only when age overtakes the animal, and he finds himself unable to cope with his ordinary victims, deer or cattle, that he falls upon man, and it is stated in support of these views that these man-eaters are mangy and decrepit beasts, sans tooth, sans hair, and sans anything and everything that makes the tiger the formidable creature he is in his prime. This is unquestionably partially true, but man-eaters have also constantly been found to be sleek, lusty, and in their full strength and vigour quite as often as the reverse; it is not, therefore entirely dependent on age and

concomitant weakness that the tiger takes to this habit. I think the argument advanced by many observers and naturalists—that the animal, either accidentally or by press of hunger, having once seized a man and found out what an easy capture he had made, and in addition that the flesh is palatable, takes advantage of this acquired knowledge, and thenceforth becomes that dreaded being, a man-eater—is equally reasonable with the former, and may be accepted perhaps as the more probable of the two.

"There are divers opinions as to the exact mode by which a tiger takes its prey. Popularly he is supposed to lie in ambush, and spring on his victim as it passes his lair, or, watching by a pool, awaits the arrival of animals in quest of water. These would offer but precarious chances even to so cunning and stealthy a foe as the tiger, as all wild animals are so wonderfully cautious in their approaches to such resorts. The tiger, too, betrays his presence to them by that peculiar smell attaching to him, so that the odds are greatly against our striped friend's success; though, of course, he occasionally is rewarded by catching some unwary, over-thirsty animal that rushes to the water heedless of the consequences. But this will not apply to the tiger on the hills, where no paucity of water ever occurs to such an extent as to drive the game to any one spot to drink. That the tiger's principal food in certain localities is game there can be little question, but how he takes it is not well known, and perhaps may never have been witnessed by any one.

"I have a theory of my own on this point—let us ventilate it. In the first place, the tiger must have room to spring on his victim in the sholahs—many are sufficiently clear to allow this; and no doubt he takes advantage of such spots when a chance offers in them, but in general the woods are dense with undergrowth interspersed with trees so close together, that the spring of the tiger and the force of his blow must, I should say, be

greatly interfered with; then, again, his presence as before said is so liable to detection by the deer that his chances of capture are remote; but at night the deer are out in the open, and then perhaps the wind being by chance in his favour he may succeed: and I am disposed to believe that this is the most likely time for him to do so, though he is in no way restricted as to time or place, for he slays buffaloes oftener during the day than during the night, and at times close to their habitations. All deer possess an acute sense of smell, and against it a tiger has to contend before he can provide his larder with game; but how does he manage it? We cannot give him the credit of the intellect of man, who, in pursuit of game, is well aware nothing can be done down wind; were it so, not a sambur or deer would be left alive—the tiger would bag them all just as he pleased, in fact he would then be able to kill any deer when he wanted it. We have so far considered the acuteness on the part of the game to ensure them against total destruction, and I have only one further observation to record, and that is how often the presence of a tiger is indicated by the actions of the sambur and other deer; if disturbed by him in a sholah during the intense heat of the day, the deer immediately resorts to the open, watching with eagerness the wood they have quitted, and generally warning the neighbourhood with loud consecutive bells.

"That the tiger is stealthy and quiet in his movements we all know; that velvet paw of his, so soft and yet so formidable, enables him to tread the woods and forests so noiselessly that even the sharp-eared deer may often be taken by surprise and fall a victim to its blow; and, but for the tell-tale scent emanating from his striped hide, numbers would be destroyed: that he, when hungry and sharp set, is always on the prowl there can be no question, and it is on these occasions that he is supposed to adopt a very wily plan to secure his food. On a late occasion when a well-known

sportsman killed a fine tiger, he was attracted to the spot by the belling of sambur and the call of the spotted deer. On quietly approaching he perceived the tiger lying down under some bamboos, watching or listening to the deer, who kept calling. Before any result could be observed, a well-planted ball slew the tiger in his couch. It then occurred to the sportsman that it was not at all improbable that this act of the tiger lying down calmly in sight or hearing of his prey might be one of his devices to allure the game within reach. We know how proverbial is the curiosity of deer, and how, when uncertain of the object before them, they will at times advance towards it. In the sambur this is more particularly the case; and may it not be that the tiger is aware of this propensity, and so, like Jacko and the crows, feigns sleep or death to attract the unwary and inquisitive victims? That he also tries his speed at times the following instance is good proof. One afternoon on reaching the summit of a high hill commanding a well-known valley for game, my friend espied three or four sambur in a swamp below; he noticed that they were on the *qui vive* and could not divine the cause, especially as what appeared to be a stag was lying down in the swamp, but very far from the other deer. On turning his glass on this object, to his surprise he saw it was a grand tiger; and while in the very act of looking at him, he saw him gather himself up and with three or four magnificent bounds fly through the air in the direction of the deer—the latter, however, were too quick for their foe and scampering off got away; the tiger then crouched sulkily, and on seeing the hunter approaching, he was off like a shot himself. Now this I consider as very probably the manner in which a tiger takes his prey at night, and one can imagine it to be most destructive.

"Tigers are not particular as to the state of their food being fresh or otherwise. It was observed on the Annamallies that these animals seldom, indeed never, were found to resort to

the carcases of the bison that had been shot until the effluvia from them was exceedingly strong, indeed, it may be said when in the highest state of putrefaction; and on one occasion, when the tiger had dragged the putrefied carcase some distance, the sportsman was able to follow it up to the spot by the scent, and found the tiger quietly reposing near to the offensive remnants of the bison. In many cases it has been noticed that he makes his lair conveniently close at hand to prevent the intrusion of any assistance in the demolition of the carcase. On one occasion I was present when the noise of the descent of a large number of vultures on a dead buffalo lying just outside a sholah caused the tiger who had killed it to put in an appearance at noonday and protect his rights to the beef from the feathered tribe, and not one of the birds would go near the body so long as Mr. Stripes was in sight. It is evident from a tiger's droppings that he usually consumes the whole of the animal he slays, even to the very skin, as he voids large quantities of hair.

"I omitted in my last to record another instance of craftiness on the part of the tiger in approaching his game, and which I am told the natives firmly believe in. It is stated by them that the tiger is often heard to reply to the bell of a sambur or call of a deer, and that he does so with a low muttering growl or sometimes with a short impatient grunt, at the same time stealing on quietly towards the sound of the deer's call. This answer of his seems to elicit a reply from the deer, and so the tiger, ascertaining with tolerable precision the position of his prey, is guided accordingly, stops his growling and perchance secures a victim. Tigers have been known to prey on their own tribe, an instance of a leopard half eaten by a tiger by the side of a "kill," having been observed; and there were evident traces of a struggle having taken place. Whether the tiger ate his enemy out of revenge, or found him fresher and more tasty than the body over which they had

fought, deponent sayeth not; but though strange it is not uncommon either with the hairy or the feathered tribes—birds of prey doing the same, for I shot a falcon in the act of feeding on a kestrel it had struck down. Another instance is known of a tiger having killed a young tiger over a dead bullock, and partly eaten him. There is a peculiar and singular distinction in regard to the mode of breaking up their prey between the tiger and the panther, the former invariably commencing on the hind-quarters of the animal slain, and the latter at the fore-quarters or chest. There is no reason known for this strange difference, but it is a well established fact, and perfectly recognised by the natives, who will, without hesitation, pronounce which animal is the culprit by observing these particulars."

The following is an extract sent to the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* by an officer, who saw a tiger strike a bullock down:—"We had been tempted off our proposed line of route, while on the march on the 11th, by the receipt of news of a tiger which had killed two village cows in the bed of the river near the village of Pipulkulti; and, encamping at Watoli, had sent our shekarees to tie up buffaloes near Pipulkulti, and also near Amba, a village in the opposite direction, near which we had a 'kill' about a week previous. The news came in early from both directions, nothing from Amba, and 'no kill,' also from Pipulkulti; but Shaikh Boden, our head shekaree, who had inspected the latter place, had found fresh tracks, so we determined to try our luck, and started after breakfast with about twenty coolies for a beat. One mile below Pipulkulti the Pen Gunga averages in breadth from 400 to 500 yards, where a large nullah runs into it from the Berar side. In the bed of the river there are a number of small flat islands covered with a description of cypress grass, affording sufficient cover for a tiger to take refuge in. Shaikh Boden proposed beating diagonally

up the bed of the river, and that we should post ourselves half-way down the bank, behind some bushes on the 'up' extremity of the cover, the disposition of the islands, on which was the only cover, being such, that the chances were greatly in favour of the tiger being forced within easy range: which plan we agreed to pursue, and were walking along the northern bank on our way to our posts when we were stopped by the cry of 'Bagh hai,' and looking down to the bed of the river saw what apparently was a very large tiger stalking a herd of cattle that had come down to water. We crouched down, and had the luck to see the whole business. The tigress, as she proved to be, when first seen, was stealthily stalking a white cow, which was some little way off from the main body of the herd, and, taking advantage of the slightly undulating bed of the river, had probably approached across an open space of perhaps five hundred yards before this cow had seen her, the rest of the herd were behind one of the islands and could not yet see the enemy. The white cow allowed the tigress to approach to within about eighty yards before she appeared to notice her danger, and at first seemed to be fascinated by the appearance of the brute creeping towards her, and it was only when the tigress commenced to increase her pace to a trot that the cow made off, the trot increased immediately to a lumbering gallop as the tigress had now got on to the firmer ground that surrounded the islands, and in a very short time she skirted over a small ridge, into close proximity of the herd which was then commencing to scatter on the news received from the white cow. The gallop turned into a charge, and in a few seconds the tigress had picked out a fine young cow, on whose back she sprang, and they both rolled over together in a heap. When the two animals were still again, we could distinctly see the cow standing up with her neck embraced by the tigress, who was evidently

sucking her jugular, the poor cow made a few feeble efforts to release herself, which the tigress resented by breaking her neck. The remainder of the herd, some twenty in number, after rushing wildly away, now returned to within fifty yards of the tigress who was silently slaking her thirst off the cow, and stood looking on in a heap at the unexpected arrangement; finding after a few minutes' survey that the animal embracing the cow was probably a dangerous one, they scuttled up the south bank and commenced grazing immediately. Our first idea was to go down and try and stalk the tigress whilst still on the slaughtered animal; but Shaikh Boden recommended sitting still as the ground was very unfavourable, and we should certainly frighten her away before we could get within shot, even supposing she remained on the cow long enough to allow us time to walk round. So we sat quiet, and had the satisfaction in a few minutes of seeing the tigress leave her prey, and move slowly away; creeping round the small bit of cover where she had killed, she walked back over her stalk to a pool of water at the east extremity of the islands, where we lost sight of her. As the tigress had retreated into the very part of the cover where Shaikh Boden had first expected to find her, we had merely to follow out the original idea of the beat, and we posted ourselves about half-way down the bank under a couple of small trees. The tigress turned up almost to the first shout of the beaters and made straight towards A., turning off when opposite to where he was sitting, moved nearly parallel to the bank in O. S. and my direction (we were under the same tree), and brought up in a small crack between two islands opposite to us about eighty yards off, and looked round in the direction of the beaters, as this seemed the best chance we should get, we agreed to open fire—I fired first and rolled her over, and O. had two difficult shots as she was galloping up a small

bank, over which she disappeared. We then went down, and after a short search found the tigress lying dead in the cypress-grass."

LEOPARDS OR PANTHERS (*felis pardus*).—It is a disputed point amongst naturalists whether there are two species or only one of this animal; and I am not going to give any opinion one way or the other, because my opportunities of observing them have not been extensive—I have only shot a very few. I have certainly seen hundreds of skins brought in by the shekarees who deal in poisoned arrows; and those killed in the remoter hills were smaller and lighter coloured than those killed in the undulations and ravines in the plains. The hunting cheetah is not found either in Assam or Burmah; the black panther is very common towards Mergeri and Tavoy; why it should be so, I do not know, as it is only a *lusus naturæ;* but it is a fact beyond dispute. For a long while a female panther was frequently seen in the hills near Shoay-doung with two young ones, one a black one, and one of the ordinary hue. We often tried to get a shot at it but never succeeded. It allowed us to pass it one day within a few feet. We did not go twenty yards, and though the path was quite clean and clear when we passed up, on our return a minute or two afterwards, this panther had left her card, and the prints of her and two little ones' feet were quite distinct. We tried to get them, but the nature of the jungle was such that we could do nothing. When wounded, a panther is more dangerous than a tiger, as its activity is so much greater, and the object to fire at is so much smaller. The Assamese villages are many of them straggling places, with either a swamp or a cane-brake in their midst or adjacent, and nothing is more common than for a panther to take up its abode in one, and to prey on their cattle and dogs, and I have known many so killed; but generally a tiger or a panther is pretty safe in a cane-brake, as elephants cannot go through it.

Notably two large towns—Burpettah and Hazoo—were infested with panthers, and Mr. Mackenzie, a capital sportsman, and for some time Assistant Commissioner, did good service by killing many there; and I killed one at Hazoo. And in one village, at the request of the inhabitants, in their midst, I killed three wild buffaloes, a bull, and two cows! When we first occupied Shillong the leopards or panthers were very plentiful. None of us could keep dogs, and one officer, Major Montague, in twelve months caught in a trap twelve panthers and one tiger. These traps are baited by a goat or dog, and are so low and narrow that a panther has to crawl to get in, the door falls, and he is in such a cramped position that he is unable to move or exert his strength to release himself. Once, whilst shooting in Assam, our party, consisting of three, separated; and Barry, in trying to force his elephant through some heavy undergrowth in a tree jungle, started a leopard, which at once ran up a tree and got knocked over by Barry, but it escaped after all. Whilst a "griff" at Secunderabad, three of us lived together; we had a panther, which had been caught when quite a baby, and a full grown sambur. The panther in time grew big and dangerous: we used to take it up to the roof of the house we lived in, which was flat, and let it loose, and sit down with our backs towards it, but keeping a pretty good look out all the same. As soon as the leopard thought he could do so unperceived, he stalked us immediately, crouching down and crawling along on his belly. We took care to spin round and confront him before he could get within springing distance; and it was amusing to notice the utterly innocent look he would put on, and look everywhere but at us; but no sooner did we reseat ourselves, and he thought himself unperceived, than he would recommence to stalk us; at last he became dangerous, and was chained near the foot of a tree, and spent the greater part of its time in its branches. I had just bought two

English greyhounds, that on two occasions had run down doe antelopes and killed them. These got loose one night and attacked the panther, chained as he was, and in a quarter of an hour they were both *hors de combat*, and useless for the rest of their days. The sambur we had we were anxious to castrate, but we could not hold him down, though many of us at a time tried to do so; but one day, in trying to escape us the sambur had occasion to pass within reach of the panther, which lay hidden in the lower branches of the tree to which it was picketed, and was instantaneously floored, stunned, and would doubtless have been killed had we not been near to drive the panther off, who was eventually turned out and speared, as it became too dangerous to keep. In portions of the Nizam's dominions panthers are far worse than tigers as man eaters; they enter houses and kill the inhabitants; shikarees sitting upon trees and in machans are often destroyed by them. Dr. Mason relates the following: Two Karens were travelling on one occasion in the forests of Moulmein, and when daylight departed, they made little bamboo platforms to sleep upon during the night on the branches of a large tree, one on a lower main branch, and the other on an upper large branch: during the night, the man on the lower branch was awakened by what he thought was a tiger, but it must have been a leopard, creeping up the body of the tree above him. It had passed his branch and was climbing up to where the other slept. He called out, the man answered, and the leopard was still, not a claw moved, but the sleeping man could not rouse himself, and in a few minutes the leopard rushed up, seized the man in his sleep, and jumping down with him, devoured him at the foot of the tree, regardless of all the noise the narrator of the story could make in the tree above him. My old chum, Fuller of the 4th, now alas, no more, killed whilst quite a griff with his regiment either at Bellary or Macara, I forget which, as the

event occurred some twenty-five years ago, a female panther, and took no less than seven cubs from a cave close by.

There is at the present moment a black panther in the People's Park at Madras, that has two or three cubs that are like ordinary panthers, and show no signs of being the produce of a black variety.

The next animals to be treated of are the deer tribe—first comes

The Sambur (*Cervus Aristotelis*). — In Burmah I am convinced there are two varieties. One which inhabits the hills is identical with the splendid stag of the Neilgherry Hills; those that inhabit the plains in hundreds are altogether an inferior race. I suppose during the years I shot in Burmah I killed at least one hundred, and probably saw another hundred slain, but we did not get a single head worth the keeping, nor did we pick up shed horns of any size; nor did we ever come across a "kill" that had a decent head. Though tigers kill a great number of these deer, and their remains are met with everywhere, yet not a single head with anything like a decent horn did I ever meet; yet skulls of the sambur killed in the hilly regions of Burmah had as fine horns on them as those killed in Southern India: can it be only accidental, or does it denote two varieties of this deer? It is well known the hill sambur has a mane: I never saw the vestige of one in any of the deer we killed. Another peculiarity I observed was that almost every deer we killed had a hole or abrasion of the skin of the neck underneath of the size of an eight-anna bit. The Burmese said it was caused by the sambur rubbing its neck, to get rid of parasites, up against the fallen trunks of trees; be this as it may, the fact remains. Those in the plain I look upon as bastard sambur, in every way inferior to their brethren of the hills. The rusa of the hills is undoubtedly *the stag* of Southern India and Burmah, being a far nobler-looking animal than either

the brow-antlered deer or even the bara singah or swamp deer. The latter, too, are very handsome in their way, but they have not the noble appearance of the sambur, which is—*par excellence*—*the* deer of South-Eastern India. After pig-sticking, elephant, bison, and tiger-shooting, sambur-stalking is the most exciting, or "the poetry of sport," as that excellent sportsman "Hawkeye" calls it. Shooting them in the plains, as we did off elephants, was nice enough amusement for the time in lieu of stalking, which could not be carried out in the plains where they abounded, because they lie down in grass of all lengths from four feet to twenty feet high; in the latter generally only the larger bucks or stags were found. In thirteen days away from home, including marching to and fro, Captain Lloyd and I killed sixty-three head of game, of which sambur constituted the greater part. In Assam, comparatively speaking, there were very few sambur. Some I saw near the foot of the Bhootan Ranges were magnificent animals. I did not notice this deer in Assam at any distance from the hilly country; and the few I shot had not the same tame appearance as the sambur of the Burmese plains, but looked like those I had shot in India in real forests. The largest horn I ever saw in my life was one Captain Dansey, of our 30th, brought from Dacca; it had been picked up in some of the hill ranges in that vicinity. I have never seen anything equal to it in weight, though I have seen much longer horns. Some of the finest I ever saw belonged to Colonel Douglas Hamilton. I shot a few in India with decent horns, far better than anything I got to my own gun in Burmah, though the latter were twenty to one in number compared to the former. I shot a few deer in the hills in Burmah, but was unlucky; and though I got larger horns than in the plains, yet they were not much to boast of. In Burmah the deer begin to shed their horns in *June* and *July*, and sometimes even earlier; but in Assam they

lose their horns in *October* and *November*, and the new ones, still in velvet in May and June, reach maturity towards the end of June. Why there should be this difference in the two countries I do not know. Jerdon says, "The sambur stags drop their horns in April, sometimes earlier, and the new horns are not perfected till the end of September, about which time the rutting season commences." The very reverse is the case in Assam. These deer are possessed of very great vitality, and will go a considerable way even after being shot through the heart. Whilst shooting with General Blake in Burmah, a stag sambur got up and gave me a good broadside shot as he ran past. I fired right and left at him, but he showed no signs of being touched, and I cursed my bad shooting. The ground happened to be quite open, so we watched the deer, and he ran on at full speed for upwards of two hundred yards; he then slackened his pace, pulled up, and lay down; and even when we reached him he was not dead, although shot through the heart. Had the country not been open, we should not have got him, as we should not have looked for him even. Another time a doe went off in the same way apparently unharmed; but hearing an odd kind of noise from the direction she had taken, I went back and found her stone dead, jammed between two trees. It is wonderful the number of shots a sambur will take at times before he subsides. I have known seven and eight well-placed No. 10 belted balls put into a moderate-sized stag before he fell, whilst at other times one ball has been sufficient to kill them in their tracks.

Beef-steaks made out of sambur are not bad—the marrow bones and tongue unexceptionable; the meat is coarse, and generally not worth eating if anything else can be got, but if kept a day, and cooked as a beef-steak would be, it is palatable enough. The bell of a sambur can be heard a long way off, and when disturbed by a tiger or other dangerous animal

they make the surrounding country resound with their cries. They are gregarious, and are found in herds of from three or four to a dozen or more. Once whilst shooting at Beluncondah, on the Kistnah, with my old comrade Osborn, of the 30th, we saw thirteen samburs pass along a hillside in single file, the stag bringing up the rear. In Burmah we generally put them up singly, lying in the long grass. On several occasions I have had a doe stand and look steadily at me whilst I have fired three to four shots at her, and every one missing her head—all that was visible—by an inch or two, and striking the trunks of the trees between which she was standing, without her moving an inch, or showing the least signs of fear; suddenly she spun round on her own axis and disappeared in a trice. My mahouts, when they have got down to *halal*, or cut the throat of a stag, have had a narrow escape, as with a last dying effort the animal has jumped up and prodded at the man with his horns. The thamine is a very handsome deer: it is the *Cervus Frontalis* of naturalists, and is a variety of the deer found in Munnipore; but they are not quite identical. The basal antler of the Munnipore deer is longer and forms a curve with the main horn, and very often there are no terminal branches at all, even in a full-grown deer; whilst with the Burmese, except with the young deer, there are always terminal branches; the basal and the main horn form more of an angle and less of a curve, but in other respects the deer are identical. They are of an intermediate size between the spotted deer and the marsh deer, are very graceful, and for their size have very large and graceful horns. I have shot them with six tines on each horn; they are gregarious, and inhabit *quins*, or open spaces, surrounded by tree jungle: a herd of twenty to thirty is not unusual. When the stag drops his horns, he retires into deep jungles with very heavy long grass, in which he remains hidden till the horns are

fully developed. They are very fond of marshy spots, feeding on aquatic plants: as a rule they are very wary and are difficult to approach; but when the rains commence and the gadflies abound, they are so tormented that their whole attention is taken up in knocking them off; and, provided the wind be favourable, the wary hunter can get within easy shot, and I know of no greater pleasure than bagging one of these handsome deer after a careful stalk. It is not much use going after them on elephants; the plan is always to dismount near the edge of the tree-jungle and explore the open space on foot. They may be seen feeding in company with hogs, hog-deer, and wild cattle, or *Tsine*. They are plentiful at the foot of the Yomahs, both on the Irrawaddie and the Sittang rivers; they are not found amongst the hills.

Hog-Deer (*Cervus Porcinus*).—Hog-deer abound everywhere and are very pretty shooting and uncommonly good to eat; they run like hares and are difficult to shoot with ball; they lie so close, that if you are shooting for the pot and not for amusement use shot—a charge of No. 4 will bowl them over. I once shot eight in an hour this way, I lost several others; but when ball is used not more than one out of a dozen will be killed; the bucks are very dark in colour, and in the monsoon show spots, as do the does too; the young are beautifully spotted and make pretty pets: they are easily tamed. In so small an animal, and one, as I have said, so easy to kill with shot, it is wonderful the amount of killing they will take at times with ball. I have seen one run a hundred yards with his entrails trailing behind him before he fell; and for a broken limb they don't seem to care two pins. They often deceive you in long grass as they keep creeping along in front of your elephant, keeping you on the *qui vive* for a time, and at last disappointing you by showing themselves.

Barking-Deer (*Cervus Muntjac*).—Barking-deer are only

found in hilly places, and their noise, very like the barking of a dog, can be heard for miles; they make that noise only when they are frightened or wounded, I think: frequently after being hit I have known one run some way and then pull up and begin to swear at one, as it were. They are very good eating—nearly as good as the hog-deer. They have peculiar horns and long canine teeth, with roman noses: head decidedly ugly, with two dark lines down each cheek, and a tuft of black hair above the eyes, the female being uglier than the male.

MOUSE DEER (*Memimna Indica*).—The little, elegant mouse-deer is found towards Tavoy and Mergui; and further south, it is so plentiful that a dozen can be bought for a dollar, but I never saw it in Pegu Proper.

THE SEROW (*Nemorhœdus rubida*).—The Serow is found in all the higher ranges both in Arrakan, Pegu and Tenasserim, they inhabit the highest crags. I have had the heads brought in to me at Tongho frequently from the Panloung range to the east, and Persse and Captain Bevan and the Rev. Mr. Parish, shot one near the Duke of York's Nose, a mountain up the Salween. In Assam they are not scarce—I have known a couple caught on some hills not above a hundred and seventy feet high near Ranee, seventeen miles from Ganhatty, but I could not hear of their existence in the Cossyah and Jynteah Hills: they differ from the same animal found in the Himalayas in colour, but are identical in other respects; one was caught swimming the Sittang river near Shoayghein, and is referred to as follows by Col. McMaster who saw it—I think, however, he is mistaken when he says it was a female, for I was told by Col. Blake, who also saw it, that it was a male, and the description given by Col. McMaster tallies with that of the male rather than the female:—"As far as I remember it was much more black than red-brown, and even in its exhausted and dying state exceedingly savage,

butting at everybody who approached it." "The horns were about ten inches in length, not much curved backwards." Now the horns of the female serow are never more than six or eight inches long, whilst those of the male vary from ten to fourteen inches.

THE WILD BOAR (*Sus Indicus*).—The wild pig flourishes in Burmah, and as yet has escaped the spear of the huntsman, as no riding-ground has been discovered in Pegu. Doubtless when Upper Burmah becomes ours, pig-sticking will be as favourite a sport there as it is in other parts of India, as the ground is suitable and the porcine tribe numerous. But though Dagley, as good a rider as ever lived, and I, fresh from the hunting-fields of the Godavery and Kistnah, tried over and over again to ride pig in the plains of the Prome and Tharawaddie districts, we never could get near a pig. They would seldom break, though we employed dozens of coolies and elephants to turn them out; and the one or two runs we did get were over ground to which the worst cotton soil of Central India was a mere joke, and we either came to fearful grief or were easily distanced. Pigs are cleanly enough when found miles and miles away from human habitation; but even there they cannot resist a tit-bit in the shape of carrion; and I have several times come upon pig feeding on the remains of deer and buffalo in the last stage of decomposition. The pigs in Burmah are very large, with splendid ivories. In Assam, towards Dhoobree, pig-sticking ground is in perfection, and pigs, perhaps the largest and fiercest in the world, abound. In former years the churs, or islands, used to be the resort of sportsmen who frequented them both for tiger and other general shooting as well as pig-sticking. It is well-known that a pluckier brute than a wild boar does not exist, although they do not often take the initiative in the offensive; but one day at Burpettah, news of a kill by a tiger was brought us, and A. Campbell and

I on one elephant, and Farquharson on another, went out to try and get a shot. To get to the ground we had to go about three miles along the Government Road, perfectly open on both sides for a considerable distance; we had perhaps gone a couple of miles when we saw an old boar sauntering along, and he crossed the road about sixty yards ahead of us, and after going perhaps another sixty yards or so pulled up to look at us, and out of fun I made a noise at him—"whoof, whoof." No sooner did he hear this than he put his bristles up, and with another "whoof, whoof," charged right down upon us. We could not help laughing; and he pulled up again after advancing some twenty to thirty yards; and again I called out "whoof, whoof." This was more than his majesty could stand, and down he came upon our elephant (a mucknah about ten feet high), as straight as a dart. It was time to stop his little game; so we up with our guns, and it was only after he received a ball or two that he swerved and passed us. So we followed up and killed him; but I never saw a more plucky thing in my life than his charge down upon us quite in the open. Pig and hog-deer may be speared some day between Pegu and Kyatzoo, and between Sittang and Moulmein, as the ground is pretty open and though pig are scarce, hog-deer are plentiful.

WILD DOGS (*Canis—Cuon Rutilans*).—Wild dogs are plentiful in Burmah. As far as I could judge, I should say they were very inferior to the wild dogs of the Neilgherry Hills; but others, and amongst them McMaster, declare them to be identical, and the latter is a far better naturalist than I am. I remember the bitch of the wild species he had—a nasty, mangy, incorrigible brute, as offensive as a pole-cat, and to my ideas not to be compared or mentioned in the same breath as those I have seen in the Neilgherry Ghauts. There is another either wild or semi-wild dog in the Karen hills; after a great deal of trouble D'Oyly got the Karens to bring him in

two. They were as hairy as Skye-terriers, as large as a medium-sized spaniel, and black and white, and they invariably dug holes into which they crawled backwards, remaining in them all day with only the tips of their noses and sharp ferrety eyes just visible. They were both very savage; and for a long time, though they were puppies when he got them, nothing could be done with them. One, the bitch, escaped, and after her departure the other, a dog, seemed to get more sociable, and D'Oyly constantly fed it himself, and so far made friends that he would follow his master about, but resented any liberty, and would never allow any one to touch him. D'Oyly was so pleased with him that he took him to Rangoon to show him to Sir A. Phayre; but the very first day he took him out the dog got separated, and he never saw him more, nor could he get others to replace him, and we could never find out whether it was a true wild breed or not. The Karens brought me a red bitch afterwards as of a similar breed; but it was nothing of the kind, as it had none of the peculiarities of the others, did not dig holes to lie in; and in fact it was a domestic dog to all intents and purposes, and though very fond of being taken notice of, she did not like being handled. She was an inveterate poacher, and at last got shot chasing an officer's poultry, who did not know she belonged to me. She had a capital nose, and would follow wounded game uncommonly well. I have had samburs killed by wild dogs several times in my tea-garden in Assam; but I only came across them once in the Dooars, at the foot of the Bhootan range, and they were fine large beasts, identical, I should say, with those of Southern India, and very different from Evangeline, the wild dog McMaster had in Burmah.

JACKALS (*Canis Aureus*).—In Lower Pegu there are no jackals, but near Prome and Meayday there are a few. I saw several whilst employed road-making between Prome and Namyan; and for a long time D'Oyly, Bosworth, and I were

laughed at because we were the only ones who stuck out that jackals were to be found, though sparse. But Bosworth settled the question by shooting one and sending the skin to Colonel Phayre, who sent it to Mr. Blyth, who identified it with the common Indian jackal. I don't remember seeing or hearing one on the Sittang side, but doubtless a few exist.

I have still to mention the following, found in Assam alone: spotted deer, antelope, hispid hare, pigmy hog, Takin. There are several kinds of pheasants found in Assam, most of them in the hills higher up the river; but the derrick is everywhere common, the black and the marsh partridge are found everywhere, and the ruddy-necked and black-necked partridges are found at times in great numbers in the Cossyah and Jynteah hills, and the Cossyahs kill them by throwing sticks at them. Though florikan are plentiful in Assam, the bustard is not found.

THE SPOTTED DEER (*Axis Maculatus*) is only found in two localities in Assam—on both banks of the Monass, and in Hutti Muttu Koochgar in Durrung. They are identical with those found in India. The following extract from McMaster's notes gives a very life-like picture of this truly beautiful deer:—" I don't know why it is or how it is, but so it is, that somehow there is a greater charm in the pursuit of the above-mentioned beautiful animal than of any other of the denizens of the bonnie brown forest or tangled jungle where it loves to dwell. I am not alone in this feeling: many sportsmen, and some who have slain the mighty behemoth, Taurus the bull, and even the feline king of the forest, recall with pleasure the sport they have enjoyed after this less noble and timid creature. Whether it is coupled with the indescribable feeling that rejoices the sportsman's heart as he stealthily wanders beneath the arcades of the feathery bamboo jungle, forming as they do aisles, and glades, and vistas of Nature's lovely handiwork, so enchanting to the sportsman's eye, making as

it were his very inmost soul to rejoice and be glad; or whatever the fascination may be, whether of scenery or the spirit of sport itself, it exists; and none that I have met, mighty hunters though they be, have ever been ashamed to own the soft impeachment. What then is the attraction that has so often led me and others to follow with such keenness and ardour the chase of the 'dappled darlings'? Handsome and beautiful as the buck axis really is, he cannot be compared to that noble stag, the sambur; glossy and bright though his spotted hide may be, he is wanting in that stamp of nobility the latter so truly possesses. A long and somewhat heavily built carcass, supported by short stout legs, taking him as he creeps ignobly through the brushwood, stealthily avoiding some suspected danger, his appearance is then mean to a degree, though he is only acting as instinct guides him; but there is another side to the picture, affording a complete contrast. Imagine a forest-glade, the graceful bamboo arching overhead, forming a lovely vista, with here and there bright spots and deep shadows, the effect of the sun's rays struggling to penetrate the leafy roof of Nature's aisle, deep in the solitude of the woods. See now the dappled herd, and watch the handsome buck as he roams here and there in the midst of his harem, or, browsing amongst the bushes, exhibits the graceful antlers to the lurking foe, who, by patient woodcraft, has succeeded in approaching his unsuspecting victim. Observe how proudly he holds himself as some other buck, of less pretensions, dares to approach the ladies of the group; see how he advances, as on tip-toe, all the hair of his body standing on end, and with a thundering rush drives headlong away this bold intruder, and then comes swaggering back! But hark! a twig has broken! Suddenly the buck wheels round, facing the quarter from whence the sound proceeded. Look at him now, and say is he not a quarry well worth the hunter's notice? With head erect, antlers thrown back, his white throat exposed, his tail

raised, his whole body gathered together, prepared to bound away into the deep forest in the twinkling of an eye, he stands a splendid specimen of the cervine tribe. We will not kill him—we look and admire! A doe suddenly gives the imperceptible signal to which I have formerly alluded, and the next moment the whole herd has dashed through the bamboo alleys, vanishing from sight, a dappled hide now and again gleaming in the sunlight as its owner scampers away to more distant haunts." This deer is described by Jerdon as—general colour yellow or rufous fawn, with numerous white spots and a dark dorsal streak from the nape to the tail; head brownish and the muzzle dark, chin, throat, and neck in front white; lower parts and thighs internally whitish; ears brown externally, white within; tail longish, white beneath. The basal line is directed forwards, and in old individuals has often one or two points near the base. Length four and a half to five feet; height at shoulder thirty-six to thirty-eight inches. Wherever this deer is found it is invariably gregarious. Early in the mornings it feeds out in the open, but retires to the forest during the heat of the day. I knew this deer existed to the south of the Manass; but I only discovered that it was equally plentiful on the north bank in my last trip. I had shot one, which I took to be a stray one, in a former trip; but in our last expedition, while following up bison in a forest close to the Bhootan hills, we put up a herd of these beautiful deer, and I learnt from Mr. Driburg that he had also shot them in one place only in the Durrung, Hutti Muttu Koochgar. These places are fully fifty miles apart, so the probability is that they exist along the base of the Bhootan hills more or less, but their whereabouts has not been generally discovered.

ANTELOPE (*Antelope Bezoartica*).—The antelope exists to the south of the Manass. There were some to the north, and my friend Barry shot several, and a few still exist, but are dying

out. The following is the description given by Jerdon:— Horns long, diverging, with five flexures in old individuals; rings strong at the base, tip smooth; colour of adult male above and on the sides rich dark glossy brown (approaching to black), beneath and inside of the limbs, white; colour of hind, head, nape, and back of neck, hoary yellowish; nose and lips, and a large mark round the eyes, white; length, 4 feet to root of tail, which is 7 inches; height at shoulder 32 inches, ear 5½, horns from 18 to 27 (the latter extremely rare —22 inches being a very large horn), diverging from each other at the tip from 9 to 18 inches.

I never shot the antelope in Assam—in fact I did not see one; but that they exist I know from those who have shot them. Odd to say, the very first antelope I shot had the largest horns—just 22 inches. I shot a good many afterwards, but none exceeded 20 inches. I do not think antelope are hard to get within a respectable distance. Do not rouse their suspicions, don't look towards them; but walk like a crab, one step forward and one step sideways, and most herds will let you get within 100 or 120 yards of them. It is at all times pretty shooting.

Hispid Hare (*Lepus Hispidus*).—This is by no means rare in the Dooars, and a few were generally shot in each trip. The following is their description, from Jerdon:—"General colour, dark or iron grey, with an embrowned ruddy tinge; limbs and body shaded externally with black; the tail rubescent both above and below; the inner fur short, soft, downy, of an ashy hue; the outer longer, hispid, harsh, and bristly, some of the hairs annulated, black and yellow brown, others pure black and longer, the wholly black hairs more abundant than the lighter ones. The ears are very short and broad.

"Length of one, head and body, 19½ inches; tail, with the hair, 2⅛; ear, 2¾. This curious hare is of a very dark hue of

a heavy make, more rabbit-like, with small eyes, short and stout limbs, and short whiskers. It is popularly called the black rabbit at Dacca and elsewhere, and it is said to burrow in the ground like a rabbit. It inhabits the Terai at the foot of the Himalayas, from Goruckpore to Assam, extending south to Dacca, and probably still further, and even, it is said, to the Rajmahal hills. It frequents jungly places, long grass, bamboos, &c., shunning observation, and, from its retired habits, is very difficult to observe and obtain; and it perhaps has a more extended distribution through Lower Bengal than that noted above. I have only seen it near Dacca. The flesh is stated to be white, like that of the rabbit."

Pigmy Hog (*Porculia Salvania*).—I have often been puzzled by coming across tiny hogs without any large ones near, and supposed that they were squeakers who had lost their parents, and never tried to shoot one until my very last trip, when, wanting food for my camp followers, I went into an island of the Manass to shoot hog-deer. The river was very high, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could get to the island, and there many of my coolies were assembled, because they could not cross over the river to my camp. I shot several deer with shot, and also a pig, about half as large again as a hare, but very savage and with tusks. This made me examine it, and, to my delight, I found it was one of the rare pigmy hogs which I had long wished to get. Passing the coolies, I told the mahout to give some of the game to them, and went on; being a Mussulman, the wretch threw them the pig, and I did not discover my loss till the evening, when I inquired for it and found it gone. I sent the mahout back for it with his elephant, but alas! it had been cut up and cooked. So I lost the specimen. The following is Jerdon's description:—

"Blackish brown, slightly and irregularly shaded with

sordid amber; iris hazel; nude skin, dirty flesh-colour; hoofs, glossy brown.

"Length, snout to vent, 26 inches; tail, little more than 1; height, 10; weight 7 to 10 lb., rarely 12 lb.

"There is no mane, but the general pelage is ample, and there is a mystaceal tuft. The false molars are compressed and the face is proportionally less long than in *sus*. The female has only six mammæ, and the tail is not so long as the hair of the rump. It wants the normal nasal bones of *sus*. The stomach is narrower, and the orifices more terminal; it has also a smaller cæcum, and shorter intestines.

"The pigmy hog is found in the Nepal and Sikim Terai, probably extending into Assam and Bhootan; but it is rare and with difficulty procurable. Mr. Hodgson had long heard of its existence before he got a single specimen. It is exclusively confined to the deep recesses of the primæval forests. The full-grown males live constantly with the herd, which consists of from five to twenty individuals, and are its habitual and resolute defenders against harm. They eat roots, bulbs, &c., but also birds' eggs, insects, and reptiles. The female has a litter of three to four young ones."

TAKIN (*Budorcas Taxicolor*).—This is a very rare beast. There is a very poor specimen stuffed in the Calcutta Museum. The Mishmees occasionally bring down the head and horns of one or two to Debroghur, and say it is killed in ranges varying from 8,000 to 10,000 feet. It has something of the aspect of the gnu of Africa.

The Hyæna does not exist either in Assam or Burmah. That curious lizard the Tucktoo or Gecko is found both in Assam and Burmah. Jerdon for a long time declared that it did not extend to Assam, and at last I procured a specimen and gave it to him.

CHAPTER VI.

RECORDS OF SPORT.

Return to Tongho in 1859.—Account of sport at Banlong and Myet-chin.—At Tagoondine and Shoaygheín.—Life at Tongho during the cold season.—Fishing with the Karens.—Another trip to Banlong.—Sport at Myet-chin, Thabew, and Chawteah.—Back to Myet-chin and then home.

HAVING given the best account and description of the different game, both birds and beasts, found in Assam and Burmah, that I am capable of, I will now proceed to record some of our trips in Burmah. The accounts of sport in Assam will follow. Fishing and shooting trips in the Jyntiah and Cossyah hills are treated of hereafter. It would be tedious to recount all our sporting trips, because one is very like another, so I shall not try the patience of the reader more than I can help. My object is to point out sport to others; not to recount more exploits than I can help of myself and friends, but to give a fair idea of the game met with. It is necessary to give extracts from journals which were regularly kept day by day.

For the second time I went to Tongho, in 1859, this time as executive engineer. I had no time for any extended trip till May, 1860; though during the season I shot 537 couple of snipe, besides golden plover, grey plover, goggle-eyed plover, one hare, a lot of imperial pigeons, a few deer, jungle-fowl, pea-fowl and pheasants. Our commandant in those days was as fine a specimen of a soldier as one could wish to come across,

Colonel Glencairn Campbell, C.B., brother of the "Old Forest Ranger." In his day he had been a great athlete, and was still very powerful, but hard work encountered in many campaigns had told on him somewhat; but he was still a keen shikaree and a capital shot. In 1856, when at Tongho, I had gone with Raikes, one of the artillery, to Banlong, and between us we had killed several brow-antlered deer, and had seen other game; but not having elephants, had not been able to go after it. Having a little leisure after the close of the official year, I proposed to the General that we should go down to Banlong and try our luck. He gladly consented, and as we heard Lloyd also wanted to go, we agreed to join company, and Liardet of the 2nd also accompanied us.

May 2nd, 1860.—The Brigadier, Lloyd, and Liardet started for Banlong. I had work to attend to, and could not leave till the 4th. I started in my *loung*, or boat, at 6 A.M., with six men to paddle. As I had no covering to my boat, I found the heat very unpleasant, and having to half sit and half lie all day very trying, however I got there by 8 P.M.; the others had dined, but I got something to eat and a bottle of beer. Whilst I was "grubbing" the others gave me an account of their day's sport. They arrived on the evening of the 2nd, and on the 3rd tried stalking thamine, but got none. On the morning of the 4th, at Shoayjah's instigation, they went on the pad elephants—for there was not a howdah in Burmah in those days—through the low *kine* grass, and had glorious sport, but not being accustomed to shoot off elephants, and having only a pad to sit on, in which position you can only shoot in one direction, the execution was not very great. This kind of shooting had not been tried before, and to their amazement sambur kept getting up in dozens right under the elephants' noses. They all had a great number of shots, but the result of the day's shooting was the following:—The Brigadier killed a buck sambur, Lloyd a buck and a doe, and Liardet one

hog-deer, or as the Burmese call them, d'ala'el, and he lost three sambur wounded. He began with bad luck, but during our trip he shot remarkably well and made the best bag. On the morning of the 5th the Brigadier did not feel very well, so Lloyd, Liardet, and I went alone. Banlong is on the river; on three sides are extensive paddy fields, and beyond a tree jungle; after traversing which patches of open ground or *quins* are met with, covered with grass from three to six feet high, and occasionally water. Almost all the *quins* have brow-antlered deer in them; and the open forest, that is, land covered with small trees pretty well apart with an undergrowth of *kine* grass, is full of sambur, hog-deer, hog, tigers, and now and then bison. We had plodded our way to the end of the tree jungle, and then sending ahead our shikarees, Shoayjah, Monwine, and Moung Tso, and another, they reported thamine were feeding in the open; we got off our elephants and attempted to stalk them, but it was a waste of time as they were on the *qui vive*, and we never got near them. Lloyd went off to the right and fired several wild shots, but the result was *nil*; I got to within 200 yards of a fine buck, but before I could fire he bolted and I missed him. We now mounted the elephants and passed over the *quin* to the edge of the jungle opposite, there I put up a d'ala'el and shot it through the body, the intestines protruding; it however ran on towards Liardet, who fired, and the deer rolled over, yet he missed it. We then got off and breakfasted, and when we proceeded again all the luck was with Lloyd and Liardet, who fired away as fast as they could load at sambur and d'ala'el. All this time I did not get a shot, at least a dozen deer were missed between them; but at last Liardet floored a doe, and as she picked herself up Lloyd killed her and wanted to claim her. But we pointed out first blood always told, except in the case of an elephant, and that therefore the beast was Liardet's. In those days Lloyd, though an excellent

shot, was a mere griff at all game shooting, and did not know the rules, and was inclined somewhat to be jealous of those he was out with, but he soon sobered down, and in time became as fair in his dealings as much older sportsmen. Until three o'clock Lloyd and Liardet monopolized the shots between them; all this while Lloyd had very bad luck and bagged nothing, but Liardet killed a buck and a doe. At last I came upon a doe standing still and looking at me; as I raised the gun to fire she bolted, but I was too quick for her and hit her through the side, she fell, but picked herself up and stood under a tree, Lloyd and I firing at her; what with firing in a hurry and the unsteadiness of the elephants she was missed three times; at last Lloyd brought her down, but she got up and crawled away into the long grass and we never got her. Shortly after I hit another doe, and both Lloyd and I dismounted and followed by foot; I lost her, and Lloyd came upon her in the bed of a nullah and killed her. Towards evening I took a snap-shot at a doe sambur and shot her right through the head. It was now getting on towards dusk; Liardet and I voted for camp, but Lloyd was very anxious to go on, for though he had polished off several deer for Liardet and myself, he had not bagged one to his own cheek; but we were some seven miles from Banlong, so prudent councils prevailed and we made for home and got there at dark. The Brigadier was all right and eager for the morrow. We had a long discussion after dinner regarding the rules to be observed amongst gentlemen sportsmen, and everything was amicably settled.

Sunday, May 6th, 1860.—We determined to take our shikarees' advice and move some twelve miles inland to a place called Myet-chin, or more properly Myet-quin. This place was more central than Banlong, and the game was very plentiful. Liardet and I started first on my elephant, and we agreed not to fire at deer *en route* for fear of disturbing the game,

as we were told buffaloes, pyoung, or bison, and heaps of deer were always to be found within a mile or two of the bheel where we were to encamp. We left at half-past eleven after an early breakfast, and saw lots of deer *en route* and various water-fowl on the bheel on arrival; but acting up to our promise, though greatly tempted, we did not fire a shot. We had just undressed, bathed, and made ourselves comfortable in the hut prepared for us, when we heard several shots in the open on the very edge of the bheel. The temptation to fire at deer standing in dozens in the open, not very far apart, was more than a young sportsman like Lloyd could resist, so he let fly at them, notwithstanding the Brigadier's expostulations; of course no harm beyond disturbing the jungles was done.

May 7th.—We started early and agreed to fire only at large game, leaving deer alone. The Brigadier and I might have had some splendid shots at buck thamine, but we refrained. Again the temptation to fire proved too strong for Lloyd to resist, and he fired four shots at a doe which got off. We were so annoyed at this that we too began to fire at anything and everything. The Brigadier shot well all day and bagged one buck and two doe sambur; Liardet a buck and two doe sambur; Lloyd one doe sambur; and I a doe sambur and one buck d'ala'el. My elephant was very restive, and I lost several fair shots in consequence. We got home by half-past two P.M.; the Brigadier and I stopped at home, but Lloyd and Liardet went out stalking, got nothing, and came home very much disgusted.

May 8th.—We started very early and coming across the fresh marks of a bison and some wild cattle called "tsine," we followed them up, got out of the sambur ground into tree forest, and so throughout the day we found very little game. First, Lloyd bagged a doe sambur, and then there was a dispute between him and the Brigadier about another, which the Brig laughing gave up. The latter to his own gun killed two.

but lost one. He stood over it waiting for his shikar knife to cut its throat, but the animal was only stunned, and after a while got up and bolted, and as all the guns were in the howdah, it got off for the time but was found dead next day. Liardet had equally bad luck—he lost two which he had knocked over. I had not much better luck either, for I lost the only large-headed or rather large-horned stag I ever saw in the plains; he was very badly hit, and stood under a tree with the blood pouring from his mouth. I got off and attempted to stalk him; got to within sixty yards and both my barrels missed fire; this alarmed the deer and he bounded off into the long grass, and when I got on the elephant and attempted to follow up, we got on to a wrong track and came upon a doe dead, and were never able to get back on the tracks of the buck. I only got one d'ala'el. This, with Lloyd's two, the Brig's one, and the dead one found, was the result of the day's sport, from which we expected so much. We got home very late, and very disgusted.

May 9th.—We moved back to Banlong, shooting *en route.* Near the bheel in the *quin* we had very pretty shooting with ball at d'ala'el. I fancy we fired fifty shots amongst us; but Liardet was the only one who bagged any, and he got one; several went away wounded, which we never recovered. As we entered the tree jungle, I missed a doe sambur, my elephant spun round as the deer jumped up and nearly knocked me over—one got up in front of the Brig and he missed, it then passed me and I missed it too, then two buck sambur got up and ran between Lloyd and Liardet, in such a way (the latter being left-handed) that neither of them could fire. Further on a doe jumped up and ran to the right; I spun round on the pad and luckily shot her dead; after padding her we went on. Presently a buck got up right under the Brig's elephant's nose, and he waited to have a good shot at it, when Lloyd fired right across the line and

killed it dead, to the Brig's great annoyance. We then got into some very heavy jungle, and though lots of game was put up, we could not see it sufficiently distinct to shoot it. We got in just before dark.

May 10*th*, 1860.—Started at 6 A.M. The Brig, Liardet, and I fired at thamine; the Brig killed his, whilst we missed; we then separated, the Brig and I going together. We saw a fine buck in the open, but could not get closer than 300 yards, so though we fired at it in desperation, we both missed. On entering the tree jungle, Lloyd and Liardet dismounted to stalk a buck. Of this we were not aware, so when a doe got up in front of me, I pulled frantically at the triggers of my gun; but it refused to respond, being only on half-cock. Seeing something wrong, the Brig fired and hit hard; in following up—up got another doe. I hit her through the side, and she stood under a tree looking very bad. I got off and followed on foot, and hit again; but she seemed to recover marvellously, and got into the long grass where we lost her. The first one we also lost. Our firing frightened the buck Lloyd and Liardet had been stalking, and it escaped too. We went on rather disgusted at our bad luck, when a doe got up, which Lloyd hit, but did not bag. Shortly afterwards the Brig killed a stag, and after it was padded and we had resumed line, Lloyd fired a hurried shot, and called out "Bison!" I could just see the brute's horns as he ploughed his way through the long grass, but neither Liardet nor I fired at it. As it passed through an openish bit of grass, the Brigadier fired, and down the bison fell stone-dead. Lloyd, who was the nearest, rushed up and fired into the dead body, and began thanking the Brig for killing *his* bison. The Brigadier was intensely disgusted; first at Lloyd's firing into the dead body, and then claiming it. I examined the animal all over. I could see but two bullet-holes—that made by the Brig, which killed the bison, and the last shot fired by Lloyd as it lay dead on its back. We left the shikarees to skin it,

and when we came back, Shoayjah, Lloyd's shikaree, swore he had found another bullet in it; but, odd to say, the skin had but two holes, so how the third bullet got in nobody could tell. This was a fine old bull, nineteen hands high, covered with scars, and his ears scored all over. In our afternoon beat, Lloyd got a d'ala'el, Liardet a pig and sambur, and I got a buck and a doe sambur; we lost seven animals badly wounded.

May 11*th*, 1860.—The Brigadier and Lloyd stayed at home whilst Liardet and I went on foot stalking. The day was very hot and sultry; we had to walk over an open maidan for about two miles; we then entered the tree jungle, which extended for another mile; and on to a *quin* or opening in which there were generally thamine, but to-day there were none, so we walked across it, and that was another mile-and-a-half; went on into another tree jungle, and saw several thamine. I fired at a doe facing me, but missed, firing over; we then went on for about half a mile and came upon several does, and singling out one each we fired. Mine fell dead, whilst Liardet's got off; we hung mine up in a tree and left it and went on. In about half an hour we saw a very fine stag, and I had a good shot at it, but judging my distance incorrectly, again fired over. At the report of my rifle up jumped a whole herd, and we fired right and left at them, but missed. A young one got separated from its mother and stood facing us, stamping its feet and making a noise; we stood quite still. I had only one barrel loaded when the young deer walked deliberately towards us, stopping every now and then and stamping its feet and bleating, apparently trying to intimidate us. I took a deliberate shot at it and it rolled over crying piteously; instead of going up to it and cutting its throat, we went on loading, and after a minute up got the deer and began to hobble off. I ran after it, but such was the nature of the ground, a mass of detached

mounds, and so covered with creepers, that I and Liardet also soon fell, and when we picked ourselves up the deer had disappeared. We then went on and saw many thamine, but they were very wary, we could not get nearer than 300 to 400 yards, and though we fired many shots we failed to hit one. The heat was awful, the walking dreadfully fatiguing, and, for the only time in my life, I was thoroughly done, feeling as if I were going to have a sunstroke. There was not a drop of water to be got, so after walking a few paces I had to sit down; we were at least seven or eight miles from home, and that day's trudge I shall never forget. At last we came to a hole in which buffaloes had been wallowing, half mud and half water, well impregnated with urine, such as it was, I was glad to drink it, and to pour it over my head. My companion was all right, but I was thoroughly done up, and had a great mind to lie down and let Liardet go home alone and send an elephant back for me; but pride or obstinacy came to my help, resuming our march, but had frequently to sit down, and at last, oh! how glad I was to see the zyats in the distance, and to find myself under a roof. I immediately rushed into the bathroom, emptied all the ghurrahs over my head, and in about half-an-hour was as right as a t rivet. We sent back a hathee for the deer.

May 12*th*.—Started rather late this morning—all the mahouts sick. We made a regular mess of it. First the shikarees lost their way, and never took us to the sambur jungle at all, and we kept wandering about in high elephant-grass the greater part of the day. About 3 P.M. we suddenly saw five bisons—one a magnificent bull; they had not seen us, so the Brigadier jumped off and stalked them; we remained perfectly still to back him up in case he was charged. The grass was so high that directly one dismounted, or even if the elephant knelt down, the bison could not be seen. The Brigadier pushed

his way through till he was within ten yards. The bull, hearing a noise, and seeing the grass move, advanced; and if he had charged, the Brigadier would have been in considerable danger, for it would have been on him before he could have raised his gun to fire. We put up ours, but did not like to fire, as we wanted the plucky old Brigadier to get "first shot." Whilst we were hesitating, and the Brigadier was in happy ignorance of the beast's proximity, whether the animal saw him or smelt him I know not, but suddenly as a flash of lightning the bull spun round, and followed by his family went off full score amongst the trees. We all fired but with what result is not known, for they quickly disappeared, and though we followed them up, we saw no marks of blood, nor did we view them again. The Brigadier was the only one who did not fire, and began to swear at us, not knowing the cause of our firing; but of course he only swore at the bison, when he heard the reasons for our conduct. He was much disappointed, as he was anxious to kill a bison to his own gun before leaving India, but he did not do so. This was the last chance we had during this trip at bison, and he left to our great regret before the next season came round. This day we had exceedingly bad luck. Liardet got a buck and doe thamine; Lloyd a doe and a sambur; and I a d'ala'el; but the Brig got nothing. We saw lots of marks of bison about, but they are difficult to find.

May 13*th.*—Started *en route* home. Arrived at Tagoondine at 10 A.M. Sat down and breakfasted, and took it easy till 3 P.M., when we resumed our journey and got to Menlah at 5 P.M. We had a refreshing shower of rain to-day.

May 14*th.*—The Brig and Liardet went out shooting, whilst Lloyd and I went to look at the obstructions in the Puechoung. We had a good stiff walk, and though we took our guns, we saw nothing. We got to the first obstruction at half-past eight A.M. We then constructed a raft and came down on

it—it was great fun shooting the rapids. We took only an hour to come down, and during that time were up to our knees in water. We reached our camp at half-past ten A.M. The Brig and Liardet came home about 4 P.M.; they had come across a herd of elephants, had fired, and badly wounded the largest, but it got into such frightful ground they could not follow it. Coming home the Brig killed a doe sambur. We had a good deal of rain to-day.

May 15th.—Moved to Nouksedouk, the gad-flies very annoying, and in thousands, punishing us and the elephants very much. The villagers report that elephants and wild cattle or tsine are about; but as I have work in the station I have to return to-morrow.

May 16th.—The Brig, Lloyd, and Liardet after elephants; but they got bogged, and had great difficulty in extricating themselves, getting nothing. I reached Tongho at 12 after a ride of twenty-two miles. Thus ended our first trip from Tongho.

October 19th, 1860.—Dyke and I started for Banlong, the elephants having been sent on some days before. My loung or racing boat ought to have been at the saw-pits; but when we got there we found it had got adrift, so had to walk up to our knees in mud to Myo-ghee, where we recovered the boat, and eventually, after cleaning ourselves, got off at 7.30, reaching Banlong at 4 P.M., but finding nothing, as the elephants had not arrived, so we had to sleep the best way we could on the floor of the zyat, with a piece of wood for a pillow; fortunately we had some beer and some "grub," so made the best dinner we could. I for one do not see the sense of roughing it more than one can help. It is so easy to take a folding canvas cot with light bedding, a small table, and camp chair, and as the expense is very trifling, the comfort derived more than compensates one for this. I hate to have to sit on my hunkers like a monkey, and to eat off the floor or ground.

October 20th.—Having nothing to do we remained lying down reading till 10.30; had a bathe in the river, and eat the remains of our last night's dinner. About 1.30 P.M. the elephants arrived; the mahouts described the road, or track rather, as almost impassable, and they had taken eight days to do what, in the dry season, they did in three or four. So we had a nice prospect before us. We got our old shikarees together, and they told us it was madness trying to shoot at this season, as the country was too wet; but I had to go to look after work, so if I could get shooting at the same time so much the better.

October 21st.—We started very early on elephants, the track across the paddy fields all but impassable, and it was perfect cruelty taking elephants across it. We took about two hours to get over an hour's ordinary trudge. Near the tree jungle I fired with ball at a cyrus, broke its leg, and it *flew* away. In the *kine* grass Dyke had a shot at a sambur, but missed. I then got a shot at a doe looking at me, and fired, killing her where she stood. She was a good 100 yards off, so the shot was a lucky one. Shortly afterwards I saw the ears of another doe looking at me, and I fired, and luckily hit her through the neck, and she subsided at once. I also shot with ball a marabou and a cyrus, but only broke the wings of the latter, and it *ran* away. I did not miss a shot to-day.

October 22nd.—Started for the old fort of Zayyawaddie—road something dreadful, even the elephants could scarcely get over it, and we took fourteen hours to do eight miles. We breakfasted *en route*, and arrived at our destination at 5 P.M. The huts built for us were wretched; there was no village; and the mosquitoes were awful. The baggage elephant did not come up till dark, and we immediately had our beds rigged up, and got under curtains. Dinner was not ready till about eight; then we eat it inside the curtains, we could not have

existed outside. How the poor servants managed I can't say, but so bad were the mosquitoes, they could scarcely cook our food.

October 23rd.—Moved camp to Tagoondine on the Pue.

October 24th.—Went after bison, and came across herd upon herd of elephants. The first batch we came upon were so secure in one of their fastnesses that we could not get at them, and had to leave them and try for others further off; those out in the long grass did not mind us a bit, and we got right amongst them. The details of what followed are too sickening; we killed but one outright, and that a young male. All the elephants were mucknahs, and not a tusker amongst them; we wounded three so badly they could not move, but stood in a cluster round their young. These died where they stood, and about three or four others were picked up here and there. But sport there was none; our own elephants were so demoralised, they kept bolting from their own shadows. There were several hundred elephants about, and they all skedaddled, making for the hills, and cutting perfect roads through the grassy plain and forest; and the neighbouring villagers could not make out what had happened to cause this stampede, but on following them up they found the dead, and soon knew the cause as well as we. It is absurd trying to shoot elephants off elephants. I was firing with my pet Lang—No. 10 two-groove, hardened bullets, and which I have known to throw a ball right through a rhino, entering the top of the back and going out underneath by the belly, so it was good enough to kill anything, but we could not get the right angle, and without it it is useless to fire at an elephant's head. I did not try the shoulder shot, for which I am sorry. We could not dismount to shoot, as the water was three to four feet deep, and the grass so dense, that directly we made the elephants kneel we could not see any of the wild ones. We soon got sick of this useless butchery, and went home early.

October 25th.—We moved to Ryen-kien, some four miles from Pojah-gelay-quin, and *en route* came upon two elephants dead; but the Burmese had already found them out and had stolen the short tusks which mucknahs have, besides hacking away at the flesh. They had probably heard us coming, and were hiding in the jungles, lest we should deprive them of the ivory and charge them for the meat. We got local shikarees, but the work was quite new to them, and they funked taking us to the jungles where the larger game abounded.

October 26th.—Started at 7.30 A.M. The shikarees took us into the forest, and not the sort of jungle at all for finding deer in; so getting disgusted, I took a line of my own, and soon put up a lot of deer, Dyke getting all the shots and missing them all; at last a stag got up in front of me, and I knocked him over.

October 27th.—Took a new shikaree, a man well known, but who died shortly afterwards. He promised to show us bison, tsine, and buffaloes on the quin; so when a fine sambur got up in front of me I did not fire, and it was the only chance I had all day. Dyke had several shots, but did not bag. Saw marks of all sorts of big game, but not the animals themselves, in the quin; saw heaps of thamine in the open, but could not get anywhere near them. Got home at 5 P.M. Shikaree's name Mong Mon; he lived at Kadeingzee.

October 28th.—Returned to Menlah.

October 29th.—Moved to Nouksedouk. Shot a few snipe for grub.

October 30th.—Marched to Tway-eik-poay; breakfasted there and then moved to Endeik. In the evening I shot ten and a half couple, and Dyke six and a half couple of snipe.

October 31st.—Reached Tongho. Will not go out at this time of the year again.

November 17th.—Started for Shoayghein by boat; took

Roger my retriever with me. We reached Yelay the first evening; bathed and dined; and I slept in the boat, the people on shore.

November 18*th.*—Started early; we put up at dusk on a sand bank; we ought to have got in, but somehow did not make much progress. I shot seven golden plovers and three thick-knee plovers to-day. This trip I had a tin of salted prawns ready shelled with me, and found them a great comfort. All one had to do was to soak a handful or two in water, changing it two or three times; they then got pretty soft, and lost a good deal of the salt, and when curried were excellent; this was my principal food for seventeen days.

At Shoay-ghein I got a couple of deer and a lot of jungle fowl. I then went on to Sittang, the furthest limit of my charge, and shot a kakur or barking-deer there, three pea-fowl, and two yit or pheasants. I also saw a hamadryad twelve feet long. This is a most venomous snake—the Burmese fear it much more than they do a tiger, as they say it takes the initiative in attacking. It is a hooded snake. It will eat other snakes; but the idea that it won't eat anything else but snakes is erroneous, as I have seen frogs, lizards, and the remains of a bamboo-rat taken out of one. *En route* back I killed two crocodiles; they are usually called alligators, but that is a misnomer. It is the mugger. The gareeal of the Brahmapootra river, I never saw in Burmah, though I believe it is found there. These muggers kill a good many people, and have a playful way of getting under a boat and knocking off the steersman with their tails and then swallowing him afterwards. Alligators and crocodiles drown their victims first and eat them afterwards; they prefer their food very high. At Shoay-ghein I halted a day, and for the first time in many years tried fly-fishing, I was horribly out of practice, and did not know what flies to use,

and my tackle was very indifferent, yet in the course of an hour or two, after whipping the stream, I caught three fish. They were perfectly silvery, and had no scales; the Burmese call them Nga-mien, the Bengalees, Bassah; I fancy they are allied to the cat-fish (*primelonidæ*); but are uncommonly good eating, and have only one bone, like that of the sole. They do not give much sport after being hooked, as they give in very soon and do not make much of a fight; but they are ravenous feeders, and take the fly towards evening very readily. They have barbules on the mouth, and, with a little anchovy sauce and melted butter I think they are the best fish for the table in Assam or Burmah; they run from half a pound to fourteen pounds or even more; but the larger sort do not take the fly, and are not good eating, being coarse, as they are gross feeders.

I saw a leopard one evening coming down cautiously to drink, but before I could get hold of my gun it bounded away. My dog was my sole companion for these seventeen days, and I was glad enough to get home; the discomfort of being cooped up in a small boat only those who have been forced to try it can conceive; I had either to sit down or lie down all day and night, and to have curtains closely tucked in to keep out the mosquitoes all day and all night too. At this season it is very cold, and a plunge into the river most delicious.

At Tongho in the cold weather there is not much to be done. We used to make up parties and go to the Seven Pagodas and picnic there; or I used to go up the lonely Thouk-ay-ghyat, or drinking-water river, to the lime-kilns; but otherwise the monotony of the place was very trying; very few people entertained, and the only house where a dance was ever got up was either Lloyd's or ours. We had the usual Burmese boat-races, but I never cared for them much; we also had our winter race and hurdle meetings; and of the riders, Lloyd if not the best, was certainly one of the best there, and as he had always good ponies, he won a good

many races. The place is exceedingly salubrious—as healthy as any station in the whole of India or England for the matter of that; but the want of a racquet-court was much felt; we had no swimming-baths either, and it was not safe to bathe in the river owing to the under-current, which has drawn under and drowned many an expert swimmer. The men of the regiment used to give theatrical entertainments, but most soldiers' plays are badly acted. Roads there were none; if a party went out riding the two in front got on well enough, but all those behind got suffocated with dust. When very hard up for amusement we used to get up paper-chases, at which one or two of the ladies could hold their own with the best of the male sex. We now and then got up pigeon-shooting, but somehow, though most of us could knock over snipe time after time, we did not shine in killing pigeons out of traps.

December 10*th.*—I rode out to the lime-kilns, and had some fishing with the Karens. They are very expert with the spear, and fish at night with torches, and kill a good number but I was not expert at it. If one misses, the result is that one loses his balance and goes splash into the river, which at this season is of icy coldness. I only killed two fish, of what kind I know not. I fancy there are mahseer in this river; but I did not know what they were like in those days, and should not have known one if I had seen it; but I don't think I even saw one. Delicious prawns are got in baskets sunk for that purpose. The bathing in this river was delicious. I had a house built in the middle of the stream, with a bridge connecting it with the bank, and it was so constructed that one could undress or dress in the house, and descend by a stair within into pretty deep water; and a high fence all round ensured perfect privacy. It was meant for ladies to bathe in—for us, of course, such precautions were unnecessary. In the hills adjacent to these lime-kilns I have

at times seen marks of rhinoceros and elephants; and there were a good many deer about, and the sappers shot several; but though I often went out on elephants, the ground was so unfavourable that I never saw anything. Amongst the lower hills the valleys are so swampy that progress on elephants is impossible, and of course it is as impossible to take elephants over hills. We induced several people to come out here, and had a pleasant four days' picnic. The ride was exceedingly pretty, and the weather deliciously cold. When these kilns were first opened, the sappers and miners, European overseers and workmen, died of jungle-fever right and left; so bad was the mortality that they were very nearly being deserted. The work-people's houses were on the banks of the river, and the wind every evening from 8 P.M. to 8 A.M. swept down the gorge in a perfect tornado, and all who slept within its influence were seen to get a very malignant type of fever.

I removed the barrack some 100 yards inland, away from the river, and protected by a hill from the mighty breeze, and raised it seventeen feet off the ground; there was scarcely any illness known afterwards, and people used to go out there as if it were a sanatarium. Up to May even it was very cold at night, and the water was always of an icy coldness, and so clear that every pebble could be seen, even at a depth of twenty feet. The scenery of this river was exceedingly beautiful. I went up it once for three days, and in places the river was apparently perfectly still, with a breadth of about twenty yards, and with precipitous mountains from 500 to 1,500 feet high on each side. There are many rapids, and I am sure a spoon would soon attract mahseer. All along the river's edge were the marks of elephants, rhinoceros, bison, buffalo, and deer; but I only saw a few barking-deer, and killed none. Gold-washing was carried on extensively; but with their crude appliances the

workmen could not obtain more than twelve annas to one rupee a day; but an occasional nugget is found; and higher up in the mountains it is reported that the right kind of quartz is found in great quantities. These Karens are expert boatmen, and the way they go up and down the rapids is really well worth witnessing, and very few accidents occur. We saw many traps laid for deer, and also arrows in bows tied down, and with their tips poisoned, for tigers, buffaloes, and rhinoceros. I never tried fly-fishing in this river, though I have no doubt it would answer admirably, for I have seen many fish rise. It took us three days to go up, fighting with the stream, and we came down in ten hours. We saw a few of the smaller otters described by Mason, (they are very rare), and also some of the ordinary ones, so fish there must be, and in fair quantities. At the junction of the Thouk-ay-ghyat and Sittang, fish were particularly plentiful. The hornbills were in great numbers, and I used to fire at them with ball for practice. Even flying they are not very difficult to shoot, and I killed several—one out of probably ten shots. Bears' marks in places were very plentiful; and on one occasion I anchored my boat off a place where bears seemed to come nightly to feed, but did not get a shot. Having tried shooting in the district in the very hot weather, we thought we would take a trip to Banlong in the cold, and so a party of us met at Lloyd's to tiffin, and started at half-past 4 P.M., and went all night. We reached Banlong at half-past 4 A.M.

January 19th, 1861.—After a plunge in the river and a cup of tea, we got on our elephants, and started soon after daybreak. The grass was much too long, and we had bad luck. Neither Lloyd nor Clarke got anything, and I only bagged a doe thamine.

January 20th.—Lloyd rode to Myet-chin, whilst Clarke and I shot our way across. We saw a few thamine, and we

fired at several. Clarke got nothing. I hit a doe very hard, and after a long chase bagged it.

January 21st.—Out all day; got nothing. We all had equally bad luck.

January 22nd.—We posted ourselves in trees, and sent the elephants to beat towards us, but nothing came. We then mounted and tried for thamine, but got none. As we were close to camp, we went to the hut to breakfast. I got hold of an interesting book, so stopped at home, and Lloyd and Clarke went out, but only got a deer apiece.

January 23rd.—Went towards the Nga Eein. Saw thamine *en route.* Lloyd fired at them, but did not bag. We went a long way through alternately forest and plain, and though we saw a few deer, there was no use trying to shoot them, as they kept a good 200 yards off; but in going through a quin near a bit of water, a pig bounded out, which Lloyd killed. I then bagged a doe sambur, as she was going full pelt, with the Lang. Several misses followed, and at last I killed a stag, and hit two does very hard, but lost them. I had all the luck to-day, the beasts all getting up in front of me. Going homewards I got a stag, a doe, and two half-grown sambur. The last deer I killed I thought I had missed; it doubled back, and we went on, but hearing a noise, as if something was kicking against a tree, I went back, and found the deer lying dead between two trees. We to-day found a sambur just killed by a tiger, and though we beat for him everywhere, we could not find him. We had a long wearisome tramp back to camp. This is evidently not the time to go into the jungles—they are too heavy to see game in.

January 24th.—To-day we beat towards where we found the deer killed by the tiger. We saw very little game. I got a buck d'ala'el, Lloyd a pig, and Clarke lost a fine stag.

January 25th.—The Burmese shikarees attributed our bad luck to the influence of evil spirits, and so we gave them

a few rupees to do poojah with, and for fun I took two small images of Gaudamah, and placed them in the fork of a tree overhanging the Nga Eein. As the Burmese saw me do this, they quite brightened up, and said Gaudamah would not allow the little pool of water to dry up as long as the idols remained there. This was the only water for miles. I call it water, but it was more like liquid mud, and we could see myriads of fish tumbling about in it; and our mahouts jumped off, and groping about, soon caught several. There were also salt-licks about, so it is no wonder that game abounded near this spot. Odd as it is, as long as these Gaudamahs or idols were left in the cleft of the tree overhanging this pool, there was always more or less water in it, and we found game abundant; but somebody removed these idols, either when the pool dried up or before, and we found the place perfectly dry and hard, the idols gone, and not a head of game for miles, about two years afterwards. How the Burmese did crow, to be sure; but probably they themselves removed the idols on the drying up of the pool, to verify their prophecy. We were following up a fine buck sambur, when Lloyd whistled; and, on looking towards him, I saw three elephants, one a very fine one, with large tusks, throwing mud and water over themselves. We got into the tree jungle, and did our best to get as near them as possible. They were well in the open, and made off as soon as they saw us. Lloyd fired at the tusker when he was going away, and fully eighty yards off, and of course only accelerated his pace. We followed them some way, but they had taken alarm, and went off full score. I fired very badly, and missed everything; or if I did hit, I did not kill. Lloyd got two doe sambur, and Clarke one. We were thoroughly tired of our bad luck, so the next day we mounted our ponies, and rode back to Tongho, fifty miles. During February I killed only a few pigeons and a few teal, and shot a few *murral*

fish. In shallow water they are very easy to kill; when caught in a running stream they are not bad eating, but otherwise muddy. I visited the frontier, and got very nearly burnt to death. These jungle-fires are no joke, when you have to scramble through a grassy plain, with reeds as thick as bamboos, growing so close as to touch each other, and a fire raging towards you at the rate of some six or eight miles an hour. We saw some splendid teak trees, but too far from water to be carried away, and these were rotting on the ground. We saw lots of marks of bison and elephants, but the jungle-fires had commenced, and it is no use trying to shoot then, as the game is constantly on the move, and dread fire more than anything; and directly they hear the crackling of the reeds, off they go to swamps, or hills, or valleys, where they are pretty safe. At one time I despaired of getting through this fire, but by unmercifully urging the elephants we got through the grass and into the teak forest, where there was but little undergrowth: but whilst it lasted it was very unpleasant being surrounded by fire, which was gradually encircling one at a rate dreadful to contemplate.

On the 13th of March a tiger killed a pony of mine at the lime-kilns, and I had five shots at it one night, and failed to bag it after all, as related elsewhere.

March 17th.—The Lloyds started over night, and early the next morning Clarke, Dr. Madden and I followed; we reached Banlong at 7.30 P.M. Found the Lloyds had only just arrived, but everything was ready, and after a bath we had dinner and turned in.

March 18th.—Started very early; the shikarees took us into very long grass, and we put up at least twenty sambur and a few thamine, but it was impossible to shoot them; for very often we saw nothing of them at all, and at other times only the tips of their horns. I got the only deer killed, but we all lost several badly hit.

March 19th.—We started rather late this morning and had bad luck all day. I had shots at hog-deer and did not kill one; Lloyd killed a hog-deer, or d'ala'el as the Burmese call them; neither Madden nor Clarke got anything.

March 20th.—Clarke, Madden, and I went on ahead to Myet-chin, whilst the Lloyds followed afterwards. *En route* we had several shots at thamine, but bagged none. In the afternoon we went out on foot and wounded a stag thamine; and I ran after it, and with a Burmese fighting dhaw or dal-way, cut his neck nearly through with a single blow; I had no idea such a fearful blow could be struck with such a weapon. We then went all over the open; there were heaps of deer about, but there was no getting near them, so wishing to fire our guns we fired at some deer a good 400 yards off; we saw none fall, but from the sound I said I was sure one had been shot through the head, so we walked up and after a little search found a young buck with a ball right through his head—a most lucky fluke. It was Clarke who shot it with my two-groove Lang.

March 21st.—Madden, Clarke, and I started on foot to stalk thamine but got none, and came back to camp for breakfast. Madden and I then went out again and separated. He got one deer, I got nothing; we came upon thamine standing looking at us not twenty yards off; one waited for the other to fire first, so the deer spun round and bolted and we missed them all. Lloyd and Clarke went out on elephants, but got nothing.

March 22nd.—Started early, determined to shoot anything we could get; saw lots of game, but all shot badly; after many disgraceful misses Clarke bagged a buckd'ala'el, and Madden wounded a stag, which I killed for him; next Clarke wounded a doe and Lloyd and I killed her. We then again shot badly, and after many misses Lloyd bagged a young buck-sambur, and Madden a d'ala'el, whilst I got nothing.

March 23rd.—Started at 7 A.M. Our luck was very bad, the jungles were burning and the game on the move. We went to the smaller bheels where generally the hog-deer abound, but to-day we saw scarcely any. Going through a clump of trees up got a pea-fowl; Lloyd fired at it and missed, whilst Mrs. L. knocked it over very prettily. We then breakfasted and afterwards went off to new ground, and we did not bag our first sambur till 2.30 P.M.; Madden had the first shot at a stag, but whether he hit we could not tell; as he passed me I bowled him over, and as he picked himself up killed him with two more shots. Shortly afterwards a stag and a doe got up and I missed them both; Madden killed the doe. We then went on for about a mile beating through grass about six feet high; there were several rushes, but whether caused by deer or pig we could not tell; we then got amongst trees with kine grass, and in this Clarke killed a doe; we then beat towards home and saw several deer, but bagged none.

March 24th.—Gave the elephants a rest and went out for an hour or two on foot after thamine; I wounded a doe but lost her. In the afternoon Clarke and Madden went out but got nothing.

March 25th.—Started at 6.30 A.M. Mrs. L. came in my howdah; we saw a great many d'ala'el and she shot one, and as it was getting hot she got on to a pad elephant and went home. We breakfasted and went on afterwards; I got a very fine buck d'ala'el, and hit a stag but lost it. Lloyd knocked over the largest sambur any of us had seen then in the plains, but it got away. These sambur, though standing fully as high as those found in the hills of India, appear to me to be somewhat different, as described elsewhere. In the afternoon I got a couple of deer, a stag and a doe; but the others had bad luck and got nothing.

March 26th.—Started at 7. Found sambur close to the

bheel; Clarke and Lloyd fired at two, but missed; Lloyd then wounded a doe, and as she passed me I killed her for him; then Clarke, Lloyd and I between us killed a doe, but she gave us a long chase before she succumbed. We went on with various luck, but most of those hit escaped, as tree-jungle was close by, and once in that we could not follow up, and the animals would lie down and die, or be eaten either by tigers or wild dogs or even by hogs; for the latter are only clean feeders when they can get no filth to eat, but if they come across carrion they gobble it up as a *bonne bouche.* I got a couple more deer; and close to camp I knocked over a doe d'ala'el, but she picked herself up, and though her entrails were hanging out, she ran a good fifty yards before she fell.

March 27th.—We went to the same ground as yesterday; found game very scarce, and after a long trudge Lloyd and Clarke killed a buck d'ala'el between them. Lloyd to-day hit a lot of beasts but lost the most of them; I got two doe sambur and a buck; Lloyd killed a good sized stag, and we came across a doe sambur lately killed by a tiger. The heat to-day was very great, and jungle-fires all about, so getting disgusted I trudged off homewards, and coming across a nice-sized pig shot it for the pot; the others got home late and had nothing more to show.

March 28th.—I started very early for Banlong, then crossed the river and rode into Tongho. I did about sixty-two miles that day, and felt very tired by the time I got home. I had to cross the river twice.

April 11th.—Having to go to Shoay-ghien I started alone, and got to Nouksedouk at 2 P.M. Eat some breakfast or rather tiffin there and pushed on. I lost my way several times, but got to Kaeen Kine at 5 P.M., where my camp was.

April 12th.—We all went straight across country for Myet-chin; I leading on my howdah elephant, and my servants on the pads with the baggage following. We started a tiger,

and I had a good chase after it, and got several snap-shots, but did not bag. The heat was awful, and there was not a drop of water to be had. We were going along silently, and on getting to the edge of a tree-jungle, out in the quin, well out of shot, there was a herd of tsine or wild cattle, the first I had seen. I watched them for some time. They are beautiful creatures, of a deep red, with white bellies, white under the tail and along the rump, and a white ring round the eyes, and have a slight dorsal ridge and not a hump, only in the distance they look very like tame cattle. I got off and attempted to stalk them, but a pad elephant trumpeted and off the herd went. I tried to follow them up, but it is useless to go after them once they are alarmed, as they go for miles and miles. This took us a good deal out of our way, and it was too hot to be out all day. So we made straight for Myet-chin, and got there at 2 P.M., found the bheel all but dry. In the evening, as I wanted meat for the camp, I went to a pool a little way off, and sat down behind a bush. It was all but dark before anything came, and then a stag thamine, two does, and a d'ala'el came. I killed the stag, and knocked over a doe, but it was too dark to follow it, and in the morning it was found partially eaten. The mahouts would not eat the stag as it had not been *hallaled,* so my Madras servants and the Burmese had it all to themselves.

April 13.—I hunted all round the bheel for the tiger which had eaten the doe, and it was a long time before I started it. I got a fair shot at it and hit, but it got into tree-jungles where I could not follow it, and I had no time to hunt it up, as I had an appointment to keep, so left it and went on; we made for Chawteah, and *en route* put up a lot of sambur, but shot only one. On the banks of the Koon-choung we put up bison, but they got away. Near Chawteah I killed two pea-fowl, one with ball. I shot a heap of small birds like ortolans, but they were not worth the trouble

of cooking. In the evening I went out beating the skirts of the jungle; I put up a good many hog-deer, two sambur, and several pig: I shot one pig and a hog-deer. These hog-deer or d'ala'el when young are beautifully spotted; as they grow old the spots disappear except in the monsoon, when, in the old ones, a ridge of spots is visible on each side of the spine, and the younger are all more or less spotted; they are capital eating, and chops made of a young one are delicious. Of all the deer tribe the marsh-deer carries the greatest amount of fat. Early in June, they have been so fat, that when hit, I have seen a lump of fat as big as a man's fist instantaneously protrude out of the bullet-hole. They are better eating than the sambur. No doubt if they could be kept for a few days they would be very good, but in India one is forced to eat game within a few hours of its being killed, so it is generally tough and flavourless; to-day for the first time I saw three coolen, but could not get near them.

April 14.—Moved to Thabew : saw lots of sambur and a few d'ala'el and thamine. I bagged three sambur, a d'ala'el, a small pig, and two jungle-fowl. I saw several pea-fowl and fired at them with ball, but did not hit one; there were bears about, as I saw heaps of marks, and the village shikaree had a small one about the size of a terrier, which he had caught a few days ago, and which was as savage as he could be. A tiger killed a cow in the open, and I went out at once, but as the jungle at hand consisted of grass and trees, I would not disturb it, but under a clump of long grass I had a hole dug, and sat in it with one native. About 6 P.M. the tiger came out and gradually approached the kill. We watched every movement. He never looked down, but up, all round, evidently expecting danger from above, and not suspecting we were in a hole within twenty yards; he seemed in no hurry, and took at least a quarter of an hour to go a few

hundred yards. He was an old male with fine whiskers, but his body partly encased with mud. I fancy after killing, he had taken a bath; and as there was little water, and that more mud than water, I fancy though it may have cooled him, it could not have refreshed him much. When within a few yards of the carcass he stood still, and, as his head was partially turned from us he presented a splendid shot. I told Shoah-nah, the Burman, to fire at the shoulder, while I fired at the junction of the head and neck; and as I have before now, using a rest and with small charges of powder, hit a bird at ninety yards, I had not much doubt as to the result. I fired a little before the Burman, and as my ball sped true the tiger subsided at once; the ball from the shikaree's rifle going over him as he fell. We waited for the elephant, which was told to come for us on hearing a shot; but as he did not appear, we left the tiger, and walked back to camp; found the mahouts cooking their food, and not an elephant ready, so pitched into the head-man, and packed off two elephants and eight or ten men to bring in the tiger. I had just dined when the party returned, saying the tiger was not dead, but eating the cow. I did not believe them, thinking they had never been; but as it was too dark to do anything, I told them to go about their business, and to have the elephants ready at daylight. So I went out, and sure enough there was our tiger lying dead, but the cow all but eaten and the bones scattered about. There was but a little jungle free from trees, and into this I went and put up the tigress at once. I got a couple of snap-shots at her, with what result I could not say, as following her up was impossible, she having got into tree-jungle at once. Had we not been in such a hurry to get home the evening before, I should probably have bagged her too. I left the greater part of my traps here, and had the tiger skinned, and the skin pegged out. I sent on my bedding and a few traps by a fast elephant, and started

after breakfast. I had three ponies, and got to Shoayghien in the evening, and put up in Watson's house. I was busy for the next three days, and then rode back to Thabew and got there in the evening. The local shikaree had two small panther cubs, which he had found after killing the mother. Their eyes were only just open; he offered them both to me for a few rupees, but there was no milk to be got, so I would not take them. No cattle had been killed since I left, so I either killed the tigress or effectually frightened her away.

April 20.—Started very early to Chawteah. Going across country I went through but a strip of grass-jungle, and in it I put up several sambur; but as they were all hinds I would not fire at them, as I could get as many shots as I liked near the camp. I made for the heavy grass-jungle; where bison, buffaloes, and elephants were reported to be. It was very hard work for the elephants to push their way through the entangled grass, which evidently had not been burnt for years. The stems were as thick as one's wrist, and more like bamboos than reeds. Nothing can get through this kind of jungle excepting elephants, and in the tracks they make, bison and buffaloes, and occasionally deer follow. Finding it killing work forcing our way through this, I got into a track, and soon lost sight of the pad elephants. The path was a well-used one, and pretty broad, so we went along silently enough, and as no fresh signs were visible I was sitting down reading, when a snort and a rush made me jump up only in time to see the tail of a bison as he bolted. I had not time to fire. In open tree-jungle, when you come upon a herd of bison, they generally bolt for about fifty yards, and then pull up and look at you, but in heavy jungle, they make off. I was much disgusted, as the mahout said he came upon the bison as the elephant turned a corner, and that it was within a few feet; so before

he bolted I might have had a good shot, had I been looking out. So I put down my book, and took up my rifle. We went, however, a good hour without seeing a thing. We got out of the heavy grass, and went through an open quin, before entering the belt of trees that skirt the banks of the Koon Choung. Here the men said were several rhinoceros, and I can well believe it; though at the time I did not. We saw none, however. After crossing the Koon, we had to go through very heavy grass-jungle again, and, as one of the numerous tracks looked fresher than the others, we followed it; and in about half-an-hour came upon five bison lying down under a few trees, in a pretty open bit of tree and grass-jungle. Our approach was so silent, they did not perceive us till we were a few yards off them: and, before they could spring up, I fired at the nearest—a cow. She and the rest jumped up, but another ball behind the shoulder made the wounded one feel very sick, and she ran only a few yards before tumbling over; the rest got away. She was a very handsome beast. I had her skinned, and as the mahout had cut her throat, though at the time that he did so she was quite dead, he said she was *hallaled,* and took the intermediate strip of meat which lies along the dorsal ridge, in the vicinity of the hump, as he said it was the best piece. I took the tongue and a lot of meat for the camp, and as we left, the vultures came down in hundreds, and I fancy in an hour there was very little of her left. These vultures in time became perfect nuisances. At first they only appeared after an animal was killed; but after we had been hunting the same ground several times, they took to following us about; flying ahead and in circles, and lighting on the branches of trees, and the flapping of their wings disturbed game, particularly bison and deer. Buffaloes seldom pay any attention to them; so we thought them a bore, and occasionally when they had annoyed us more than usual by frightening

away a herd, we shot one or two, when the rest would keep at a respectful distance. It is wonderful the sight of these birds; not one would be in view, but directly a deer was rolled over, before its throat had been cut even, there would be a rushing through the air, and a vulture would sweep past, and light on the nearest tree, to be followed by dozens of others, fighting and jabbering at each other as they lighted on the same branch. As it was getting late, we made for camp, and got there about 4 P.M., and found all our traps there. The men reported having come across a herd of elephants and several bison. When they missed us they had followed a track too, and had gone straight to camp, but had only arrived an hour or so before us. In the evening after a bath, I went a little way off, where there were a lot of pea-fowl, and shot a couple for the pot, for I did not care to eat the bison. The villagers complained of damage done by bears, and three men had been killed by them lately; but where they hide themselves is to me a puzzle, as I never even got a glimpse of one in all my trips.

April 21*st.*—Moved to Myet-chin. We went a roundabout way towards Ananbo to look for a rhinoceros which was reported to be there, but although we saw some indistinct marks which might have been his, we did not come across him. We saw numerous hinds (sambur), but it was no use firing at them so far from camp; out of one small patch of grass I put out three sambur and a *tiger.* The latter was so covered with dirt and blacks, the jungles having been lately burnt, that we did not twig what he was till he was out of shot, and though I looked for him everywhere I never saw him again. I then got into a forest, but with only small trees, and those a good way apart, and with nice-sized *kine* grass, but saw only three hinds, at which I would not fire. Through this forest, across a quin, and again through a forest on the other side, I saw nothing but a hog-deer or two; but

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beyond this, under a solitary tree, near a salt-lick, I saw a fine bison standing alone. I could approach him unobserved by dismounting, as there were numerous tracks, and not very heavy jungle; so I got off, and stalked him. I got within fifty yards, and he was still chewing the cud unconscious of my approach, but unfortunately I tripped over a creeper, and the noise startled, not only him, but seven others, which had been lying down in the long grass, but the country being open they only ran about twenty yards, and as I lay full length on the ground they did not see me, and pulled up. I had my trusty Lang, and fired at the chest of the big bull, and, as they all spun round, at the shoulder of another: both balls told, but nothing fell. I picked myself up, and, running headlong, without a single barrel being loaded, I came right upon the bull, and could scarcely prevent myself falling on the top of him, but he was fortunately *in articulo mortis*, and died a second afterwards. I left him, after loading my rifle, and followed up a track on which there was lots of blood, but, as it went into dense grass, I waited for the elephants and got into the howdah. I had not gone 100 yards when the cow started, and I gave her two more balls, but made no impression, and she led me a long chase, and took me a long way out of my route, but eventually I came upon her exceedingly savage, and as she lowered her head to charge, a ball in the neck dropped her. By this time I was so far away from the bull I would not go back for his trophies, so contented myself with the head and tail of the cow and some meat for the camp-followers, and meant to send back for the head of the bull on the morrow, but my other elephants had come upon him and brought the greater part of him into camp. Shoah-nah here met me, and had the skin of the tigress I had hit on the 13th, but it was quite spoilt and not worth the keeping, so I told him he might keep it and claim the reward. They found it dead

the third day, and as a tiger gets high within a few hours of its death, it may be imagined the state it was in when it was discovered. The skin is of no use after decomposition sets in, as the hair falls off. The next day I marched to Banlong, shooting a fine buck thamine *en route,* and wounding two or three other deer, but losing them all. I took it easy to-day, and sent on my ponies to be posted *en route* to Tongho, and rode in the next day, getting home after a fearfully hot ride by 3 P.M.

CHAPTER VII.

Hunting expedition.—Banlong.—Capture of an escaped elephant.—A herd of bison.—Lost in the jungle.—Encounter with a tigress.—An enraged buffalo.—Sport with elephants in Tongho.

In May 1861, Lloyd, Clarke, and Vincent of the 69th went one way, whilst Osmer, Madden, Munro, Leeds, and I went another. We started on May 3, rather late in the day, and got to Nouksedouk at 3 P.M., having stopped for breakfast at a place called Tway-aik-poway, the distance gone being about twenty-four miles.

May 4th.—Started at 6 A.M. The road almost impassable, being blocked up by returning Shans and their cattle; our progress very slow in consequence. Got to Menlah, distant ten miles, at 10 A.M.; breakfasted there, and moved on to Ka-en-Kein, eight miles further. Found the best shikaree dead, and water very scarce. Reports of sport bad.

May 5th.—Up early; got on elephants; I the only one in a howdah, the rest on pads. Munro took a book to read, preferring it to a gun to shoot. We found the country parched up, and the game had in consequence migrated elsewhere. The old grass had been burnt, and no rain had as yet fallen to enable the young grass to shoot up. Thus during a long day's trudge we only saw a few thamine, and they out of shot, so our day's sport was *nil.*

May 6th.—Moved camp to Banlong, distant twelve miles; fired at thamine *en route,* but missed many easy shots.

May 7th.—We started this morning at 6 A.M., and after going about three miles, got into fine young *kine* grass. In this I saw a sambur, and unfortunately fired at it, not knowing that within a hundred yards of us was lying down a fine bison. I wounded the deer, up got the bison and bolted; all ideas of shooting deer were immediately thrown aside, and we went off full chase after the bison, but he was far too quick for us, and gave us the slip in some heavy grass-jungle. We then condescended to go back after the deer. I got one during the day, and so did Boyle, but the rest got nothing. We started plenty, but the shooting was bad and the game wild. We came across the fresh marks of a herd of elephants, and hope to come across the beasts themselves to-morrow.

May 8th.—Started at 6 A.M.; went to new ground; saw next to nothing, but came across an elephant, and were on the point of shooting it when, luckily, one of the shikarees said he thought he recognized it as an escaped one. So the guns were laid aside, and after about an hour's sharp chase we came up with our friend and caught it. It became perfectly quiet directly one of the shikarees jumped on its back; before it was inclined to fight. It had escaped about three months previously, and it was its marks which we had come across yesterday. After we had caught this elephant the day was well advanced, and we only put up about six sambur, all of which were wild, and all got away. We saw lots of thamine in the open, but could not approach them. Got back at dusk empty-handed to camp.

May 9th.—To-day is not to be forgotten in a hurry, as we lost our way, and were eighteen hours on the elephant's back. We left at 6 A.M., and on entering the open quin, we saw several sambur; in firing at them disturbed a herd of bison. In following them up we separated, Boyle going to the right, and Madden, Osmer, and I to the left. It came on to rain

very heavily at 2 P.M. I had a blanket, and with it rigged up a fair tent or cover over myself and guns; but in the very midst of the heavy rain we heard two shots, and up trotted a very fine sambur right amongst us. This was a temptation we could not resist; and every one threw off what covering he had over him, and opened fire. The poor brute was so blinded with the pelting rain it did not see us, and passed our whole line without being touched. I was the last, and missed with the first barrel, but hit with the second. The deer ran fifty yards, and then lay down and kept jumping up and running when ever we got pretty close to it until my guns were emptied; in trying to reload found the barrels saturated inside. The deer was too badly wounded to run away, yet had enough life to prevent any one coming up to it to cut its throat. Thus, as it was still pouring with rain, we had to stop where we were till it ceased; then we had to clean a gun the best way we could to polish off our quarry. I got one barrel fit to go off at last, and killed the deer. We padded it, and continued our way, but it was very cloudy; the sun could not be seen, and the shikarees were cold and wet through. Whilst going, as we thought, towards home, we came across a herd of, I should say, at least sixty bison of all sizes and ages, from the immense bull to the calf of a week or two old. They all stood and looked at us for a second, then ran away. None of my heavy guns were fit to load. I had only one light gun, and with that I jumped off the elephant and ran after the herd on foot, but I was so numbed with the rain and cramped position in which I had been sitting in the howdah, that for some little time my legs failed me altogether, and I had to crawl along the best way I could. I overtook the herd, and planted two balls well into the shoulder of a big bull, which stumbled, and then separating from the herd took to our right. I got on the elephant, and we all gave chase, never thinking for one

moment but that we were not far from home, and that we were going that way. We pushed on, cheered every now and then by a sight of the bull in difficulties in front of us. Had I had any of my heavy guns loaded I could have bagged this beast; as it was, he led us a long chase, and got off, after having taken us away direct from home for at least six miles. When we pulled up tired, wet, and cold, once more we gave the word for home, and the shikarees went on in the same direction, none of us suspecting anything wrong. At last at 6 P.M. I looked up, and as the mist had just partially cleared up, right in front of us, and not above three miles distant were the Yomah Hills. We had thus been going away straight from Banlong, our temporary home, instead of towards it, as we had been fondly imagining. On inquiring from the shikarees what they meant by thus taking us away from instead of towards home, they honestly acknowledged that they had lost their way, that the rain and mist had obscured the sun, and that they had not the least idea where we were. Thus at 6 P.M. we found ourselves in a dense jungle without a guide to show us the way out, and not an idea how far we were from home, or where it lay; but all Burmans know the use of the stars as a guide, and as soon as darkness fairly set in, the shikarees took us in a pretty fair direction. At 9 P.M. we found ourselves at Myet-chin, twelve miles from Banlong, where we finally got exactly at 12 at night, after as hard and as unpleasant a day's work as one need wish to encounter. Travelling on a cowardly elephant through a tree-forest on a dark night is not nice work. There was fortunately hot water and dinner ready, so after putting our feet, which were quite numbed with cold and wet, into hot water, we made a hearty meal, went to bed, and found ourselves none the worse next morning.

May 10th.—To-day, perforce, we had to stay at home, to

give the elephants and mahouts a rest and to clean the guns; and as none but myself knew how to take a lock to pieces, and to clean it and put it together again, I had a hard day's work, as I cleaned the locks of some dozen guns during the day.

May 11*th.*—All this morning we were busy packing our traps on elephants, preparatory to moving camp. After breakfast we got on our ponies and started for Myet-chin, where we arrived in the course of the afternoon. Had I been looking out as I ought to have been doing, I might have got capital shots at thamine; but I was mooning along, and did not see some three or four deer which were staring me in the face, till they were going away full pelt. Not wishing to disturb the country I did not fire. About 3 P.M. Madden and Osmer went out stalking, whilst Boyle and I stayed at home. It was about 5 P.M., and we were going to bathe; I had on nothing but a shirt and long drawers, but was destitute of shoes or socks. Boyle had not undressed. A mahout, in a great state of excitement, came up on a small elephant, and said that he and the other mahouts had just seen, marked down, and surrounded a tiger close by; indeed we could see the other elephants grouped about in a circle. I must own I did not believe there was a tiger there, but as the distance was nothing—short of half a mile—I proposed to Boyle we should get on the elephant and go there; so, taking a couple of rifles each, just as we were we jumped up, and in a few minutes' time were at the scene of action. No sooner had we got there than I twigged the tigress creeping away in front of us; but as soon as she found herself discovered she charged us at once. I don't think she meant more than to frighten us away, and this she most effectually did, as every *hâthee* bolted, but not before Boyle and I had taken two snap-shots at her. As soon as the elephants could be stopped, I got on to the top of the charrah on my own

elephant, who was loaded with his night's food of long grass, nicely packed in a huge heap on his back. Being thus elevated, I flattered myself I could see better than if on an ordinary guddi, and I never thought of sending for my howdah. We formed line, but the elephants were very unsteady, often refusing to advance, trumpeting, shuffling their feet along the ground, knocking their trunks on the hard earth till the noise could be heard half a mile off; in fact showing all the signs of being in a perfect stew. The tigress had shown good judgment in her tactics, as she had made our shooting her now a most difficult task. However, we got on the best way we could, and again started her. No sooner was her rush heard, as she ran parallel past our line, than every *hâthee* except mine formed a close phalanx and ran away, taking with them Boyle. My elephant, though he would not bolt, was as unsteady as he could be. The tigress had taken up her position in a small patch of high grass, and towards this I made my mahout push the reluctant beast. By the time I got within fifty yards of it, Boyle had managed to get the elephants back. I could see the grass moving from the motion of the tigress' tail, as she swayed it to and fro in her lair. The Burman shikaree called out to me to fire into the grass. I did so, and the movement in the grass ceased. I thought I had made a lucky shot, and that our enemy was dead, and told the mahout to push in the elephant. He had not gone ten yards, which he did protesting by noises and sundry shakings most loudly against the movement, than out the tigress rushed like a shot from a catapult, and seized him by the right leg, or rather foot. I fired into her as she charged, but failed to stop her speed even for one second. The elephant threw her by a jerk of the leg a good ten feet off, and as she fell on her back, both Boyle and I fired into her. Poor Boyle's elephant would not stand for a second, and how he managed to hit her, as he did this time, I do not know;

but he certainly shot her through the stomach, and I higher up. She crawled into a patch of long grass as soon as she picked herself up. By this time I was getting savage. Being on the top of a heap of grass on the elephant's back, I found my seat insecure, and having two rifles, it was not easy to take care of them both. I had no shikaree with me. The other elephants were fifty yards away, and coming back to us slowly. I made the mahout push my animal right for the patch into which the tigress had gone. No sooner had the elephant's head entered this, than the tigress sprang clean off the ground, between his tusks, which were a very fine pair, and, clinging to the trunk and forehead with her claws, she set to work to maul him about the jaw. Those who are familiar with elephants will easily realize the row mine kicked up at this mark of affection on the tigress's part. He suddenly threw himself on his knees, and began driving his long tusks into the soft ground, imagining that he was pounding the tigress, whereas she was quite safe, and was punishing him dreadfully. I had hit the tigress hard as she sprang up, but in the scrimmage which ensued the charrah and I were sent flying, and I fell on the broad of my back, with my face about four feet from the tigress's rump. I had half-cocked my remaining gun as I was falling, and full-cocked it as soon as I reached the ground. Poor Boyle thought I was killed, and was thrashing his mahout to induce him to come to my aid, but not one of the elephants with him would move, except away from the tigress. When I picked myself up, I found in front of me an infuriated elephant, a tigress well fastened to his head, and nothing of her visible but the tail and rump. I thought discretion the better part of valour, though I was savage enough to have done anything at the time. I began to back out, having the gun ready for instant use, but my position was not a nice one. I had no shoes or socks on even; the ground was hard and lumpy, and covered

with the sharp stems of the elephant-grass which had been burnt but lately, and as the surface was covered with thorny creepers, every four or five paces I took backwards I was thrown down, and every time I fell Boyle thought the tigress was upon me. However, after about as nasty a hundred yards' walk as I ever had in my life, I got back to where the elephants were congregated, and fortunately one which had been in camp was coming towards us. I immediately got on to it, and hurried back. This elephant was a horrible coward, but it had not been in the row, so he went along pretty fast towards where my elephant and the tigress were still fighting, but before we could reach the spot, my *hathee* had shaken himself clear of the tigress, and run towards us, with the mahout holding on to its hind quarters instead of being as usual on the neck. The charrah was all on one side, and the ropes had cut into the elephant's back a good two inches, incapacitating him for work or shikar for six months. The only thing the mahout called out to me as he passed, was that the tiger had bitten him—nothing more. I of course pushed on to the front as hard as I could, as I was determined to kill this beast if possible. No sooner had I got within a respectable distance of her, than without waiting to be shot at, out she charged. I hit her, but only stopped her for a second; the elephant turned round to bolt, but she was much too quick for him, and seized him high up on the inside of the thigh, and there held on. Whilst the elephant was bolting, and she hanging on, swinging to and fro under his belly, I tried by using my gun as a pistol to shoot her through the head, but owing to the rapid motion and unsteadiness of the elephant, I missed her. I had also to hold on to the pad-ropes with one hand. To make a long story short, this beast of a tigress mauled my elephant—the second I was on—eight times, receiving a ball each time. We were just as savage as she was, but she had the advantage of us in the approaching

darkness, and at last, when no amount of thrashing would induce the mahout or elephant to advance one inch towards her, she never attempted to bolt, but sat in a patch of long grass, till I got within twenty yards of her, and then she would rush out roaring fearfully; and as it was all but dark, we had to leave her and go home. The poor mahout—my first one—was fearfully mauled; his foot was crunched to pieces, and yet he said nothing, but that the tigress was a *banchoot*, and he hoped the Sahib would kill it next day. Fortunately we had Dr. Madden with us, about as skilful a medical man and as jolly a fellow as one would wish to meet with, and he took out all the broken bones, and bandaged up the foot as well as he could. I sent off to Tongho for medicines that same night, and got them in thirty-six hours; and thanks to Madden's skill and kindness, the mahout recovered, but his foot was never altogether sound, and after healing for a month a new sore would break out again, and more small bits of bone come away. The elephant was worse cut by the charrah ropes than by the tigress, though she had bitten him badly enough. I did not use him for six months. He was a plucky beast, would never run, but he was too unsteady to allow one to make correct shooting off his back. I may here say that though he had suffered the worst, he was the only one out of eight elephants which would go up to the tigress, for we found her dead early the next morning. He walked up to her, and when told to hit her with his trunk did so, whilst the rest of the elephants, some of them immense tuskers, would not go near her. We found her dead and quite offensive early in the morning. Her last charge had been feeble, and she evidently was unable to return to her lair after it, as she lay dead in the open on her back. I think she had eleven bullets in her, any one of which ought to have crippled her. She measured only nine feet as she lay dead. Her tail was very short. The Burmese

called her a royal tiger, and said that the *zat-wallas* always prove more savage than the tigers with longer tails. Certainly nothing could have been more savage or plucky than she was. I found my feet rather cut by the stumps of the elephant-grass, and I made a vow to shoot tigers only out of a howdah in future, and not to trust to pads or charrah.

May 12th.—Out in the morning early. I found the tigress dead as before described. In the afternoon Madden and Osmer knocked over two doe thamine, but lost one owing to having gone out without a shikar-knife. They knocked her down, stood over her, and when she picked herself up and bolted they both missed her.

May 13th.—Boyle, covered with boils, was too seedy to go out. Madden nearly as bad. He came out with us, but had to give in after the first mile. So Osmer and I went on together. We knocked over four sambur before 9 o'clock, but only got two; had we had dogs we could have bagged all easily enough, as they were very hard hit, but it is so easy to lose game in this long grass. We came across a herd of buffaloes, but they were too alert for us, and got away. This was a sell for us, for up to that time not a wild buffalo had been shot in Burmah. We then skirted the tree-jungle, and came across sambur. I knocked one down with the first barrel, and killed it with the second; Osmer then wounded one, and as it passed me I killed it for him. Shortly afterwards I saw a big boar in an open patch of grass; missed it standing, but with the left barrel hit it through the centre of the body. Osmer broke its hind-leg as it passed him, but got so excited, though the poor brute could not go out of a walk, he kept missing him time after time. As I was on a very slow elephant, I begged of him to wait for me; and as soon as I got within shot I killed the pig. Going home, a buck sambur stood looking at Osmer, who, however, did not see him till he was within five yards of him; he then fired in

a hurry, and badly wounded him, but as he passed me, I rolled him over dead.

May 14th.—Madden and Boyle too seedy to go out. So Osmer and I went together. We bagged five sambur before breakfast, and wounded in all eight. I got three and Osmer two; our elephants having as much as they could carry, and as we saw very little between 10 and 1 o'clock we went home, quite satisfied with our day's work.

May 15th.—Osmer and I out again. We got two fine sambur, but otherwise had bad luck. As I hear bad accounts from home, I ride back with Osmer to Tongho to-morrow, leaving Madden and Boyle to continue their sport.

May 16th.—Rode into Tongho, distant sixty miles; found things progressing better at home.

May 21st.—As my people were far better, I left this morning in a boat, and got to Banlong at dusk; found that Madden had sent no elephant for me, nor any grub or pony; but as I had a cold fowl and a bottle of beer I did very well. I slept on the hard boards of a zyat, with a log of wood as pillow, and walked into Myet-chin early next day. I found Boyle and Madden absent shooting; they returned home about 2 P.M.; they had come across a herd of buffaloes, and foolishly dismounted; and had fired at and wounded very many of the buffs. Fortunately none charged, so though they received no injury, they bagged none. They were both improved in health, and were able to go about.

May 22nd.—Heavy rain all night and the greater part of the day. We started at half-past 6 A.M., and agreed to fire at nothing less than buffaloes, bison, and the like. Of course we put up very many sambur, but we let them go. About 8 A.M. I came across five bison lying down, and as I was within fifty yards of them, I could have taken my choice, but did not like to do so, as I was the only one of the party who had

killed bison; and as the other two were griffins, I wished them to get a shot too. So I stood perfectly still, beckoning them to come on, whilst hurrying on their beasts; and whilst my back was turned towards the bison, a wretched *hathee* trumpeted, frightened the bison, and I never got a shot, though I suppose I was a good five minutes standing over them. So much for forbearance out shooting. We followed the herd for two hours, and at last drove them out of a very heavy piece of elephant-grass, in which they had taken refuge. One immense bull gave me a broadside shot as he ran past, and I put two balls into him out of my two-groove No. 10 Lang. He ran for about 300 yards and then stood still. Madden was on the fastest elephant, and got within twenty yards, but he was so excited that he missed clean with both barrels. He told me the bison was bleeding through the mouth, and that he appeared very seedy. A young bull bison, about sixteen hands high, joined the wounded one, and by trotting in front of it appeared to give it new life, and to urge it onwards. My elephant was very slow, but I urged it on to the utmost. The wounded bull would now and then stand and look round, and I was in hopes he would charge or drop; but no, the confounded young bull kept urging it on, and the two would trot together for a couple of hundred yards, and then stop to breathe and so on, keeping about 300 yards ahead of us. At last they disappeared in a very heavy piece of elephant-grass; beyond was all open, and we were convinced the big bull had lain down in the grass and that the young one had remained with him, so we beat back; suddenly not five yards ahead of me, up jumped the young bull, and galloped away straight from me, tail on end. I took a dead shot just below the root of the tail. My first shot went over him. My second caught him just at the hip-joint, and went through into the chest. He fell like a snipe, and never

moved again. The big bull I am convinced lay dead, as I found his remains in this very jungle exactly one year afterwards; but just as we had padded the best parts of the young bull, together with his head, and were going back to search for the big one, a herd of buffaloes appeared in the distance, and as up to that time we had not bagged a single one—indeed I never had a shot at one—in our excitement we forgot the wounded bison, and chased the buffaloes, which however soon outran us. As we were a long way from camp we turned homewards, and suddenly I came upon a huge solitary bull buffalo. He saw me distinctly, but took not the slightest notice of me. I beckoned the others to come on, and when within fifty yards we all let fly. He was rather hard hit but did not charge; we all followed in chase. As it was raining at the time I jumped off to load under a tree, whilst Madden and Boyle went on; before I had finished loading I heard several shots, the trumpeting of elephants, and the two yelling for me to come on. So I hurried after them and found that the buffalo had suddenly charged, knocked the legs from under Madden's elephant, very nearly upsetting him, and then had chased Boyle's elephant, who, however, proved too quick for him. Neither elephant would budge an inch after him; the buffalo was quietly walking on, and I followed, and when within about fifty yards gave him several shots, but he took not the slightest notice; presently he entered a piece of very high grass, and took his stand there listening intently for us, to pounce down upon us suddenly. I was on a pad, as I found that I could shoot far better off it than out of a howdah, but I could not see into the heavy grass without standing up, a process which is anything but safe on a pad, as you have nothing to hold on by. However, knowing my elephant—a female one—to be very quiet, I did stand up and saw the buffalo in front of me, about thirty paces off, his ears turned back, and evidently

intending mischief. I took the heavy Lang and fired for the spine; in one moment he was down upon me. I had only time to throw myself down in a sitting posture on the pad before my elephant was driven forward a good two yards by the shock of the charge; once the buffalo, which stood within two feet as high as my elephant, came alongside and looked up at me with his great stupid face not a yard from me. I put the rifle down, using it with one hand like a pistol, touched his forehead, and pulled the trigger, but for once in my life the old Lang failed me, as it missed fire. The next moment I was urging the mahout to push the elephant forward, as the big brute of a buffalo was driving his great horns into a delicate part of her body, and mauling her dreadfully; but the stupid brute would not move except when driven forward by the buffalo. It did nothing but screech with its trunk in the air; at last I got it away, and Boyle and Madden both firing together stopped further charging, and I reloaded and examined the elephant. She was cruelly mauled; she had to be laid up for four months, and though up to this time she was one of the steadiest beasts I ever saw, ever afterwards she was useless for shikar. I got on to another elephant and went again in chase; we soon came up with the buffalo, who now showed decided signs of ill-health; a few more bullets, fired at close quarters, laid him low, but it took another dozen shots to kill him outright. He stood eighteen hands high, and without exception he was one of the finest bull buffaloes I ever met, though I killed lots afterwards in Burmah, and, later, heaps in Assam, but none of them equalled him in thickness of horns, but in length of horns I have shot many very much finer. It took altogether some thirty-nine bullets to kill this beast. The horns were about 3½ feet each, outer measurement, but 27 inches thick round the circumference at the base of the horns close to the skull. It was as much as four of us could do to put his head on to a pad, and

we all rejoiced greatly at his death. We got home without further adventure this day just at dusk.

May 24th.—Moved for a village—Thep-pat. Madden had several shots at sambur, but failed to bag; we came across a herd of bison, but they took to very high elephant-grass, and though we chased them for a good two hours they fairly beat us. We could only see the tops of their horns now and then, but a sight of the body we could not get. Boyle also got two shots at deer but missed both.

May 25th.—The grass round this village being too high it is hopeless to remain here, so we have determined to move to Myet-chin. Directly we started we saw heaps of marks of bison and buffalo, so for a long time we would not fire at sambur, and, as is usual in such circumstances, we put up very many of these deer. At last the temptation proved too much for Boyle and Madden, and they both fired at a buck; the report of their rifles started a fine bull bison, and to this we gave chase. Presently we saw him join a herd of five in an open glade in the tree-forest, so we jumped off the elephants and made a careful stalk; we got within eighty yards before we were twigged. There were three standing close together, one a foot at least taller than the others, and they looked full-grown. The head and shoulders of the big bull were protected, being covered by the stem of a tree, but his hind-quarter and hip-joint were perfectly distinct over the back of another bull. He appeared very old, very emaciated, as all his ribs stuck out, but he was colossal. Boyle and Madden, who were to my right, could see his head and neck, and at this they fired; I fired at the hip-joint, using a tree as a rest for my Lang rifle; on the smoke clearing away there were five bison going away with their tails up in the air, whilst one lay struggling on its back on the ground. I immediately ran forward, and by the time I was within twenty paces of it it had struggled up into a sort

of sitting posture. I fired into the shoulder, and up he jumped and ran forward on three legs, one hind-leg, evidently broken at the hip-joint, flying about anyhow. We gave chase after loading, but he had a good start, and though we came across lots of blood, it was half-an-hour before we sighted him again. I put two more balls into him, and, without exaggeration, he left pools of blood of the size of a plate behind him as he hobbled along. It was about five in the afternoon now, and we were a long way from home, but we followed on and on; unfortunately we came upon a cane-brake, or rather a thicket of creepers, into which the bison walked. Here elephants were useless; so we dismounted, but so keen of hearing was he that, though we came upon where he had been standing in a pool of his own blood, yet he had sufficient strength to get out of the brake and into the high grass again. So we mounted elephants again and followed him, but no sooner did he hear us approaching than he got into the brake again. Again we went on foot after him; again he got into the high grass, and so on, till we were tired. As it was evident he could not get away, we left him, and got home at eight at night.

May 26th.—Khubber was brought in to us early this morning that a herd of bison had been seen not far from camp, but in a direction the opposite of where we had left the big bull last evening. As I was convinced this beast must be dead, I sent one of the shikarees on a spare elephant with a gun to hunt him up whilst we went after the herd. Such is the fear entertained of these bison by the Burmese and natives of India, that they would do anything rather than encounter one, and though I offered Rs. 20 for the head of the one we left last evening, the brutes—I found out afterwards—had never gone after him at all. They told us when we got home late at night they had searched everywhere but had failed to find it, and as we had to leave for Tongho next

day, we never had a chance of looking for him ourselves, which I regret extremely, as he was the finest bull I ever saw. The villagers found him dead in the brake, and I eventually got a head, said to have been his. It was something enormous. Between the horns, which were very thick, very old, and very truncated, a tape-measure showed forty inches. Although I had many fine heads I had none equal to this one, but I saw some brought from the Mishmee Hills, fully as good.

As we had to make preparations for returning towards Tongho to-morrow, we were late in starting, and having made up our minds to hunt for big game alone, we would not fire at sambur. We missed the herd of bison somehow, and about 1 P.M., Boyle and Madden getting tired of doing nothing, fired at a doe sambur though we were in bison jungle. I got disgusted and turned off towards camp, leaving them to kill their deer, which they did after firing some seventeen shots. I had gone about two miles when in front of me I saw two bull bison. I tried to stalk them, and in so doing up jumped a herd of about eight; they ran tail on end for about fifty paces; then they faced round. I immediately fired a right and left at two of the largest; the herd scampered away, but left one of their number standing quite still. I went up to it and killed it, my ball had gone through the dorsal ridge and had quite paralysed it. It proved a fine cow seventeen and a half hands high. I knew another one was wounded, but I followed the herd, thinking it had gone with the rest, but seeing no marks of blood on the trail went home. Had I looked 100 yards to my right I should have found a bull lying down, as we found him there next morning badly hit, but he got away after all.

May 27th.—Had to go towards home, and determined to do so *viâ* the "Pajahgalay Quin." We put all our things, servants, &c., on the elephants, and went straight across

country. When we reached the spot where I had killed the cow bison yesterday I called out to Boyle and Madden that it was here I had wounded another too. I had no sooner spoken than up jumped a good-sized bull in front of me; he was quite lame, but he went faster than we could follow, laden as our elephants were. My gun was in its waterproof case when the bison jumped up, and when I did get it out I am sorry to say that, firing in a hurry, I made a clean miss. We followed this bison for about two miles, but as he was taking us out of our way, and as we had a long march in front of us, we had to leave him, as we could not afford the time to follow him up. When we got beyond the first tree-jungle, about five miles from where we put the bison up, we came across a herd of buffaloes lying down in a pool of water. We dismounted and opened fire, but none fell to it, though several went away badly wounded; but we picked up three dead the next day, and we also found two of those Boyle and Madden had fired at whilst I was away at Tongho, dead also. In this our first trip, in which buffaloes had been seen, we killed six. We got to Pajahgalay Quin late in the afternoon, and had the greatest difficulty in finding our hut, which had been built for us during our absence, and of which, none of us having seen it, we did not know the whereabouts. The village was six miles off. So if we had not hit upon the shed at last we should have been badly off. However, just as we were despairing we came upon it. The open verandah had evidently been used as a shelter by a herd of "Tsine" or wild cattle, as they had left their marks behind, and the shed itself was so full of fleas that a sheet spread upon the floor became black in a few minutes. To sleep there was impossible, so we slung our cots with creepers under the outside verandah, and remained there all night.

May 28th.—We sent on our elephants with Banlong shikarees to endeavour to find the village of Ka-en-Kine, and

to bring us back shikarees and supplies. Boyle and Madden each killed a buck sambur to-day. We came upon marks of a herd of elephants, but did not come across the beasts themselves. We did not go far, as none of our people knew these jungles, and we had no wish to lose our way as we did on a former occasion. The gadflies in certain localities were awful. Coming home I bagged a buck sambur.

May 29*th*.—Our last day out. We again came across the fresh marks of a herd of elephants; in following them up came across a herd of bison, but as they were in open ground they saw us and bolted. The best shikaree being dead is a great blow to us, as none of the others here are worth anything, and they have no idea of the sort of jungle they ought to take us to. I shot to-day one buck sambur, a boar, and a doe d'ala'el, Boyle two sambur, and Madden a pig and a sambur. Moved to the village of Ka-en-Kine in the evening.

May 30*th*.—All rode into Tongho.

Thus ended our second regular trip into the jungles.

Lloyd, Clarke, and Vincent in their trip this month killed three bison—one of which charged them fiercely—one small bear, and a fair lot of deer—how many I don't know. They saw several bears up trees, but could not get near enough to shoot them before they descended and got into the high grass.

The following is an extract from a letter of General Blake written from Tongho:—

"Your description of game in Assam makes my mouth water; game you must have in abundance, and I must hunt you up some day. When coming up here (Tongho) I telegraphed for elephants to meet me at Shoay-ghein, thinking I might as well have a go in at Myet-chin on my way up, but they were not forthcoming, so there was nothing for it but to get carts and come up here as fast as I could. Starting

from Shoay-ghein on the evening of the 26th, going to Thanzeih that night, and reaching this on the 30th is not bad going, but it was a case of continual move, and threatening the bandy-men, one of whom I did walk into in uncommon nice style; I having given him three hours' start, and he having taken out his bullocks to graze after having gone about two miles out of Kyoung-bya. From Moulmein to this I did not see a single head of game of any sort, large or small. I just arrived here in time to see Lloyd with a party of six start for Myet-chin. For me to remain quietly here whilst shikar was going on was quite out of the question, so as I could not go with them I took my old line, and went to my former haunts on the banks of the Pabay River, going to Tseeben the first day. When I got to my destination there was nothing there, the shikaree said; however that night our ears and our eyes told us of elephants being there, a large tusker showing himself just below the huts at one corner of the small toungyah (or clearance) and another at the other corner. In the morning I was after them, and followed them backwards and forwards through the kine-grass till I was ready to drop. It was fearfully hot; I then took on myself the task of getting up to them; I went through the grass at one end and got round them; at least this was my intention, but I found they had crossed my path and got into some rattan jungle. I followed sharp, saw them, ran up towards them, and as I was then in the midst of the herd and could see no tusker, let fly and knocked over one. It was a very bad shot through rattans and their hanging leaves and creepers. Immediately on this there was of course a tremendous rush, and a huge 'mucknah' came and stood about twenty yards to my left; he was quite in the open, and there was not a bush between us, but though quite clear he did not give me a good shot as he was a little too far past me for a good temple shot; however I fired, and he

and all the rest bolted. I walked up to where I had floored the first one, and he also was gone, so you may suppose how disgusted I was. I followed them right through the elephant grass out on to the other side, and imagined they had bolted slick away. Amongst the wild ones was Armoogum's little elephant that he had lent me, for the little brute had been grazing in the grass the night before, and had gone off with the herd. The mahout said he knew his elephant, as it was hobbled, and as it could not have gone away with the rest he went into the long grass after it; great was his horror—for he is an awful coward—when he found himself amongst the whole herd which were resting quite silently. Up a tree he went and the herd ran back again. I went round, and whilst moving on quietly I heard an elephant, and, strange to say, though I called their attention to it several times the shikarees did not hear it. So taking only one sepoy to carry a reserve gun, and accompanied by the mahout, I walked towards the sound, and sure enough I came upon an elephant in the 'Pabay,' which is merely a nullah here. At length it showed its head; I asked the mahout if that was his elephant, he said he could not tell; at length I saw her move her fore-legs and saw that they were hobbled. I said to the mahout "run forward and get hold of your own elephant," but he said there is a large jungle elephant close to her. I saw what the fool mistook for the janwar was a bough of a tree, but he was in a great funk though I went into the kine with him; no sooner had he mounted than he bolted home sharp.

I heard the herd a little distance ahead of me, followed, and saw them coming towards me, when a female saw, I think, a sepoy who was with me, gave a trumpet, and all rushed back. I again followed and came upon them standing quite quiet, and then for the first time I saw a splendid tusker. I had left every one except one man behind, and thus was waiting for the huge brute to turn his head for me

to take the shot. He would not do so but moved forward about ten yards, putting his head behind a tree and his body under cover of that of a female. There was no moving quietly, a burning hot day, and the ground covered deep with fallen leaves; I think therefore that they must have heard me, for they suddenly wheeled round and were off at score. I followed for some distance but felt myself so done that I could scarcely raise my big rifles, so gave orders for home, and when I did get back to my halting ground was so done that I could scarcely speak, and was obliged to take a lot of brandy to bring me to. I did not remember ever to have been more thoroughly used up. The day was one of those cloudless, furiously hot ones, and if there was any wind it was not to be felt in the high grass, and I was running and walking all day with a heavy rifle in my hand, so it was not very wonderful that I did not go out the next day. But on the following I took up the trail of the *hathees*, and though I knew they had one day's and two nights' start of me, yet followed on and soon got upon fresh tracks of bison, and on turning a corner of the kine came upon a huge bull about ten yards off. He was more astonished than I was, gave a sort of roar, and bolted before I could finger trigger. I ran forward, but he had dashed down into a nullah and was away. Wonder where I should have been if instead of bolting he had come at me. Soon saw that he had gone off with no intention of allowing me to see him again that day, so took up the elephant track again, and in about half an hour afterwards, in a perfectly open piece of ground, and in the middle of the road that the elephants had made, came upon a tiger lying down. As we were upon no fresh track, I was not carrying my gun, and before I could get it he was away into the jungle. I followed for some little distance but found he had gone into a dense thicket, in which there was no seeing anything. I went somewhat further, and seeing that the

elephants had never stopped to eat or drink, and ascertaining that the nearest water was something like six or eight miles off, I gave it up and got back into the 'Pabay' stream, and walked back without seeing anything. Next morning I was out after bison again. Before long got on a fresh trail, but it was long before we came upon the brutes themselves. They were in a burnt-up looking bit of jungle on the top of a hill. I saw the white stockings of one, and ran forward as rapidly as I could till I sighted his chocolate-coloured body, which by contrast with the jungle around looked black. He was looking at me and so gave me a bad shot. He was about eighty yards off. I fired and rolled him over. Running forward I saw another standing broadside on, which had escaped my notice before. I gave this the shoulder-shot with the remaining barrel of my rifle. This bolted off, and the one first wounded picked himself up, joined this one, and they both galloped down the hill-side. One fell at the bottom of the hill, but picked himself up again. There was lots of blood, and I hoped to come upon one of the brutes at least lying down, or dead. The fellow I had as a tracker was the best I have ever met with out of the Wynaad jungle; he held back when we got to some very thick brushwood and bamboos, and kept climbing trees to see if anything could be seen ahead. However, he seemed satisfied, when I put my rifle over his head, and he saw that he had nothing to do but to spring aside or back, if the animal charged, for me to receive it. Twice we came upon one of the wounded ones, but not close enough for me to get a shot, the jungle was so dense; and after having followed, for I can't say how many miles, were obliged to give it up, and make tracks homewards, and a precious long distance I found it too, and got drenched to the skin before I got back. I was pretty certain that the muzzle-sight of my rifle had got shifted, and so, before reaching home, I tried the weapon, and found that

both barrels threw considerably to the left. So I think very probably, that instead of hitting behind the shoulder, I struck the brute on the shoulder, and the other one, instead of in the chest, on the point of the shoulder, which caused it to fall, though not much hurt. Two days afterwards, I saw vultures sailing away in that direction, so the probability is that one if not both the brutes died, though I am no gainer thereby. My last day now arrived, for though leeches, gadflies, and ticks were endured,—with what anathemas I will not say—the rain was now coming down in torrents, and to shoot much longer was impossible, especially as all the carriage I had was a bandy, which in a few days would have been unable to return, as the nullahs would be full and the country flooded. I went out before daylight to catch the bison grazing. I came upon two, not twenty yards from me, and as they did not see me, I got a cool pot at one, and my favourite shot behind the ribs. Away they both went into some dense rattan and thorny jungle. Scarcely any blood on the trail at all; we came upon the two together twice, but did not see them, only heard their rush. At length took up the track of one, and after going some distance, found it was the wrong one; so back we went again, came upon the right track, put it up three times, and at last found it dead. My ball had struck it a little too high and a little too far back, just over the hip-bone, but it had gone in a slanting direction all but through the body, being only retained by the skin at the shoulder. You would scarcely suppose that any animal could have moved after receiving such a wound as that, yet this creature led me a dance for upwards of three hours. Certainly the bison grow very much larger in Burmah than in India; this was a cow, and she was nineteen hands, or six feet four inches in fair measurement, from the heel to the top of the dorsal ridge. Now a very large bull killed by me, in India, was only of the same size, and an immense old fellow that

I saw killed in the Wynaad, was only two inches higher. Got back about noon, the sun furious till about two, when it came down a deluge. When they went back for the meat of the bison on the following day, they found a tiger had drawn it away, and as he growled alarmingly at their intrusion, the shikarees wisely let him keep the beef, but I took the tongue and head away with me, and uncommonly good the former was, too, to eat.

CHAPTER VII.

Bison and Sambur Shooting on the Upper Bogatah—Kyoukee—Kapah-languay —Thayet-pin-kin-dat—Thabew—Karen Arrack—Shooting at Myet-chin.

November 28th.—Reached Shoay-ghein, found nobody there. I was detained here till 3rd December, on duty, and then went inland for a day. I got one sambur and two partridges, of a kind different from those found on the Irrawadie. I have since seen them in Assam as the hill-partridge.

December 4th.—Went to Thanzeik in the morning, and to Upper Bogatah in the evening; and as the local shikaree reports bison and elephants about, I remain a day or two.

December 5th.—Went to the jungles where Blake killed the elephant; the country very pretty—some portions long grass, and others open forest. We went a long way, but at length struck upon the marks of both elephants and bison; I followed the former, but as they went into grass some 30 feet high, I left them, and took up the bison tracks. About 2 p.m., saw three bison move either into or behind a clump of grass, ran forward and waited at its edge. Presently one emerged, giving me a capital shot, which I availed myself of, and fired just behind the elbow, rolling him over; the others, in their fright, ran right towards us, and, as we were hidden, they were upon us before they saw us or we them. I fired right into the face of one, and turned him slightly, but

he passed me so closely I could have touched him, and as the shikaree threw himself down, the animal jumped right over him; the other one ran close past the second shikaree, but before I could get another rifle they had both disappeared, and I know not to this day whether I hit the one I fired at, as it charged down upon us, but it appears difficult to imagine that I missed him, as my rifle was almost touching him when I fired; but I never heard anything more of him. The one I had floored had picked himself up, but as his shoulder-blade was broken I had no difficulty in polishing him off. He was a middling bull, nothing much to brag of, but full-grown and bulky, standing 18¾ hands high. By the time we had cut his head off it was getting late, so I trudged homewards, carrying my two heavy rifles, the two shikarees having as much as they could stagger under, in carrying the head; we got home late.

December 6th.—Out again; this time came upon elephants, and crawled up to within 20 yards of them. There was one tusker I was anxious to get, but could not get the right angle for the temple shot. I waited patiently, and I am sure made not the least noise, and there was no wind, but suddenly they threw up their trunks, gave a shrill trumpet, and off they went, tail in air. I was so taken aback, that I gave the nearest a right and left, but, of course, without the least result. I then struck off again after bison, saw two once, and another time four, but could get no shot. For a short while we got into that beastly kine grass, and it nearly killed us to get out of it again. When we did, I was rather done, and sat down for a good hour. We then made a *détour* to visit a so-called salt-lick, prior to going home. There were marks of all sorts of animals there, but none appeared of very recent date. I was going along, tired and downcast, when, at the edge of a toungyeah, my shikaree touched me, and pointed half-way up the hill. I looked for some time, and

could see nothing until it moved, and then I saw rather a fine sambur feeding. He was about 120 yards from me, and quite unconscious of our presence; so I sat down, and resting the Lang on a stump of a tree, took a deliberate pot; and I had only just time to jump up and get out of the way, as the sambur stag came rolling down right upon the place where I had been sitting. He had fair horns for Burmah, but broke one as he rolled down the hill-side. The shikarees would cut him up and take the greater part of the meat, so I had again to carry both rifles home; got a lot of tree-leeches on me to-day.

December 7th.—To Kyoukee. Hill had gone to the Younzaleen, to a place called Thayet-pin-kin-dat. Hence home.

April 9th.—Started last night in a boat with Tongue of the 60th, and Ireland, Assistant Commissioner, *en route* for Thayet-pin-kin-dat, where Hill's reports heaps of game. Got to Yelay at 1 p.m. Found elephants ready, so started for Kyoukee—jungles burning, and once or twice the elephants refused to face the fire, and at others bolted; so we got to camp just at dusk only. We had a good bathe, and after dinner turned in early.

April 10th.—Busy all day.

April 11th.—Started for Kapah-languay at 7 a.m.; the country exceedingly pretty, over precipitous hills, intersected by numerous watercourses; the irrigation perfect. Groves of betel-nut and orange-trees numerous everywhere; our progress very slow; the elephants could scarcely go at all. We on ponies pushed on and got to camp at 10 a.m., but as our people did not arrive till 12 we had a late breakfast. The water in these streams is icy cold, so bathing was very refreshing, and our beer and wine was almost iced. In the night there was a false alarm of a tiger; all the tigers in these hills are man-eaters, and are dreaded accordingly.

April 12th.—Started at 6 a.m.; very cold last night. The

first hill was a "buster": it took us three hours to get to the top, and then we had to descend; the whole day it was a case of climbing up the steepest hills, only to descend on the other side, to cross a stream, and then to reascend. We who rode got on quickly enough, and reached the Pemah-ben-choung at 10. The Teh, or rest-house, near this stream was full of gadflies and fleas, and was surrounded with pointed bamboo stakes to keep out tigers. Our breakfast was on the elephants, and we halted here till 3 P.M., and as they did not appear we went on and reached Thayet-pin-kin-dat at 5. The elephants did not arrive till dark; one of the mahouts had helped himself to our liquor—got drunk, made his elephant charge the one in front, and had smashed no end of wine, beer, crockeryware, &c.; so to teach him better manners, I tied him up and gave him a dozen with a rattan. We put up in Hill's stockade: I found the place full of fleas, bugs, and gadflies. Judging by the look of the country, there cannot be much use coming here on elephants; there is very little flat surface, and that consists of quagmires, through which no elephant can go, though either buffalo or rhinoceros can wade through. You cannot beat a hilly country on elephants, and in bamboo jungle they are worse than useless.

April 13th.—Although we thought it useless, still, having come so far, we went out. We had glimpses of several deer; saw fresh prints of tiger and rhinoceros, but our elephants got constantly bogged in the valleys, and as the hills were a mass of bamboo-jungle we were beaten and went home, not blessing Hill for sending us to such a game-forsaken place.

April 14th and 15th.—Back to Kapah-languay; got there at 3 P.M., slept there, and on to Kyoukee next day.

April 16th. — Started for Ananbo, at 6.30, and got there about 9.30 a.m. We shot a few pigeon *en route*, breakfasted and went on to Thabew—road good but very dusty;

very different to what it was when Hill and I last travelled over it. Paid for a hut, which had been built for me, and got together the shikarees; jungles not sufficiently burnt.

April 17th.—Sent off our camp by the road or path, and went across country ourselves. We put up a lot of sambur, but the jungle was so dense that shooting was very difficult. I got a sambur and lost a d'ala'el. Ireland had two shots, but did not bag.

April 18th.—I gave the head man 10 rupees to have the jungles burnt more. Moved to Chawteah and saw heaps of game, but though we wounded several we got none; saw marks of bison.

April 19th.—We saw many deer and pig to-day, but my elephant, though as a rule very steady, had been laid up several months with a sore back, and this trip he did nothing but bolt from every little deer or pig; I lost several deer; Ireland got a sambur. I hit a very large stag, and as we saw some Burmese out shooting told them to go after it, which they did, and bagged it; they also came across several bison and hit one hard.

April 20th.—Moved camp to Thabew; we passed through very pretty country for game; the jungles well burnt. I bagged two stags and one hog-deer, and lost two others. Ireland lost one; near home a splendid buck thamine jumped up, both Ireland and I fired at it, and after running a little while it fell dead; it had only had one bullet, which had passed right through it; we tossed up and I won it. It was about the best head I got in Burmah.

April 21st.—To-day we went after bison, buffaloes, and elephants; had no luck, saw lots of marks, but not the animals themselves. The grass was very high and heavy. We came to a Karen village away in the far jungles, and stopped there an hour or two for breakfast. Knowing that

the Karens are famous for making a spirit from rice we asked for some. For a long time, thinking we were revenue officers, they swore they had none, but on our convincing them we were only Sahibs amusing ourselves, and with the aid of a few rupees, they brought out liquor equal to the very best Scotch whisky. The head-man, a hoary old sinner of about 75, had never, he told us, bathed in his life. If the Karens ever bathed, he said, tigers eat them; besides, it was too cold in their hills for ablution. He never changed his clothes either oftener than once in five or six years, by which time the suit in use was not fit to cover his nakedness. He had several wives and grown-up sons, and made it a practice to get drunk three days every week for the benefit of his health; so altogether, in civilised society, I fear he would be looked upon as a somewhat miserable sinner. Some of these Karens offered to show us wild buffaloes, so we allowed them to guide us to a bheel. Ireland went one way, whilst Tongue and I went another; we saw buffaloes, but I told my comrade not to fire, as they did not look very wild, and it was just as well we did not, for they turned out to be tame ones; but Ireland, more eager than we, did shoot a couple, for which he had to pay afterwards. I made a clipping shot with a small Purdy rifle at a pea-fowl on the wing, and knocked it over very prettily. I also shot a stag and a doe sambur. None of the others got anything.

April 22nd.—I went on to Shoay-ghein, and Ireland and Tongue went back *en route* to Tongho. They shot several deer at Chawteah, and Ireland knocked over a peacock with ball, and then they wended their way back. I had a lot of work to do at Shoay-ghein, and then rode back to Tongho.

May 13th.—Started to-day for Nouksedouk, distant 26 miles. Lloyd had gone on ahead. The rains had set in early, and the first part of the road was so bad I was nearly on the point of turning back, as I did not start till late and

feared I should not reach camp before dark; however, I persevered, and after losing my way half-a-dozen times I got in at dusk, and found Lloyd had killed one sambur and seen many more.

May 14*th.*—We started early and soon came upon a herd of elephants. We got behind small trees, sent the shikarees and elephants round, and made them beat up towards us; the whole herd passed us, and we might have fired, but as the angle was not favourable we let them alone, but Shoay-jah ran his elephant close alongside of a large mucknah, and at the distance of a few feet fired four barrels into his side behind the shoulder, and reduced him to a walk, and he went away looking very seedy; but before we could mount and follow we lost sight of him, and where he went I don't know, as we never saw him again. We saw but few deer; I got only a couple, as we lost all the day looking after elephants and trying for bison.

May 14*th.*—We went to the same jungles as yesterday, and coming on tracks of bison followed up and saw one, but too far off to fire at. We then got upon fresh tracks, which led into very heavy grass. I kept on the tracks and got into grass-jungle some 30 feet high. Lloyd kept outside; I suppose the noise I made frightened them, for three bison came out close in front of him, and he wounded two; one broke back and that I polished off, the other two got off. I saw two or three more but could not get near them. I shot a sambur not far from home.

May 15*th.*—After bison again; we saw several, and we each hit two, but lost them in the tangled jungle, which everywhere skirts this strip of long grass. There were a lot of bison about, but our firing had put them on the *qui vive*, and they kept out of our way. I got a stag, Lloyd a doe, to-day.

May 16*th.*—Moved our camp from Nouksedouk to Zowe

Goun. Riding along saw fresh bison-marks, and our camp followers saw several cross over the pathway, so in the afternoon we went out again; we could not find the bison; saw lots of marks and killed three deer. I fired right and left at pea-fowl with ball but missed.

May 17th.—Rode to Myet-chin across country—no water, game scarce; saw fresh marks of tsine, but the beasts were too much on the alert. Lloyd *en route* got a ghee or barking-deer and two buck hog-deer; I got one sambur. In the afternoon Lloyd went out on foot and got a thamine. Heard of Col. Blake's arrival at Kyoukee. I had sent him full instructions how to join us, which was *viâ* Yalay to Myet-chin.

May 18th.—Rode to Kyoukee, got there at nine, found Blake had left for Banlong instead of following my directions, so I persuaded Watson, who was seedy, to return with us. We got back to camp in time for dinner.

May 19th.—Blake had found out his mistake in going to Banlong, had got up at 3 a.m. and joined us at daybreak, so we mounted our elephants and made for the Nga Eein; we soon came across elephants, and though we hit some very hard we got none. We put up a tiger, and Blake and I had an exciting chase after it, but it got off. I had a shot at a young tiger but missed it. Nearly every day we were out we put up tigers in all our trips, but they generally managed to sneak away, so our chases resulting in nothing have not been recorded here. Blake as usual shot well and bagged one stag and two does, Lloyd two stags and two does, Watson one doe, whilst I got two stags, one doe, and one d'ala'el; we hit a lot more but lost them.

May 20th.—We are rather late this year, or more correctly the monsoon is earlier. Heaps of game, but the grass has grown up, and there is great difficulty in seeing things as they bolt in front of us. We followed bison a long way, but did not get a shot. Blake shot a stag and a buck thamine, and

as a sambur got up in front of me I fired twice at it, and as it showed no signs of being hit, I thought I had made a disgraceful miss, but after running a good 200 yards its speed slackened and it lay down, and by the time we reached it it was stone dead, having been shot through the heart. Lloyd got a doe, Watson nothing.

May 21st.—We again followed up bison, but had no luck; we came across buffaloes, but they bolted before we could fire; we, unfortunately, not knowing they were close to us, had fired at sambur and disturbed them. I at last shot a pig, and Blake shot a doe sambur I had wounded, hitting her close under her tail and killing her outright. Going through the forest in the pelting rain, I suddenly perceived a huge stag looking at me, and not more than 15 yards off; both barrels of my smooth-bore missed fire, yet this deer never stirred, and I had time to get the rifle and to let fly as it spun round; he went away apparently unhurt, and we followed; soon we came upon blood, and shortly to a nullah; he had run down one side all right, but in attempting to ascend the other he had fallen back twice, so we knew he was in a bad way, and we found him lying dead within 100 yards, a very large stag with ordinary horns. Near home I got another stag, killing him as he bounded over a nullah, a lucky shot. Blake got two sambur, Lloyd a stag and a d'ala'el, Watson nothing.

May 22nd.—Got on the fresh tracks of bison, and though we went as far as the Banlong creek they had got into jungle into which we could not follow, so lost more than half the day in following them. I killed a stag not far from home, and in going through an open plain with detached pools of water, a solitary buffalo came right up to us. We were in single file, but on perceiving it opened out to *échelon*, and all firing together we rolled it over dead, before the poor brute knew it was within danger. Blake

shot a sambur, but we had all bad luck and lost most of the game fired at and hit.

May 23rd.—I never knew such bad luck: close to buffaloes and bison to-day, but did not get a shot, though we heard them distinctly enough. The usual style of thing, going through open grassy plains and putting up heaps of deer. I got two stags and two does, Blake one, and Lloyd a pig.

May 24th.—We had good luck to-day, killing amongst us three buffaloes, three pigs, two buck thamine, and six sambur. We followed the buffs a long way, and at last came upon them lying down in mud-holes; two old bulls went away very badly hit, and one young bull who was pugnaciously inclined, my elephant floored, at the command of his mahout. I don't think the *hathees* in Burmah care two pins for buffs as they see so many tame ones, who are just as big and nearly as ferocious as the wild ones.

May 25th.—Blake left for Kyoukee, and Lloyd and I for Banlong.

May 26th.—We went out alone and got ten sambur, five each. Coming home we saw a fine herd of thamine, and stalked them; unfortunately we both fired at the same buck. My ball went in at the back of the skull, whence it was taken out, and Lloyd's at the rump. We tossed for the head, a very fine one, and Lloyd got it. Close to home I got a shot at a stag and killed it, so to-day we took home twelve deer.

June 17th.—I went to the Paleay Choung, got into most extensive bamboo jungles, which, after flowering, had all died—saw numbers of yit, or pheasants; I shot a few, also pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, and imperial pigeons. I only had luck three days, though I was out eight days. I wandered over an immense tract of country. I got two bison, three buffaloes, five barking-deer. Lost a tiger and a panther, and came across a lot of mucknah elephants, at which I would not fire. Got fearfully bitten by leeches and gad-flies.

April 4th, 1862.—Left Shoay-ghein at 12.30, and arrived at Thabew at 6 P.M.

April 5th.—Started to meet Lloyd and Turner of the 68th, at Chawteah. Went across country, as usual. Bagged one buck d'ala'el, two sambur, missed a couple. Went straight to camp, as I could not carry more meat with me. Found Lloyd and Turner just arrived; the former had shot a huge boar.

April 6th.—We saw heaps of game to-day. At first starting I got a stag, Lloyd then rolled over a doe, and so did Turner; I then got a pig and a sambur. We put up several pea-fowl, they flew up into trees, and Turner got right under them, but could not see them; so I took my Lang, and to my own amazement I knocked down two birds with a right and left shot, the distance being nearly 100 yards, close to home. I got another stag, and fear I disgusted the others with my luck.

April 7th.—Turner left for Shoay-ghein. Lloyd and I shot to Myet-chin, on the Koon-choung. Saw marks of bison and elephants in abundance, but the jungle was so dense we could not beat through it, and being in a hurry, pushed on. Our camp elephants came upon several bison and buffaloes, beyond the creek, and not far from Myet-chin. I killed one stag (sambur), one buck d'ala'el, one doe sambur, and a pig. Lloyd got two doe sambur and a pig.

April 8th.—Followed up elephants and bison, but did not come up with them. On our return to camp Lloyd had a d'ala'el and I a thamine.

April 9th.—Shot across to Zuen. Saw very little game, and I got only a couple of d'ala'el, and Lloyd a doe sambur and a pig.

April 10th.—As Lloyd and I had both work to attend to we could not longer stay out, so shot our way towards Nouksedouk. In a patch of grass we suddenly came upon

a herd of bison. It was very difficult to see them, the grass being so high. I was lucky enough to hit two very hard, and Lloyd floored one, but we had not time to follow them up, so left them, determined to return and hunt for them, and told the shikarees to keep a look-out for vultures, and got on our ponies and rode into Tongho.

April 20th.—Lloyd and Tongue of the 60th went on ahead yesterday, and I followed to-day. On arrival found two of our bison had been found dead. One of these Lloyd claimed. The third one was reported to be in a bad way, and, on going out, a fluttering of wings guided us to the spot, and there, surrounded by hundreds of vultures, lay the third and by far the largest bison, stone-dead; so we cut off its head, and sent it in. Saw several other bison, but could and get near them. I got a stag and a doe, Lloyd the same, not Tongue nothing.

April 21st.—We again saw bison, but the dying ones had evidently warned their comrades, as we could not get anywhere within long shot even. Deer were not very plentiful, I got one, Tongue one, and Lloyd two. Rode back to Tongho.

May 3rd.—Rode out to Za-oo-Goun on the Peu, 33 miles from Tongho. Felt the shock of an earthquake as I was sitting at dinner. The shikarees turned up in the evening.

May 4th.—Made for Myet-chin across country. We had only gone about half-a-mile when a tiger was put up; but I did not see it. I came upon a stag "thamine," but he kept out of the way; presently up jumped a stag and a doe sambur; I killed them both. This beast had the best horns of any that had been killed, but they were nothing to brag of. Saw lots of marks of bison and buffaloes, but could not get near them. Got to camp at 12. Heat awful. Went out at 5 stalking; missed several thamine, but bowled over a fine buck d'ala'el. It was the best I ever got. Water very scarce.

May 5th.—Numbers of sambur about dying of small-pox. Started very early, determined to hunt for bison alone. Saw lots of sambur, thamine, and d'ala'el. I might have had easy shots at some. Made straight for the Nga Eein. I saw during the day seven bison, three buffaloes, a tiger and a pig, besides dozens of deer. Before entering the tree-jungle in the plain I knocked over a d'ala'el, wanting one for the pot. It was a good shot, but the poor brute recovered itself and stood looking at me, and I missed it twice, though it was not above sixty yards off! on which she hobbled off, and I lost her, as I deserved. From the place where I fired at the d'ala'el to the borders of Nga Eein I refrained from firing at deer, though I saw great numbers. Near Zelokee a bison got up in front of my beating elephant, and well away from me, so I could not fire at it. When near the tangled jungle I saw three bison walk along and lie down under some trees, so I got off and made a careful stalk. Though the jungles had been well burnt, the ground was full of creepers covered with sharp thorns that punished us rather. But I was very patient. I went up wind, and as silently as a cat, and with only Mong Wine with me, leaving Shoayjah and Mong Soh to follow with the elephants at a long distance. When I reached the point where the bison ought to have been they were gone, and on looking around to ascertain the cause I found Shoayjah quietly seated in my howdah, and close behind, and this had, of course, alarmed the beasts; so whilst I was sweating away on foot he was riding on the very elephant from which I had dismounted. I was in a beastly rage, and gave Master Shoayjah something to remember, and made him trudge the rest of the day on foot after us. In about half-an-hour saw another bison, but there was no getting near him. I was in an awful rage, the sun was fearfully hot, and not a breath of wind. Altogether I was like a bear with a sore head.

No water was to be found, and the mahouts were calling out, not only for themselves, but for their elephants. Suddenly, after descending the bank of a steepish nullah, and ascending the opposite bank, I found myself face to face with a huge bison, that stared at me with amazement. I carefully put up the Lang, and as I fired the bison threw up its head and bolted, receiving the second shot in the shoulder. It ran about thirty yards, and lay down. I went up rapidly, with the Westley Richards' breechloader in hand, and, as he jumped up and ran past me, I fired twice, and, on receiving the shots, he fell down and died. A very fine bull, an inch-and-a-half short of seven feet high. The shikarees tried to make out my first shot was a miss; but I could not credit that, and, after a careful scrutiny, I found the ball had gone up the right nostril, and lodged in the spine at the back of the head. The palate was deeply furrowed by the bullet; there were no external signs of a wound in the head anywhere. I went a long way, and, seeing no signs of bison, I fired at a pig, as I wanted it for the pot; but, to my disgust, I fired over it. At the report up sprang a bison, and went off full pelt, and I did not get a shot. I went on, and came upon three buffaloes. I saw them, but the mahout did not, and he was as deaf as a post, and, though I called to him to stop, he kept urging the *hathee* on, and I had to take snap-shots at them. With the first barrel I missed, with the second I broke the hind-leg of one of them; so I followed it up, and though I frequently came upon it the grass was so heavy it was able to get away each time. As I was going along at the edge of a tree-jungle, with a small nullah adjacent, a sudden roar startled us; a tiger who had evidently been after the wounded buffalo too, sprang up, the elephant bolted amongst the trees, and it was as much as the mahout could do to stop him before he smashed us amongst the branches. As it was, he was on the very edge of the tree-jungle, and,

though the tiger ran past me, giving me a fair shot for a full thirty yards, I refrained from firing, fearing the consequences if he charged; so, for a wonder, he got off without the royal salute to which he was entitled. The heat was dreadful, and my luck so bad, that I made for home, and had given up all idea of sport, when I saw another bison in front of me. My first idea was to dismount and to circumvent the beast on foot, but whilst I hesitated he very conveniently moved behind an immense bush; so, keeping this between us, I rapidly advanced and came upon him within fifty yards; two shots from Lang and two from the breechloader did for him, and he quietly subsided. In bulk he was even larger than the one shot in the morning, but he was not nearly so high, nor had he half such a fine head; he measured 19½ hands. By the time we had cut him up it was getting dark, so I made straight for camp, and got there about 7 P.M.

May 6th.—Moved to Kyoukee, and down by boat to Shoay-ghein.

May 12th.—Persuaded Hill to come back with me to Myet-chin. We determined to go *viâ* Thabew and Chawteah. The road was distinct enough, but by following the short cuts a good deal could be saved, so I attempted to go by them, and did nothing but lose my way all day. Got to Thabew at 1.30 P.M., and had just time to get the zyat made water-tight when a deluge set in and continued all the afternoon, but as all our camp had arrived and we had plenty of books to read we were very comfortable.

May 13th.—We started very early and went in a south-westerly direction. We determined to fire at nothing under tiger, bison, elephants, or buffs. If we saw elephants we were to dismount and shoot them on foot. Before long heavy rain set in, but I had a hood to my howdah and rigged it up, and was quite dry and comfortable; my companion did not

fare so well. As I did not think we were near the bison ground I very foolishly fired at a porcupine, as I wanted to examine it; it looked different to the Indian ones, but I missed it, and as I had broken through the rules we had agreed to abide by, Hill fired at a sambur and disturbed a bison. We got on to its tracks, Hill following, and I looking out on my side. I was some distance to his right and slightly in front, but I cast a backward glance, and to my delight saw a magnificent tusker walking straight up to Hill. The ground was most favourable, huge trees all about, and I expected to see Hill dismount and wait for the shot on foot; and I also hurried on, in the hopes of arriving in time to assist, but before I had gone 20 yards Hill, in his eagerness to kill this splendid specimen, forgot all our rules and fired into the thickest part of the skull. He of course did no harm, but effectually frightened the brute, who went off full score and we after him; but we never saw him again, and after following him a good two hours we turned our faces towards camp. We saw fresh marks of bison and elephants everywhere, but the one Hill fired at seemed to have disturbed the whole jungle, and for hours we saw nothing. We were not far from Chawteah, where in an open quin we saw a herd of tsine, and as luck would have it they had not seen us; so we drew the elephants back into the forest, dismounted, and making a long *détour* got to the lee-side, and made the best stalk we could; in the open quin there was a large white-ant hill, and nearest to it feeding was the bull of the herd. We sneaked up to this and then found we could get no nearer, so we fired together. Hill shot it through the body, and I close to the hip-joint, damaging a hind-leg. Off went the wild bull, and we after him on foot. We came upon him in about 200 yards, standing under a tree, and directly he saw us he began to snort and to paw up the earth and toss his head, and to advance towards us; it was a pretty

sight, and as we were well armed and had plenty of trees at hand to retire behind, if the necessity arose, we waited for him, and when he got to within twenty yards we opened fire, and in a few seconds he was lying on his back, dead. The breechloader shone here, for I gave it to Hill to use, and he fired five shots out of it to my two from the Lang. The bull proved 16½ hands high, bright red, with white under the tail and along the inside of the thighs and belly; legs from the knee downwards whitish-yellow, white rings round the eyes, with a game-like head and eyes, the facial angle quite straight, the horns like those of a cow bison, no hump. but a dorsal ridge, no dewlap. We were very proud at having got this bull, for though they are anything but rare, they are very wary and cannot be easily approached; and this was the first one any European had ever killed since the annexation of the province. We skinned him and cut off his head; the bones and tongue were very good for the table; but I did not partake of the beef, though I do not see why it should not be good, for the animal is a veritable bull. I sent the head to Colonel Mann with other trophies.

May 14th.—We pushed on to Myet-chin, expecting to meet George of the 60th, and Lloyd. We got three deer *en route*, but found nobody in camp, nor any news of them.

May 15th.—Hill and I went out alone; we saw eight different herd of bison, but could not get near them. The jungles have been over-burnt, and there is no cover for them to retire to during the heat of the day; we only shot a couple of deer, and got home early, expecting the others, but got no news of them.

May 16th.—We had only gone about a mile when a stag gave me a chance, which I availed myself of, and shot him through the head with the Lang. We came upon fresh marks of bison, tsine, and buffs, and followed them the greater part of the day without coming up to them. We then took

to shooting anything we could see, and made some very disgraceful misses, and again some very pretty hits. Hill missed a d'ala'el standing looking at him about ten yards off; I also missed a sambur stag, but Hill killed it very prettily. I then hit a pig with the Lang, and Hill polished it off. I then got another sambur, and close to home, seeing a lot of thamine, we got off, and I getting the shots, hit two thamine, and should have lost both had not Hill kept his eye on the first, which soon lay down and died, and the other, though hard hit, escaped; we missed two others.

May 17*th.*—Started very early, made for the salt-lick, but never got there all day, as the shikarees could not find their way there. We saw bison marks, and for a long time would not fire at deer; but as the larger game would not allow us to get near them, we took to firing at anything. We put up three tigers to-day, but did not get a shot. I killed three deer to-day, and Hill two, and we missed a lot. We had only just got home, as it set in for a rainy night, and at dark George turned up, looking like a drowned rat; he had had a tiger walking along in front of him for some way, but his guns being wet through, he could do nothing; he had seen a lot of deer and a huge boar, and as they were as tame as possible it looked almost as if they knew his weapons were useless. At Tuen he and Lloyd had killed two bison and two sambur, and Lloyd had ridden back to Tongho to follow in a day or so by boat.

May 18*th.*—Hill rode to Kyoukee, so George and I went out alone in a quin close by. George fired at a d'ala'el and knocked it over; the shot disturbed a large herd of tsine, which were feeding close by, and they went off full score. We followed, and on getting a distant view of them we dismounted and followed on foot, leaving the elephants behind with orders to follow in half-an-hour. We trudged and

trudged, and occasionally got sight of the big bull, who brought up the rear; but once alarmed these brutes will not stop in a hurry, and on and on they went till we were tired out, so we pulled up and sat down till the *hathees* came up. We saw bison again, but could not get near them. George shot rather a fine stag, and I got a couple with one ball each. On our return found Hill and Watson in camp, and Lloyd turned up in the evening.

May 19*th*.—We all started early, in the pouring rain; George broke the leg of a stag, and I killed it for him. A little further on a bison got up right under Lloyd's elephant, and though everybody fired at it except myself, it got off. We followed on, and soon saw a herd of bison scattered over the plain. We could not get nearer than 150 yards, and as I wanted Hill to bag a bison, I told him to fire at a splendid bull which was intently eying us. Hill fired and hit hard; Lloyd fired at another, and off the two went after their respective animals. As Hill was alone, George and I followed him, Lloyd having Shoayjah was all right. Hill was on my fastest elephant, and as he went as fast as the brute could lay legs to ground he was soon out of sight, but the file-fire he kept up guided us, and on we trudged. Lloyd also fired at least twenty shots, whilst George and I did not get a shot. Hill did not pull up till eleven, after two hours' chase, and we heartily cursed him for going on in the way he did, because it took us away from our best shooting-ground, and we could not leave him, as he would never have got back to camp, and he had the breakfast-basket with him. At last we overtook him, and after rowing him well we all got down and spread out the breakfast. Lloyd came up in about an hour exceedingly cross, because we had followed Hill, and not him; but we explained the reason why, *i.e.* the breakfast-basket. He said he had reduced his bison to a walk, but wanted assistance to polish it off, and had to leave it after

all to follow us. We had a long tramp back to get into the jungle where game is found, and by that time it was late. I got a stag, so did George, Hill a doe, and Lloyd a sucking-pig, which proved capital eating. I shot two hamadryads to-day right and left with ball; this is a huge venomous snake, hooded, and more dreaded than the cobra.

May 20th.—Heavy rain all day; saw no bison; the jungles have been too much disturbed. Lloyd got a stag, Hill a pig, and I a doe sambur and a pig, George nothing.

May 21st.—Very heavy rain; neither Hill, George, nor Watson would stir, so Lloyd and I went alone. To begin with, Lloyd and I each bagged a sambur, and in following up, as he imagined, a d'ala'el, Lloyd came upon a tigress and broke her back as she bounded over a nullah, and I was just in time to kill her. She was a very fine massive brute, and had a deep cut inside the thigh, evidently inflicted by a boar. We padded her, but before we got home she was quite offensive, that is to say, in about two hours. Close to home I started a bull bison, but could not get a shot. In the open I killed a thamine.

May 22nd.—Nothing but rain. Hill and Watson returned to Kyoukee. George and I would not go out; Lloyd went alone, and returned with a doe sambur and a buck thamine.

May 23rd.—Rain early in the morning. After breakfast, as it cleared up a bit, we all went out and had fair luck; first I shot a buck, and a doe d'ala'el, George a buck d'ala'el, Lloyd a d'ala'el. I then got a sambur, Lloyd a pig. Near home I got a fine stag sambur, and another d'ala'el.

May 24th.—Too much rain, so George and Lloyd went to Banlong, and I to Tuen *en route* to Tongho. I hit a boar and a buck thamine, but lost both.

May 25th.—Reached home; Lloyd and George shot for a day or two at Banlong, and got a few deer. Had bad luck this trip, owing to over-burning the jungles by the shikarees.

These are the principal trips made by us. I was out many more times alone, but as I only killed deer, &c., they are not recorded here, for fear of wearying the reader. In October, 1863, Lloyd, Duval, and I went to Myet-chin; the rains were scarcely over, but the Nga Eein was dry and the two Gaudamahs gone! We shot two or three buffaloes and a few deer, but the grass was too long and the ground too heavy to go over.

CHAPTER VIII.

TREATMENT OF SICK ELEPHANTS; SNAKE-BITES, ETC.

As I have before stated, a good mahout can generally treat all the ills an elephant is liable to, but the following from Gilchrist and other sources is added:—

If an elephant begins to eat earth, let him do so, but stop his solid food at once, and feed him on plantain stems, grass, or weeds, taken from the bed of a bheel, if there be one near. In a few days he will pass a quantity of dots, or worms, and when relieved will leave off eating earth, when you may resume his rice.

For sore backs.—If the skin be merely rubbed, give the elephant rest, and put on a weak solution of carbolic acid and oil. This will keep off the flies and cause the sore to heal rapidly. If you are on a march and cannot afford to lay the elephant up, cut a piece of the guddie, where it comes in contact with the sore, to prevent pressure on that part, and apply *gundabe rosa,* turpentine, or, as before suggested, weak carbolic acid. Have the part covered with a piece of cloth, to prevent the dirt which an elephant is always throwing over himself getting into it. Should the sore increase and the parts around be swollen, foment with *neem* leaves, and if the inflammation does not subside and matter forms underneath, the knife must be freely used, the matter squeezed out, and the sore well exposed and washed with either diluted carbolic acid or spirits of turpentine; it must not be allowed

to heal too quickly; granulation must take place from beneath and not from above. This is always a tedious cure, and it will be months before your elephant is fit for use again; he will never be as steady after he has felt the knife as before; and besides, the place where he has been cut is always liable to get sore again, so "prevention is better than cure." You cannot therefore be too careful in looking after your elephant's furniture.

An elephant is very liable to get girth and crupper galls; the only prevention for this is to have leather through which the ropes are inserted, and which must be kept soft by oil and elbow-grease.

To keep an elephant in health, his green food should be constantly changed, and he should have a fair quantity of rice given him, tied up in small bundles, to induce him to chew it; if he be allowed to blow the rice down his throat he derives no benefit from it whatever. A seer and a half of rice to each foot in height is enough for most elephants, but if you are using your elephants and shooting every day two seers per foot will not be too much. He must have a plentiful supply of charah or green food, and water.

Inflamed eyes are very painful and troublesome, and caused by either punctures in going through long grasses, or by being constantly fed on *peepul* or burgot leaves and branches. Change the diet, and if you can get it give daily an allowance of sugar-cane, and apply the following lotion several times a day: One chittack of opium, one chittack of alum roasted, mixed in a quart of water. When the inflammation has subsided a little, mix one drachm of sugar of lead in a quart of water and apply frequently with the first, but should the inflammation increase stop it and continue the first alone; this can also be made into an ointment and applied round the eyes. Should a white film appear over the eye, as is frequently the case before the setting in of the monsoon, or

from excess of heat and exposure, apply the following lotion frequently:—

Sulphate of Zinc	80 grains.
Sugar of Lead	2 drs.
Laudanum	2 ,,
Water	16 ozs.

If, when an elephant is eating earth, he appears to be in pain, administer the following, made into six balls, one morning and evening for three days. The ingredients can be purchased in any bazaar, and should be kept by one for use:—

Raee burnasee	½ seer.
Sumbon suet	1 ,,
Urun leaves	½ ,,
Suhun junuh or Horse radish	½ ,,
Mulberry leaves	½ ,,
Kuteeia, or hut Kutana burnt	½ ,,

Fever.—Tup.

It is rare that fever occurs other than symptomatic, that is, complicated with local diseases. Its severity is dependent on that of the local affections which it accompanies.

Symptoms. — An attack of simple fever in the elephant is ushered in with rigours of the whole body, the trunk contracts, the animal leaves off feeding, is weak and sometimes listless and drowsy; when the hot stage sets in, the ears remain cold, the animal drinks much, but has no appetite. In severe attacks the urine is reddish and scanty, and in milder forms it is white and muddy. The pulse, which is to be felt behind the root of the ears, rises to about 70 or 80, whilst the average healthy pulse is only 49.

Treatment.—The treatment of fever is included in that of the diseases which it accompanies. Simple cases of uncomplicated fever may abate of themselves, or be removed by giving the purgative mussaul (No. 3), and by carefully regulating the diet.

RHEUMATISM.—WAHEE-KA-DURUDH.

This is a very common affection of the muscles and joints of the elephant, and is most prevalent during the rainy and cold weather; but may supervene at any season, if the animal when heated from exertion, is allowed to cool suddenly, especially if allowed access to water immediately on coming off a march.

Symptoms.—The usual symptom is stiffness of one or more of the joints or limbs, causing the animal to walk lame; swelling of the affected part generally supervenes, with tenderness on pressure. It has not been known to be accompanied by fever. The shoulder joint is most frequently affected. The animal may be in all other respects healthy, and seldom leaves off fodder.

Duration.—The disease is frequently protracted, but is not fatal.

Treatment.—First rub in the following liniment and then cover up the animal with jhules or blankets and keep him in a warm place; after the lapse of an hour or two, the affected part is to be sedulously fomented for two or three hours, and the jhules again replaced, all chance of a chill being carefully guarded against.

No. 1.—*Liniment.*

Marking-nut oil (*Belahmay*) ...	*Tolas 40	Make into a paste and apply hot to the part affected.
Bdellium (*Googul*)	,, 6	
Mustard seed (*Raie*)	,, 6	
Borax (*Sowhaga*)	,, 4	
Aloes (*Moosumber*)	,, 6	
Soap	,, 20	
Juice of 30 Limes		

* The tola or Rupee weight has been adopted in this treatise on account of its convenience, the weights being always at hand in the shape of the current coin. The tola or Rupee weighs 180 grains, and consequently about 39 tolas or Rupees go to the pound avoirdupois. 24 tolas make a "kutcha" and 80 tolas make a "pukka" seer weight.

The following mussaul may be given in the more severe cases, but is not necessary in slight attacks, the fomentation and liniment being sufficient.

No. 2.—Mussaul for Rheumatism.

Sulphuret of Mercury (*Shemruf*)	Tolas	2	Add a little water and make into 14 boluses and give one every evening for 14 days.
Sulphuret of Arsenic (*Würkie urthal*)	,,	2	
Opium (*Ahfeeme*)	,,	6	
Long pepper root (*Pipla-mohd*)...	,,	12	
Mustard seed (*Raie*)	,,	12	
Coarse Sugar or Jaggry	,,	24	

Dropsical Swelling.—Zaharband.

This is often a fatal affection and appears usually during the monsoon and cold season.

Symptoms.—The symptom by which it is first recognised is a swelling of the parotid gland. This is the gland that secretes saliva, and is situated on either side of the neck behind the lower part of the ears. In health, these glands do not project beyond the general contour of the surface, but when under the influence of this affection, they are very prominent. The parts situated lower down on the neck next swell, and the skin over them becomes tense; then the swelling occupies the lower part of the neck, and stretching between the forelegs, extends to the lower part of the abdomen. The swelling is caused by fluid extravasated into the cellular tissue underneath the skin; and when the enlargement has extended to the abdomen, which is usual in two or three days after the commencement of the swelling of the parotid glands, these latter diminish in size though they still continue enlarged. Though the parotid glands are usually the seat of the first swelling, they are not always so, as the enlargement sometimes begins in the parts lower down. It occasionally commences in the temples and thence extends to the parotid glands; also, though more rarely, it shows

itself first in the fore knee-joints, extending thence throughout the limbs and eventually to the abdomen, and lastly to the external generative organs which occasionally mortify and slough off extensively. The swelling below the abdomen does not always supervene, apparently from the disease running a rapidly fatal course, but it uniformly appears in all the more protracted cases, and is sometimes so great as to add considerably to the girth of the body of the animal. Occasionally, the disease observes a slow and gradual course, and the first indication of this variety is the appearance of blind boils about the abdomen and knee-joint which do not suppurate, and to which the name *Nunjee* or *Nunj* is applied. Boils, which suppurate and which are called *Russoolee*, are not indicative of zaharband.

Zaharband sometimes, though rarely, runs its course to a fatal termination in two or three days. Usually it is more protracted, and may terminate fatally after three months or more. In these protracted cases, the swellings above described may alternately enlarge and decrease; the animal gradually losing flesh, though continuing to the last to eat fodder. It is at all times a dangerous disease, a large majority of cases proving fatal. Palsy of the hinder extremities occurs before death; and there is always more or less numbness of the extremities. With the exception of the swelling of the parotid glands, this disease very much resembles in its symptoms and in the appearance shown by dissection, the acute form of a disease to which in the Northern Circars the human subject is subject, known by the name of Beriberi.

The animal is always listless and heavy, frequently drowsy, never troublesome or furious. Even animals in the wild state in the jungle when suffering from it, have been approached closely with impunity. The secretions of urine are greatly increased, and thirst is urgent.

Anatomical characters.—On dissection, from 5 to 8 oz. of

fluid are found in the spinal canal. In the cavity of the abdomen fluid is always found, varying in quantity from 5 to 10 gallons or even more.

Treatment.—Purge freely, giving aloes either alone or in combination with croton oil seeds.

No. 3.—*Purgative Mussaul.*

Aloes (*Moosumber*)	Tolas 1½ to 2	or 3 tolas of croton seeds alone may be given, and repeated the following day if the animal refuse to take the aloes.
Croton seeds (*Jumal-gotah*)..	,, ¾ to 1½	

The swelling below the abdomen, when very large, may be advantageously punctured with a scalpel or phlegm in several places, when a large quantity of fluid will ooze out. After the above means have been practised, the following mussaul may be given with marked advantage.

No. 4.—*Mussaul for Zaharband.*

Sulphuret of Arsenic (*Urthal*) ...	Tolas 2	Add sufficient water and make into 14 boluses and give one, twice or thrice a day, in proportion to the severity of the attack.
Sulphuret of Mercury (*Shemruf*)..	,, 2	
Borax (*Sowhaga*)	,, 4	
Garlic (*Rosoom*)	,, 6	
Turmeric (*Huldee*)...	,, 6	
Aloes (*Moosumber*)	,, 24	
Coarse Sugar or Jaggry...	,, 24	

When the tumours called *Nunj* appear, unaccompanied by any swelling about the neck, the following mussauls may be given with advantage.

No. 5.—*Mussaul for Nunj tumours.*

Bonduc nuts (*Gudge kai*)	Tolas 6	Add sufficient water, make into 20 portions, and give two night and morning, for ten successive days.
Long pepper (*Piplee*)	,, 12	
Cummin seed (*Kalie-jeerah*)... ...	,, 6	
Chiretta (*Chiraytha*)	,, 6	
Berries of Embelia ribes (*Baee-badung*)	,, 6	
Coarse Sugar	,, 24	

SOOKHA ZAHARBAND.

This affection is a frequent sequel to Zaharband, and may also follow the *careless exhibition of mercurial preparations.* Other cases result from no traceable cause, but the existence of this disease is an unmistakable evidence of the animal being in a very bad habit of body, from which, after a protracted ailment of from 4 to 8 months occasioning increasing debility, the animal usually dies.

Symptoms.—A falling out of condition and gradually increasing emaciation are the characteristic symptoms of this affection. The skin assumes a white leprous appearance to a greater or less extent, and has always a dry scaly look. The animal is weak and listless, restless during the night, appetite variable, usually much diminished, thirst great—the alvine motions very pale and very fetid.

No. 6.—*Mussaul for Sookha Zaharband.*

Bdellium (*Googul*)	Tolas	12	Make into 24 boluses and give one every morning before ratib.
Mustard seed (*Raie*)	,,	12	
Wrightia Antidysenterica seed (*Inder jow*)	,,	12	
Chillies (*Lal mirchie*)	,,	12	
Omum seed (*Ujwan*)	,,	6	
Assafœtida (*Hing*)	,,	12	
Coarse Sugar or Jaggry	,,	36	

DEBILITY.—DHOOBLA OR LACHAR.

This affection usually results from continued hard work and want of proper food.

Symptoms.—The animal falls out of condition and is more or less emaciated.

Treatment.—A course of tonics and alteratives combined with rest and proper food—the recovery is generally slow.

No. 7.—Mussaul for Debility.

Bonduc nut (*Gudge kai*)	Tolas	4	Make into 24 boluses and give one, night and morning, before ratib.
Assafœtida (*Hing*)	,,	6	
Sulphate of Iron (*Eera-Kush*) ...	,,	4	
Black pepper *Kalie mirchie*) ...	,,	8	
Aloes (*Moosumber*)...	,,	6	
Coarse Sugar or Jaggry...	,,	8	
Wheat flour	,,	24	
Arrack	Drams	5	

Affections of the Head.—Bhao-ka-murz.

The head is the frequent seat of disease in the elephant, and some of the affections are the most fatal to which the animal is subject.

In its wild state, the animal repairs to the shaded depths of the jungle during the heat of the day, thus showing a natural aversion from exposure to the sun, and in the tame state, when unsheltered, it invariably throws fodder on the head and back, or indeed anything that will screen it from the sun, the jhule if within reach is sure to be thrown on the back, and on coming to water its first act is to cool itself by throwing the liquid over its body.

Thus the instinct and natural habits of the animal show that exposure to the sun is opposed to its comfort, and the diseases of the head to which it is subject prove that such exposure is also inimical to its health.

The mahouts apply various names to the several diseases which attack the head, but have no very definite idea of the application of these names. They may best be divided into two groups—first, those which consist of *inflammation* of the brain, and its surrounding membranes, such as "ahren bhao," and secondly, those diseases of an *apoplectic* nature as "dhudkay" or "thereek bhao."

INFLAMMATION OF THE BRAIN.—BHAO OR AHREN BHAO.

Causes.—Exposure to sun, over-feeding with little work, or over-exertion, and then allowing the animal to cool itself suddenly by permitting it to throw water over itself.

Symptoms. — This affection usually commences with a tremulous state of the whole body and trunk, the animal is extremely restless, and endeavours to break loose, tries to strike its mahout or any person approaching it, is extremely sensitive to any noise, and from all its acts shows that it is labouring under strong cerebral excitement. A characteristic symptom of the variety of the affection under consideration is a contraction of the trunk which becomes much shortened and shrivelled. The motions are costive, the urine scanty, yellowish and muddy, sometimes passed only in drops. The animal endeavours to eat fodder, but after attempting to chew it a little, rejects it; it also tries to drink but apparently has not the power of so doing.

Sometimes cases occur in which the inflammation appears to have commenced by attacking the thin membrane which lines the cellular bony structure of the skull of the elephant. This inflammation sooner or later extends externally to the skin, and frequently internally to the brain; in the former case the skin sloughs off leaving a foul ulcer.

APOPLEXY OF THE BRAIN.—DHUDKAY THEREEK OR THURUNG BHAO.

Symptoms.—The attack commences with a general tremor of the body and trunk, the animal is weak and desires to lean against a tree or other support. The breathing is hurried with much tremulous action of the heart, at last the animal staggers, falls forward on its chest, and the limbs are convulsed.

After falling, difficulty of respiration continues, but soon it lies quiet and motionless, and may continue in this apparently lifeless state for three hours or more. Death frequently results after the lapse of that time, but cases have occurred in which the animal, after remaining in this comatose state for some time, has gradually shown signs of returning animation, and eventually recovered.

Animals once seized with this disease are subject to attacks at tolerably regular intervals, generally every fourth month.

Anatomical characters.—On dissecting animals which have died either from inflammation of the brain or apoplexy, bloody fluid to the extent of a pound or more is found in the cavity of the skull.

Treatment of Head Diseases.—Treatment can be of little benefit either in inflammation of the brain or apoplexy. The animal should be removed to a *cool and shady* spot and kept perfectly quiet. Cloths saturated with cold water should be constantly applied to the head. An aperient of one ounce of bruised croton seeds (*Jumal gotah*) may be given if the animal can be induced to take it, and the bowels may be kept open by smaller doses if found necessary. Force should not, however, be used to make the animal take the medicine, and everything tending to increase his already excitable state should be carefully avoided.

When sloughing of the skin of the head occurs, either of the following applications may be used, the camphorated oil being used in mild cases, and the wound-stone or carbolic liniment in severe ones:—

No. 8.—Camphorated Oil.

Gingili Oil ...	Pint 1	Dissolve and keep in a bottle carefully corked. Neem Oil may, when procurable, be substituted for Gingili Oil with advantage.
Camphor ...	Tolas 10	

No. 9.—*Wound-Stone.*

Sulphate of Iron (*Era-Kush*) ...Tolas 80 Alum (*Putupkrie*) „ 40 Verdigris (*Zungaul*) „ 5	Pulverise the ingredients, mix well in a new earthen pot without water, boil up 3 times, then let it cool. Break the pot and remove the wound-stone. Dissolve from ½ to 1½ tolas in a quart of water.

No. 10.—*Carbolic Acid Liniment.*

Commercial carbolic acid...	1 part.
Water	from 8 to 12 parts.

In some cases oil may be substituted for water with advantage.

Burra Bhao.

It would appear that the elephant is sometimes, though rarely, seized with an epidemic affection similar to the Burra Izhar (murrain) of the bullock.

Ulceration of the Cartilage of the Ear.—Indhree.

Cause.—Exposure to the sun.

Symptoms.—It commences with a vesicle or bleb containing fluid, the vesicle afterwards ulcerates, and eventually sloughs off, a large portion of the wing of the ear will thus often drop off piece-meal.

Treatment.—This is obviously a superficial sore ; keep the ulcers clean and apply the camphorate oil or dilute wound-stone solution. A fetid discharge sometimes issues from the canal of the ear; it comes and goes without any apparent cause, and is generally obstinate. The best treatment is to foment the affected side of the head with hot water, and apply camphorated oil to the canal of the ear.

Diseases of the eye.

Inflammation.

Agin Bhao is a name sometimes given by mahouts to an inflammation of the outer coating of the eyeball, and also (and more correctly) to a cutaneous disease which arises from the same cause, viz. exposure to an ardent sun, and indeed the watering of the eyes is usually the first indication of the approaching cutaneous eruption.

Symptoms.—The symptoms of this disease, when it occurs as a simple inflammation of the eye unaccompanied by the cutaneous eruption, are redness of the eyeball and a flow of water from the eyes, which discharge, after the second or third day, becomes thicker and white.

Treatment.—This affection usually subsides without the aid of medicine, but occasionally it is so severe as to leave a dimness or even opacity of the eyeball. A fleshy growth (*mothea beenj*) may result from the inflammation. In severe cases apply the following lotion twice or thrice daily :—

No. 11.—*Alum Lotion.*

Alum (*Putupkrie*)	Tolas 4
Water	Quarts 2

Opacity of the Cornea.—Dhul-ka-murz.

The cornea is the circular transparent part of the eyeball, through which the iris and pupil are seen. The inflammation of the eye, described above, sometimes results in ulceration of the cornea, which leaves on healing an opaque white scar of variable extent. Affections of the eye are very common amongst elephants. Of twenty-seven recently examined, one was totally blind, two nearly so, two blind in one eye, one had

cataract in both eyes, and three had partial opacity of cornea in both eyes.

Treatment.—Unless these spots cover the whole surface of the cornea, which is rare, blindness does not result. They had better, therefore, be left alone, any attempt to remove them with lunar caustic or the powders of blue-stone, &c., recommended by the mahouts, being far more likely to increase than to diminish the disease.

Blindness.—Undha.

Blindness does not render the animal altogether inefficient, although it is a serious defect. The animal is liable at times to give trouble through fear, especially when fording rivers. The affection is incurable.

Cutting Tusks and Teeth.

The tusks of the largest animals require to be cut, otherwise they would be inconveniently long. The operation is done with a common saw kept continually wet with a trickling stream of water. To find the proper place to cut the tusk, measure with a bit of twine the distance from the eye to the insertion of the tusk in the lip, this length measured from the latter point *along the tusk* will give the spot where it should be cut.

Sometimes, however, especially in young animals, this site is too near the root, as the medullary pulp of the tusk may reach beyond the point thus fixed, in which case it bleeds after the operation, and frequently causes the tusk to split and decay. Care should therefore be taken to cut off too little, rather than too much of the tusk. Should the whole tusk split up to the root, as sometimes happens, the mahouts recommend that it should be completely cut off at the point where it touches the gum.

Treatment.—When the socket of the tusk bleeds after being cut, all that is required is to apply some adhesive astringent salve to prevent the access of flies that are otherwise apt to deposit their ova, which, turning into maggots, may penetrate to the root of the tusk, and by causing inflammation, may impair the subsequent growth of the tusk.

No. 12.—*Dikkamalay Ointment.*

Resin of *Gardenia lucida* (*Dikkamalay*)	Tolas	5	Boil the powdered Gallnut in the oil, then add the dikkamalay, and when it is melted, strain through a cloth; lastly add the wax and stir till cold.
Bees' wax	„	5	
Gingili oil	„	6	
Pulverised Gallnuts (*Huldah* or *Kadukai*)	„	2	

Rub the ointment over the end of the tusk and protect it by tying a piece of cotton rag over it, above which a second piece of rag saturated with coal-tar or *neem* oil should be strongly bound to the tusk. Dress every second day.

Teeth.—In advanced age, the front portions of the elephant's teeth are liable to loosen and fall out; this is "Koochlee" of the mahouts. Sometimes at earlier ages one or more of the teeth in the upper or under jaw may, from some morbid growth at the root, be forced out of their normal site and project so far as to occasion ulceration of the opposite portion of the wall of the mouth. Mastication is thereby impeded. Such projecting portion may be removed with perfect relief to the animal by sawing it off. To do this a round piece of wood, about four inches in diameter and three feet long, is placed in the mouth as a gag and tied with ropes round the neck; the mouth being thus kept open, the projecting portion of the tooth is removed by an ordinary amputating saw.

Musthie.

Although "musthie" cannot be considered a disease, still the animal admits of being considerably quieted by treatment, and the following mussaul has been generally found to compose it:—

No. 13.—*Mussaul for Musthie.*

Ghee or Butter (*Muskah*)	lbs.	4	Make into boluses and give one, night and morning, till the whole have been taken.
Wheat flour (*Ghum-ka Atah*) ...	,,	8	
Onions (*Peeaz*)	,,	8	
Sugar	,,	8	

Kuthlah.

This disease has all the characters, except that of being contagious, of the affection of the bullock called "meo paung."

Symptoms.—Vesicles or bladders containing a transparent fluid show themselves on the lining membrane of the trunk. About the second or third day, these break and are succeeded by an ulcerated or raw red surface. The vesicles may also appear simultaneously in the lining membrane of the mouth, in which case the animal refuses fodder or only eats sparingly because of the pain occasioned by its coming in contact with the tender surface.

About seven or eight days after the commencement of the vesicles, the animal begins to limp; a swelling may then be observed around the circumference of the foot, which is followed in a day or two by a discharge of fetid "pus."

The feet become so tender that the animal is unable to walk, and from feeding sparingly it falls out of condition. Three or four months usually elapse before the animal completely recovers, and in severe cases, it has been known to

die of starvation, the mouth being so tender that the animal totally refuses to eat.

Treatment.—Apply camphorated oil (No. 8) or carbolic acid liniment (No. 10) to the feet, and camphorated oil only to the orifice of the trunk to prevent flies from depositing their ova there.

Give the following cooling aperient:—

No. 14.—*Cooling Purgative Mussaul.*

Common Salt...	Tolas 20	Give with boiled rice.
Tamarinds	„ 20	

After the above has acted, the following may be given with advantage:—

No. 15.—*Cooling Mussaul.*

Sour Milk (*Dhai*)	lbs. 4	Give every morning for three successive days.
Onions (*Peeaz*)	„ 1½	
Jaggry	„ 1	
Green Ginger	„ 2	
Saltpetre...	Tolas 2	
Ghee	Quart 1	

A quantity of *neem* leaves may be powdered and mixed with some more sour milk, and applied over the body daily at noon.

Occasionally suppuration occurs from this affection extending below the thickened sole of the feet; an early incision must be made to give free vent to the "pus," otherwise it may burrow extensively and lay the animal up for months.

To the ulceration apply daily a weak solution of the wound-stone (No. 9) or carbolic acid liniment (No. 10) anointing, at the same time, with camphorated oil to keep off the flies; cover up with old cotton rags and put a loose leather bag over the dressing to keep all beneath it clean and dry.

Mumps.—Kunthay Bhao.

This is an inflammation of the throat and glands in the vicinity, and is apt to arise when the animal is suddenly cooled after being heated. It is a rare affection, but has been known to occasion death after the second or third day.

Symptoms.—The whole neck becomes swollen, as also the gland below and behind the ear (parotid), and swallowing is difficult or impossible; in which latter case, the masticated fodder becomes unpacked in the upper part of the gullet, and occasions death from mortification of these parts. The animal is low, bowels constipated, urine scanty.

Treatment.—Purge with purgative mussaul No. 14; then foment the throat with hot water, keeping the animal warm and sheltered. Repeat the fomentation every two hours, taking the greatest care to avoid a chill.

Catarrh or Cold.—Surdhee.

This is an affection to which the elephant is very subject; it may lapse into inflammation of the lungs and thus indirectly prove fatal.

Symptoms.—Body cold, watery discharge from the trunk, which becomes of the consistence of phlegm as the affection advances; slight discharge from the eyes, which are kept much closed. Eats little but drinks largely, is heavy and listless, bowels generally costive but occasionally there is purging.

Treatment.—Cover the animal with all the jhules or blankets available, and in cold damp weather put a tarpaulin over all. Put the elephant under cover if possible, or at any rate remove him to a sheltered spot.

No. 16.—*Mussaul.*

Bdellium (*Googul*)...	Tolas	3	Add sufficient wheat-flour to make into 3 boluses, and give one, night and morning.
Mustard seed (*Raie*)	„	3	
Turmeric (*Uldhee*)...	„	3	
Assafœtida (*Hing*) ...	„	4	
Borax (*Sowhaga*) ...	„	3	

REMEDY FOR COBRA BITES.

Taken from an Old Number of the Sporting Magazine.

Directions for making the Medicine.

Nousada (ammonia), procurable in all bazaars	1 seer.
Chunam (shell) ...	1 „
Boiling water ...	1 „

Pound the nousada and chunam very fine; first dissolve the nousada in the boiling water, then place that and the chunam in any glazed earthen jar and shake thoroughly morning and evening, keeping it in a shady place, and on the eleventh day leave it to settle.

On the fifteenth day pour off the clear liquid from the sediment, in which operation care must be taken not to disturb the sediment, and instantly shut it up in a ground-glass-stoppered bottle, quite air-tight, as the least evaporation weakens the power of the medicine.

Dose.

If a full-grown man or woman ... ... { 1 teaspoonful of the medicine. 2 teaspoonfuls of water. }

If a child, half the above.

Treatment.—The moment a patient is brought, the first dose should be administered, and as the deglutition is often impeded, however willing the patient may be to swallow the medicine, the introduction of a round piece of wood, or the butt-end of an eau-de-cologne bottle, will assist the operation. If after the lapse of five minutes the extremities are

getting colder and the pulse weaker, or even sooner, if the symptoms are bad, the above dose must be repeated. If after the lapse of another 10 minutes, the recovery remains doubtful, a stronger dose, viz., two tea-spoonfuls of medicine to two spoonfuls of water.

"It is particularly to be kept in mind that this medicine has no effect unless the patient be simultaneously put in exercise. It is therefore absolutely necessary that from the first moment in which the first dose is administered two able-bodied persons, one on each side, carry their arms under those of the patient's and cross their hands on his back, putting the arms of the patient round their own necks, and thus supporting him, run along; and although the patient be nearly insensible and his legs so powerless as to trail along the ground, still this indispensable treatment must be resorted to. Should the patient plead fatigue, wish to sit down, appear drowsy, or make any other excuse, with a view to avoid this treatment, such is a certain sign that the lethargic tendency of the snake's poison is not overcome. The request must not be complied with. The treatment occupies from ten to twenty minutes.

"*Eau-de-cologne,* freely given when the patient appears to be sinking, is useful. If the medicine has ulcerated the throat, anything of an oily nature will gradually afford relief. When a decided improvement has taken place, when the pulse is good, the patient cheerful, and he can walk and run without support, there is no further apprehension, nor is there any relapse."

The author of the above says he has tried it most successfully, and that in 1831 he cured thirteen individuals, many of whom were brought in in a dangerous state. He gives one instance:—

"The wife of my cook was bitten in the foot by a 'Coraite' (a most deadly snake) measuring 30½ inches, which

was instantly killed and brought to me. When the medicine was given to her about three minutes after being bitten, she was very cold, and after the second dose she was relieved."

The usual remedies for snake-bites are immediate and severe cautery, cupping, the application of a tourniquet or ligature immediately above the puncture, administering large doses of brandy and ammonia—the pure water of ammonia is the best—to the extent of twenty or thirty drops. Pour ammonia into the wound. Repeat the ammonia in a quarter of an hour. The ligature should be broad, so as not to irritate the skin; nor should it be kept on too long. Of all the remedies, sucking the poison out is the best, and a cupping-glass is well adapted for that purpose.

The patient must be put in bed and perspiration promoted. Even an emetic of twenty grains of ipecacuanha powder or sulphate of zinc may be given. If there be much bilious vomiting, and gangrene continue to make progress, the decoction of bark should be given. Every three hours a wine-glassful, with twenty drops of volatile alkali in it, will suffice. When the bad symptoms diminish solid food is not to be allowed for a few days. Light thin broth and light pudding, with a few glasses of madeira or sherry, only should be taken.

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